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# THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

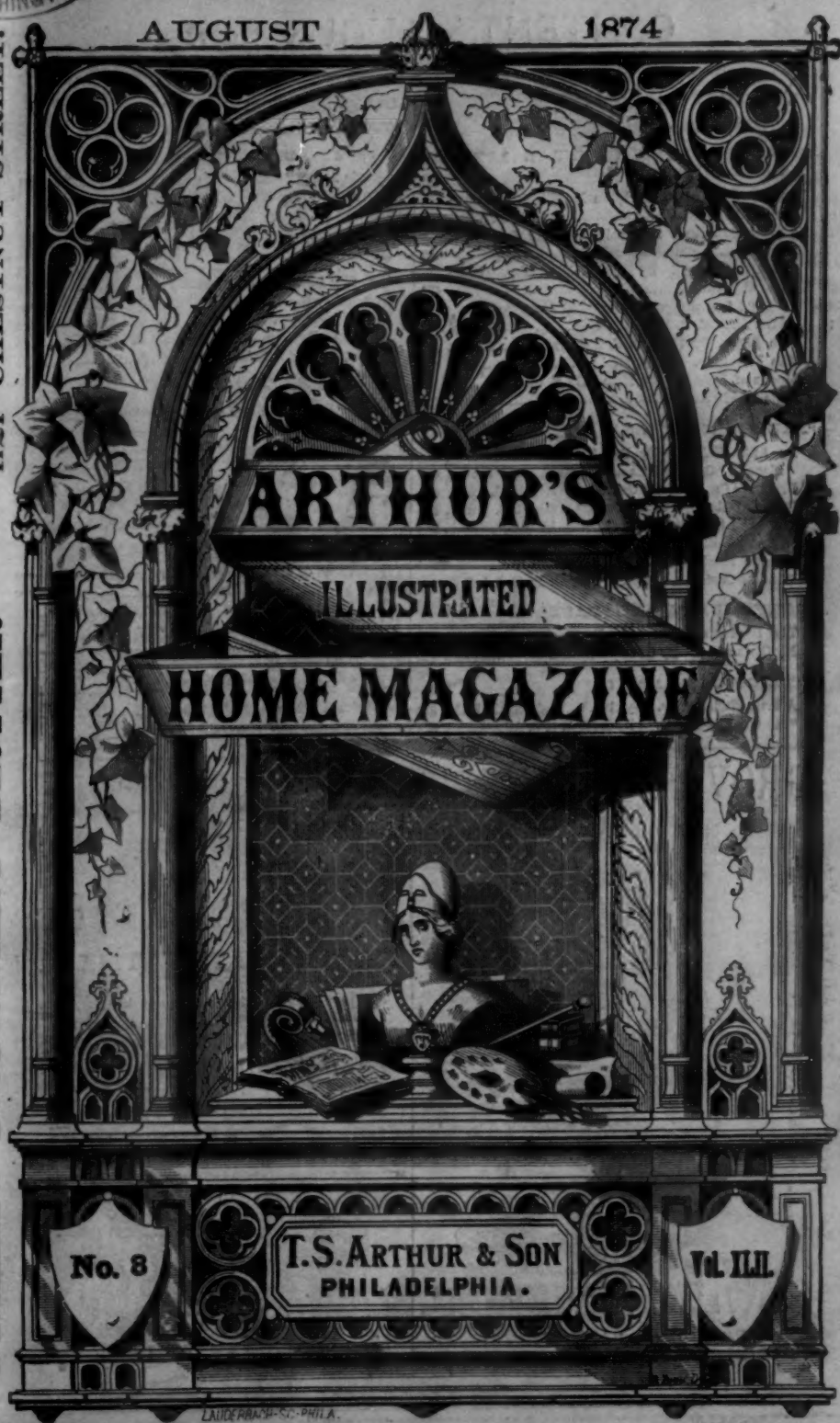
AUGUST

1874

151 CHESTNUT STREET.

DREKA'S DICTIONARY BLOTTER

SEE PROSPECTUS FOR 1874 IN THIS NUMBER.



No. 8

T.S. ARTHUR & SON  
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. III.

LAIDENBACH-ST. PHILA.

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Helping her Down.

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5-8.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

**Ladies' and Children's Garments.**

No. 1.

FIGURE 1.—A charming little suit for a boy is shown on this figure; it is made of pique, and prettily trimmed with braid and ribbon bows. The shirt-waist was cut by pattern No. 2570, price 15 cents; it is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. The suit was cut by pattern No. 3380, which is in 4 sizes for boys from 2 to 5 years old, and its price is 25 cents. To complete the outfit for a boy of 4 years,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards, measuring 27 inches in width, will be necessary; 3 yards being needed for the suit, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard for the shirt-waist.

The straw hat is banded with ribbon which terminates in ends at the back. The rolled rim is bound with silk.



No. 2.

FIGURE 2.—The jaunty little blouse-dress pictured requires but  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, in its construction for a girl of 3 years. It was cut by pattern No. 3376, which is in 6 sizes for girls from 1 to 6 years of age, and its price is 20 cents. This style of garment, when made of linen or cotton goods, is most desirable during the warm season. Uniting comfort and economy in its formation, it adds an air of piquancy to the girlish figure.

The little sailor hat is of black and white straw, and is decorated with a band of velvet.

While called a girl's dress, the costume is equally appropriate for a lad, and the same goods may be used in making it for either.

**LADIES' PROMENADE CLOAK.**

No. 3391.—The pattern for the novel and elegant wrap exhibited is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and its price is 30 cents. To make a garment by it 4 yards of any desirable goods, 27 inches wide, will be sufficient for a lady of medium size.



3391

Front View.



3391

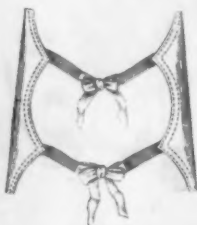
Back View.



3392

## LADIES' DUSTING CAP.

No. 3392.—This coquettish as well as useful little article requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a yard of material, 27 inches wide, in its formation for a lady. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3390

## LADIES' SKIRT-ADJUSTER.

No. 3390.—The pattern illustrated, so useful in obtaining the prescribed standard of "classic" drapery, is in 2 sizes for ladies: the second size being of sufficient length for the longest trained skirts. Half a yard of 27-inch-wide goods is necessary to make this accessory. Price, 10 cents.



3371

*Front View.*

3371

*Back View.*

## LADIES' POLONAISE, WITH SHAWL FRONTS.

No. 3371.—For a lady of medium size  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, 27 inches in width, are requisite to form the elegantly-shaped garment represented. The price of the pattern, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure, is 30 cents.



3362

*Front View.*

## MISSES' POLONAISE, WITH FRENCH BACK.

No. 3362.—To fashion the graceful garment represented  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of any suitable goods, measuring 27 inches in width, will be requisite for a miss of 13 years. The pattern by which to make it is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 30 cents. Fancy braids, bound points or scollops are appropriate trimmings for this style of polonaise, and will produce a pleasing result.



3362

*Back View.*





3374

*Front View.*LADIES' CORSET  
BASQUE.

No. 3374.—The handsome and simply-formed garment illustrated requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, measuring 27 inches in width, for a medium-sized lady. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and its price is 25 cents.



3374

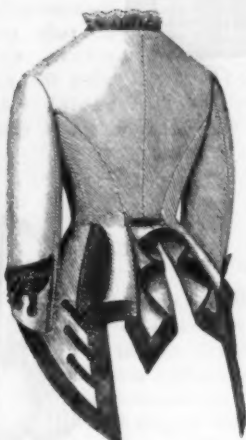
*Back View.*

3359

*Front View*

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 3359.—Of any material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards are sufficient to make a basque as illustrated, for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, its price being 30 cents.

*Back View.* 3359

3365

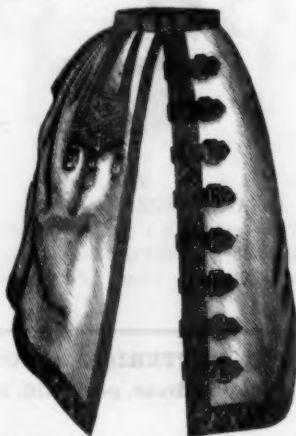
*Front View.*

3365

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' LOW-NECKED APRON.

No. 3365.—The pattern for the tasty little garment pictured is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, to construct it for a girl of 5 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be sufficient. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3395

*Front View.*LADIES' GREEK  
OVER-SKIRT, WITH  
CHATELAINE  
POCKET.

No. 3395.—The pattern for this fancifully-formed garment, with its jaunty little chatelaine attachment, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a medium-sized lady, 7 yards of 27-inch-wide goods are required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3395

*Back View.*



3388

## LADIES' CHEMISE.

No. 3388.—The pattern to the prettily-shaped garment shown in these pictures is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and its price is 25 cents. Three yards of material, 36 inches wide, are required to make the



3377

Front View.

## INFANTS' NIGHT WRAPPER

No. 3377 — This comfortable little wrapper is appropriate for all kinds of goods used in the construction of such garments, and when the material is 36



3377

Back View

inches wide, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Price, 20 cents.



3363

Front View.

## MISSES' POMPADOUR BLOUSE.

No. 3363 — This desirable garment requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch-wide material in its construction for a miss of 14 years. There are 8 sizes of the pattern for girls from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 25 cents



3363

Back View



3381

Front View.



3381

Back View.

## INFANTS' BIB, WITH SLEEVELETS.

No. 3381.—This most necessary auxiliary of an infant's wardrobe requires  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27-inch-wide material. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3382

Front View.



3382

Back View.

## INFANTS' SHIRT

No. 3382 — Three-eighths of a yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be required to make the dainty little affair illustrated, for an infant. Price of pattern, 10 cents

**NOTICE.**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

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HELPING HER DOWN.



# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLII.

AUGUST, 1874.

No. 8.

Biography and General Literature



## GUSTAVE DORÉ.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

DORÉ'S career is in many ways a remarkable one. He was born at Strasburg, in January, 1832. At a very early age he was sent to Paris to be educated, where he has since resided, with the exception of an interval passed in England, and occasional journeys into Spain, the Pyrenees and other parts of Europe.

As a child he made such wonderful drawings, and displayed such skill in music, that he was looked upon as a prodigy. There are a few other instances on record of this two-fold development of genius; our own Buchanan Read was both poet and painter, and we have in mind a promising youth, one of Church's pupils, in New York, who might have gained celebrity, either as painter or musician, had he lived.

While still a youth, Doré's sketches, contributed to the *Journal pour Rire*, and other Paris periodicals, attracted attention. They were not only grotesque and original, but marked by certain peculiarities that make Doré's style so distinctively his own, and seem to place him aloof, a solitary figure, from all other artists, past and present. In these few sketches we have the germ of future greatness, or future success, if the greatness be disputed, as it is now and then by certain disciples of "classical art."

Doré's first picture, the "Battle of the Alps," was exhibited in 1855, followed soon afterward by others, with whose titles we are unacquainted. Two years later, almost simultaneously in Paris and in London, appeared his celebrated illustrations of the "Wandering Jew," starting the public into sudden recognition of his genius.

Older than the legend of Faust is that of the "Wandering Jew," the type of the Jewish nation, his fate symbolizing theirs and giving it poetical significance. The origin of the legend is lost in obscurity, but it was universally credited among Christians of the thirteenth century, and there was not wanting testimony to the fact of the Jew's having been seen and conversed with, at various times, and in various places.

In the chronicle of Matthew Paris, written in 1228, or thereabout, we have his first appearance in history. Once introduced, he was made the subject of numerous biographies, and the inspiration of countless poems, dramas and romances. Perhaps the best known of these, next to that under discussion, is Eugene Sue's novel.

The poem, illustrated by Doré, was written by Dupont, and, though looked upon merely as explanatory text to the pictures, is, in itself, a fine composition.

The pictures are twelve in number, each varying in circumstances, incidents and emotions, yet brought into harmony with the main idea by that ever-recurring shadow of the cross, into which all forms of nature seem to shape themselves, and thus become instruments of punishment—a phenomenon by no means unusual with guilty minds.

The conception is a grand one, and strikes terror to the soul. There is nothing like it, either in art or literature. Tasso's enchanted forest is the nearest approach, and only an approach in so far as it is encompassed by the same awfulness and mystery. For not only are the thoughts embodied different, but so also is their form of expression, Tasso's being less effective than Doré's. Both are poetry, but poetry of a kind better expressed by pictures than by words.

It is, perhaps, curious that these designs of Doré

should in any way remind us of Tasso, the two minds are so unlike; Doré's imagination rather resembling Dante's. Dante, it is true, soars toward heights seen only in cloudy vision by Doré, and Ruskin would, doubtless, think it sacrilege to mention the two in the same breath. But why not? Could Doré give us such wonderful interpretations of Dante and of the mediæval mind, if he had not something akin to the great genius illustrated? The subjects of Dante's muse offered a wider field for the development of Doré's peculiar talents than the "Wandering Jew;" yet even in the latter we are awed by the weird suggestiveness, the horror and supernaturalism, of his designs.

Those representing the Alps, and the Jew's progress through their valleys and along their summits, are perhaps the grandest and most impressive. The gloomy character of the scenery is well rendered, and at the same time so transfigured by his imagination, that it appears to us as it did to the Jew, to whom the very stones and trees wore the aspect of avengers. Out of the boughs look menacing faces; the old trunks yawn in ghastly smiles; branches overhead wrestle fiercely, and the very leaves stir with hideous life. Were it not for the white-robed angel that, radiant as the sun, floats against the blackness, the horror of this scene would be insupportable. Toward him we turn with a sigh of relief; he alone speaks to the soul of hope, and saves it from utter despair.

Again, we behold the Jew, clinging to a rock, amid vast glaciers, whose fantastic forms reproduce the vision that haunts him ever. There upon the ice is seen a shadowy procession, the Saviour bent beneath the cross, His hand uplifted, the fierce crowd pressing around—the very scene of the malediction as daguerreotyped on the Jew's memory. Through the misty air above gleams a celestial revelation; angel bands appear, and Heaven itself seems to open.

All his resources of genius and fancy the artist has lavished here, and, when we consider their diversity, it is wonderful how distinct and expressive are the objects delineated. The contrasts, though striking, are harmonious, and serve to intensify the peculiar emotions excited by the picture. Of art-criticism we know nothing; yet, taken as a whole, the conception seems to us original and sublime.

Not so the last design, picturing the Jew at the Day of Judgment. In this the grotesque and horrible are so strangely mingled as to suggest ideas at once hateful and incongruous. The subject was one requiring different treatment from Doré's, and only to be worthily represented by some great master of art, like Michael Angelo. Doré could adequately conceive and describe the horror of death and of the resurrection, but not its grandeur; even its pathos to him seemed verging on absurdity. The whole scene, therefore, impresses us disagreeably; the very dread it inspires may be traced to the baser feelings of our nature; it teaches us no lesson of spirituality, but rather one of material degradation.

Perhaps Doré has nowhere succeeded better than in his illustrations of Dante, which soon followed those of the "Wandering Jew." The task was one especially suited to his genius and imagination, far more so than others he has since undertaken. That he heightened the effect of the grotesque element in Dante's creations, and in some instances misinterpreted him, as the critics assert, may possibly be true; yet who before ever penetrated to the "Inferno's" depths, and brought up the secrets of its

gloom and misery? Ruskin may sneer, but, judged by his own rules, Doré's illustrations of Dante are a success. A visible embodiment of the poet's ideas, we are thrilled by the thought that here are the visions Dante himself saw when he wrote his wonderful epic. The significance of his life and genius is forced upon us; we at last realize the lifelong torture of his great heart, and are moved not only to sympathy but to reverence. Remembering that reverence is a virtue that Ruskin, following Carlyle, places first on the list, are not the pictures that awaken it to be cherished rather than condemned?

After Dante, the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes engaged Doré's attention, and he travelled for some time in Spain that he might study its scenery and the life of its people. As a result of this patient labor, the illustrations of "Don Quixote" are regarded by some as better executed than those of Dante. So far as technical excellence is concerned, we cannot judge; but if the impressions produced on the spectator's mind by the two works be compared, the latter certainly ranks highest. There is more of the humorous and whimsical in "Don Quixote," and a better field for the display of fanciful freaks and extravagances—advantages that Doré has improved, and that accounts for its popularity. On the other hand, there is less of grandeur in the conceptions, they make but faint appeals to the heart, and fail to arouse what is best within us. Even as Dante is greater than Cervantes, so to our view do the illustrations of one rise above those of the other.

Doré was not yet thirty years old when his name became more widely known throughout Europe than that of any other living artist. The public was conquered; success, reputation and fortune were his; he had ten times more orders than he could possibly execute. His income at the present date is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum, and might be increased indefinitely could he but multiply his hands. His industry is marvellous; the designs he has already furnished count up to more than forty thousand. Add to this that he has two or three galleries filled with his own paintings, and one begins to have some conception of his capacity for labor.

One of his countrymen, Edmond About, writing from Paris to the *London Athenæum*, thus refers to him:

"From the moment of his *début*, Doré had nothing but success—and success of more than one sort, for nature had been bountiful to him. He played the violin like a laureate of the Conservatoire; he sang with a beautiful tenor voice, in such a way as to deserve the applause of Rossini; he was as great an athlete as the most muscular undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge. His genial and loyal character disarmed envy, while his private life under his mother's roof wins universal esteem. In one word, ever since his twenty-fifth year, his life, unique in its character, has been one long triumph, cheered by incessant toil, happy, easy, and floating with the stream. We Frenchmen are styled capricious, yet we have never tired of his works; we have never even shown ourselves satiated; we have never found that the author produces enough. Publishers of prints, of journals, of books, have not for one moment ceased plaguing him. I have seen him over and over again finish a design on wood while the publisher's messenger was waiting at the door. The misfortune is that this rapid production under pressure ever since he began his career has not left him time to complete the studies which make great masters."

In temperament and personal appearance, Doré is said

to be rather German than French. Only a little over forty, he looks even younger. He is short and stout, with a fair complexion, brown hair, and small blue eyes. His head is large, his forehead broad, and, though not exactly handsome, he has manners so winning, and a smile so cordial, as to give one that impression. He is a bachelor, and lives with his mother, a woman of attractive manners and agreeable conversation. To the home of these two, friends and strangers are alike welcome, for, even amid pressing engagements, Doré finds time for social intercourse.

His studio is on the ground-floor at the back of his house. Here in a vast room, whose walls are covered with drawings and paintings, he works, and works with a rapidity as remarkable as his genius. Quickness of perception is his special characteristic; whatever he does is done quickly; finish and elaboration are to him not only tedious but impossible. This may explain why his illustrations are so superior to his paintings. Yet we might have heard more of the latter if they had not been overshadowed by the celebrity of the former.

Doré himself seems determined to win success in both walks of art, judging from the number of paintings he annually exhibits.

Among the authors whom he has illustrated, besides those mentioned, are Rabelais, Sue, Balzac, Montaigne, Taine, Tennyson, and others whose names are unknown to us. To attempt an extended description of these works would carry this article beyond its limits. If he has not succeeded as well with Tennyson as with Rabelais, the reason, we think, is apparent. One's mind must have some points of similarity to another, or it cannot interpret that other truthfully. The style and spirit of Doré's art and of Tennyson's poetry are totally different; it was impossible they should harmonize. So, too, with the Bible; Doré's illustrations, grand as they are, never lift up the heart or make divine truths clearer.

Yet, even though he has not always kept to those fields of endeavor best suited to his genius, the genius itself cannot be disputed. No other artist, living or dead, is at all like him; he has struck out a style, as we said before, peculiarly his own, at once original and not to be imitated. Faults he has, and grievous ones; but is it not enough that from his pictures, or at least from most of them, a true poet's soul looks forth? Whatever his place in art, he stands out a central figure of the age, great and original, gifted with such force of genius and imagination as is granted to but few.

## A NEW DEPARTURE IN EVOLUTION.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

I HAVE had a tea-party; not the traditional ladies gathering to partake of the cup that cheers but not inebriates, where gossip is the order of the evening, where the news is all stale as the cheese, the conversation insipid as the sponge-cake, and the jokes dryer than the toast; nor was it a Boston Harbor Tea-Party; no, never harbor such an idea, remember it is a hundred years too late for such an affair to come off originally. A centennial, then? No, not even that; but a party of my husband's and my own friends—our scientific friends; and they were scientific to such an extent that I had some trouble in grasping the stupendous thoughts clothed in words that had no place in the spelling-books I conned in my school days. But though unlearned myself, I dearly love the sound of big words; and on this occasion

I was more than gratified, and indeed sometimes wondered whether part of the conversation was not carried on in Greek or Choctaw; but I knew the outlines of their discussion, and guessed at the meaning of the words by the look of the parties giving them utterance, and was overwhelmed by the contemplation of the grandeur of human ingenuity.

The great man or autocrat of the occasion was a doctor of overpowering presence and overtowering height, in the full enjoyment of an immense bump of self-esteem, while the light of his cold eyes shone from beneath gray, shaggy, fearfully overjutting eyebrows.

There was a graduated lady with a squawky voice, and a laugh like a cackle that leaped out of her at the most unexpected periods. A pair of green spectacles almost concealed her pair of weak eyes, what the new English poet Robert Buchanan describes as "small hen's eyes." It would have done your heart good to hear with what emphasis she gave her opinions, and how impressive was her presence when in reply to a modest question from our schoolmistress, she said somewhat sternly: "But you do not understand Darwin, and *very few people can!*"

I had no trouble in entertaining these guests further than to provide for their reasonably good mortal appetites. Broiled chicken, chicken salad, and poached eggs, were devoured without either stint or comment. They came with their heads preoccupied, if not turned, with one great idea, and that idea was, where did we come from? Poor, ignorant little me had all my life thought, in the words of the hymn in which a congregation I know of are wont to praise the Lord,

"The good old way is good enough for me!"

Had thought, even, my being here was accounted for by a concise statement made by Moses in the Book of Genesis, and had rather prided myself upon being descended from the "grand old gardener and his wife," whose honeymoon was spent in Eden. As that was six thousand years ago at least, and possibly a good deal more, I had never longed to grope among the weird shadows back of the beginning, as set forth in the wonderful Word.

Then, too, the problem of futurity is to be solved for me so soon, I have been content in my commonplaceness to dwell in the present and hope toward the hereafter. But I discover it is the fashion now in polite society to be much more concerned about where we came from than about where we are going. I found, too, that the individuals whose minds had so entirely mastered the great theory of evolution as to be well convinced, without a doubt, and far beyond a shadow of a peradventure, that they were descended from primordial tadpoles and progressive monkeys, were the crowned kings and queens of the empire of philosophy, and the embodied amazements of the multitude.

As I said, I had a tea-party, and when it was over, the company dispersed, the dishes washed, and the great tidal wave (this new and most eloquent expression is so much to the point, I'll say it again), yes, I repeat, when the great tidal wave of my thought, that had been lashed into a very *maelstrom* by the whirl of big words buffeted about from mouth to mouth at my tea-table—when, I say emphatically, when the great tidal wave of my thoughts had subsided, and I began to poke my bewildered head out of my old prejudices, and peer about for some wider fields on which to air my newly-acquired discontent at not knowing more about the *modus operandi* of my creation than the good Father of us all had seen fit to reveal, I did feel wonderfully queer, I am sure.

To acknowledge that I had been somewhat staggered at the tea-table to hear the shaggy-eye-browed doctor admit that there were some missing links of the great chain in the pet theory advanced by the great Darwin, is simply to be honest. But said the doctor, "Science neither slumbers nor sleeps, and we fondly hope these missing links may yet be supplied." He proceeded: "The facts, with other facts, every day go more extensively to show the great improbability of the independent origin of individuals of the same species in disconnected geographical areas, and give us, with the philosophic definitions of species, the idea of a community of origin, and consequently, also, the idea of a necessary geological connection." It was very plain to me after this sentence, and I at first thought I never would have anything in my head again but doubts.

I thought much about this matter as I lay upon my bed awake; I dreamed of things belonging to chaos, without form and void; but the next morning a superb thought suddenly swept into my brain; if, thought I, (oh, why must I link itself to so much?) if my husband would but be the lucky man to supply the missing links, wouldn't our family awaken to a sudden and surprising famousness. He is a professional man, and has in one corner of his office quite a cabinet of old pebbles and things, all labeled with words of from four to seven syllables; so I sought him, and begged him just to "know his opportunity," and write a book. He should write the book, and I would name it "THE FINDING OF THE MISSING LINKS; OR, THE GREAT RIDDLE UNRIDDLED." It would take, this scientific work, I knew, almost the same as a moral story of the life of a pirate, or some purely religious novel. And then when the learned doctor of the shaggy eyebrows had reviewed it, and my green-spectacled, graduated tea guest had translated it into half the modern European languages, then would come the medal from the French academy, and then would his portrait be ordered painted by the government, then would his bust be moulded for a place in the most conspicuous niche of the museum department of every college in the land.

My husband looked up from his *Medical Journal*, saying with a tender, penetrating pity in his tone: "My love, I have consecrated my life to usefulness, and cerebro-spinal-meningitis is prevailing around us as an epidemic. I am seeking the aid of all the knowledge I can command to save the lives of fellow-creatures!"

"Pause!" I exclaimed, almost tragically; "pause, oh, misguided man in the midst of your mad career of investigating the uncertain properties of musty and multifarious medicines—pause, I say, and solve me the great problem, whence did your fellow-creatures evolve? Is man but a more highly-developed ape, on whom kindly nature has bestowed a thumb by way of compensation for the missing caudal appendage? Settle this question, and then proceed to vanquish the serried back-bones of the Many-gin-ites."

My husband just laughed, and said he would leave this important question to the strong-minded women of the present day. Of course he had no idea of such a thing as ranking me among the strong-minded ones; in fact, very few men, willingly, place their wives' names in that list.

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its own clear purity and without the weakness of either sugar or cream, went into the silence of my own room, buried my face in my hands, recalled, as nearly as possible, all the wonderful expressions of my scientific friends—then in desperate earnest began to think. Being untrammelled by the technicalities of science, and finding no hindrance from the ideas of learned men on the great problem before me, I thought with wonderful rapidity, and so, in less than half an hour, I made the discovery which will crown me queen of scientific research and unequalled benefactress of my race. Hold your breath, but rejoice, all ye people, I have found the missing link, I have corrected the great mistake of the Darwinian doctrine.

The great thinker brought his chain up to, and took his departure from, the wrong animal. He stopped just short of the goal, he bowed his proud head in the presence of a quadruped; why did he not pursue the evidence on and on, till it culminated in the form of a biped.

It is quite laughable, after all, to note how this mighty philosopher's mind, a magnificent steamship, its engine at full speed, every paddle paddling and every flag flying, dashed on only to flounder in the fog-bank of missing links, while my frail barque, my fragile canoe, as it were, dances with fairy-like velocity over delusive deeps and dangerous rapids and anchors safe on the sunny shores of perfect satisfaction; so I fret no more with regard to my down-coming. Beautiful thought! I know whence I came, and I don't trace either myself or my father Adam back to an ape either.

Oh, what great reason have I to be thankful for the endowment of an exuberant fancy. All hail to it! It has led me through labyrinths from whose very verge reason would shrink appalled, but Darwin discovered this before I did. And now that I have found the immediate heretofore link of my being, I am ready to receive honors tendered by any scientific society, any royal academy in Christendom.

I am strong in the faith and free to maintain that the human family is descended from the common barn-door fowl. Absurd do you say—oh, beloved friends, don't you know that to establish any theory in this world the more absurd it seems at first glance the better; but the wings and feathers you say; a pin-feather for such objections, are not we but little lower than the angels, now isn't that orthodox, and haven't orthodox angels wings?—there.

Even as Paul argued the truth of his new doctrine before the refined and learned Athenians by reminding them of what certain of their own poets had said, so let me refer to some of the popular opinions and oft-repeated adages of our fathers in support of this most magnificent idea for which I stand responsible.

Barn-door fowls have two, and but two, legs, and, besides, what was Plato's definition of man—a biped without feathers—and what did Diogenes prove by his student's prank of plucking a chicken, thrusting it in the great professor's face and calling out, "Here is Plato's man." "He builded better than he knew," that great old cynic, and brought before the world a fact in the masquerade of fancy.

The male bird wears spurs and men do so, too. The hen wears a comb and women copy her in it. Both roosters and hens scratch for a living, do we not all the same, and hard scratching it takes for some of us. Then, too, the rooster is a vain-glorious, overbearing, lordly, strutting creature to such a degree that when we would

describe an over-important lord of creation, we say he thinks himself cock of the walk.

The hen in her youthful days is pert and proud as fair maidens are apt to be, in maturity she is maternally and demure, or she is unendurable fussy. The saying "cross as a setting hen," "restless as a hen on a hot griddle," or "flopping about like a hen with her head off," is applied to the fussy and ill-natured, or the restless and unsettled of womankind with vexatious frequency.

And there is a likeness in hen mothers and woman mothers in this: they both fondle and scold their young, they both seek to lead them into safe and pleasant places, they fear they will be drowned when they venture into water, and alike they warn them to beware of hawks.

A common expression for a cowardly man is chicken-hearted, and, contrariwise, a brave woman, one who from a rostrum addresses a multitude, is designated "a crowing hen." But no man ever (and men have written most of our adages,) no man ever yet embodied the fact in a telling aphorism that a rooster is apt to cackle as much over the egg he has not laid, as the hen cackles who laid it. For centuries a vain beau has been termed a cockcomb, and when your opponent puts on a defiant air, you say "he is ruffling his feathers."

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And glorious Shakspeare has his Macduff to exclaim, "What all my pretty chickens," etc. Could better evidence than this be wished for? When the deeps of his heart were broken up with the overpowering emotion of a great sorrow, Nature asserts herself, Macduff is true to first principles, and he uttered a simple yet sublime truth when he termed his own offspring chickens.

And after all this, if anybody, especially any American, should be unwilling to receive this golden truth that the hen supplies the missing link, I have yet one stunner in reserve with which to settle him. The egg, you know, with which Columbus tried his little experiment, think of that! where would Columbus's discovery have been without that egg, that good egg? it would have laid dormant, remained unfledged, at least, if not unhatched, in the nest of his great brain; and then, fearful to contemplate, this vast continent would, up to the present hour, have been traversed by roving bands of Indians, savages who would likely have been content to believe simply that the Great Spirit made them, would have lived and died without even a conjecture or the faintest hint from any quarter that they were ever evolved at all.

I was more than gratified, and indeed sometimes wondered whether part of the conversation was not carried on in Greek or Choctaw; but I knew the outlines of their discussion, and guessed at the meaning of the words by the look of the parties giving them utterance, and was overwhelmed by the contemplation of the grandeur of human ingenuity.

The great man or autocrat of the occasion was a doctor of overpowering presence and overtowering height, in the full enjoyment of an immense bump of self-esteem, while the light of his cold eyes shone from beneath gray, shaggy, fearfully overjutting eyebrows.

There was a graduated lady with a squawky voice, and a laugh like a cackle that leaped out of her at the most unexpected periods. A pair of green spectacles almost concealed her pair of weak eyes, what the new English poet Robert Buchanan describes as "small hen's eyes." It would have done your heart good to hear with what emphasis she gave her opinions, and how impressive was her presence when in reply to a modest question from our schoolmistress, she said somewhat sternly: "But you do not understand Darwin, and *very few people can!*"

I had no trouble in entertaining these guests further than to provide for their reasonably good mortal appetites. Broiled chicken, chicken salad, and poached eggs, were devoured without either stint or comment. They came with their heads preoccupied, if not turned, with one great idea, and that idea was, where did we come from? Poor, ignorant little me had all my life thought, in the words of the hymn in which a congregation I know of are wont to praise the Lord,

"The good old way is good enough for me!"

Had thought, even, my being here was accounted for by a concise statement made by Moses in the Book of Genesis, and had rather prided myself upon being descended from the "grand old gardener and his wife," whose honeymoon was spent in Eden. As that was six thousand years ago at least, and possibly a good deal more, I had never longed to grope among the weird shadows back of the beginning, as set forth in the wonderful Word.

Then, too, the problem of futurity is to be solved for me so soon, I have been content in my commonplaceness to dwell in the present and hope toward the hereafter. But I discover it is the fashion now in polite society to be much more concerned about where we came from than about where we are going. I found, too, that the individuals whose minds had so entirely mastered the great theory of evolution as to be well convinced, without a doubt, and far beyond a shadow of a peradventure, that they were descended from primeval tadpoles and progressive monkeys, were the crowned kings and queens of the empire of philosophy, and the embodied amazements of the multitude.

As I said, I had a tea-party, and when it was over, the company dispersed, the dishes washed, and the great tidal wave (this new and most eloquent expression is so much to the point, I'll say it again), yes, I repeat, when the great tidal wave of my thought, that had been lashed into a very *maelstrom* by the whirl of big words buffeted about from mouth to mouth at my tea-table—when, I say emphatically, when the great tidal wave of my thoughts had subsided, and I began to poke my bewildered head out of my old prejudices, and peer about for some wider fields on which to air my newly-acquired discontent at not knowing more about the *modus operandi* of my creation than the good Father of us all had seen fit to reveal, I did feel wonderfully queer, I am sure.

To acknowledge that I had been somewhat staggered at the tea-table to hear the shaggy-eye-browed doctor admit that there were some missing links of the great chain in the pet theory advanced by the great Darwin, is simply to be honest. But said the doctor, "Science neither slumbers nor sleeps, and we fondly hope these missing links may yet be supplied." He proceeded: "The facts, with other facts, every day go more extensively to show the great improbability of the independent origin of individuals of the same species in disconnected geographical areas, and give us, with the philosophic definitions of species, the idea of a community of origin, and consequently, also, the idea of a necessary geological connection." It was very plain to me after this sentence, and I at first thought I never would have anything in my head again but doubts.

I thought much about this matter as I lay upon my bed awake; I dreamed of things belonging to chaos, without form and void; but the next morning a superb thought suddenly swept into my brain; if, thought I, (oh, why must it link itself to so much?) if my husband would but be the lucky man to supply the missing links, wouldn't our family awaken to a sudden and surprising famousness. He is a professional man, and has in one corner of his office quite a cabinet of old pebbles and things, all labeled with words of from four to seven syllables; so I sought him, and begged him just to "know his opportunity," and write a book. He should write the book, and I would name it "THE FINDING OF THE MISSING LINKS; OR, THE GREAT RIDDLE UNRIIDLED." It would take, this scientific work, I knew, almost the same as a moral story of the life of a pirate, or some purely religious novel. And then when the learned doctor of the shaggy eyebrows had reviewed it, and my green-spectacled, graduated tea guest had translated it into half the modern European languages, then would come the medal from the French academy, and then would his portrait be ordered painted by the government, then would his bust be moulded for a place in the most conspicuous niche of the museum department of every college in the land.

My husband looked up from his *Medical Journal*, saying with a tender, penetrating piety in his tone: "My love, I have consecrated my life to usefulness, and cerebro-spinal-meningitis is prevailing around us as an epidemic. I am seeking the aid of all the knowledge I can command to save the lives of fellow-creatures!"

"Pause!" I exclaimed, almost tragically; "pause, oh, misguided man in the midst of your mad career of investigating the uncertain properties of musty and multifarious medicines—pause, I say, and solve me the great problem, whence did your fellow-creatures evolve? Is man but a more highly-developed ape, on whom kindly nature has bestowed a thumb by way of compensation for the missing caudal appendage? Settle this question, and then proceed to vanquish the serried back-bones of the Many-gin-ites."

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Now dear, friendly reader, do not dismiss this, my new theory, without serious thought, and do not *damn* it with faint praise. Remember the Spanish proverb that "curses, like chickens, come home to roost."

Happy in the thought that this paper will give my name to immortality, I am, being but a woman, happier in the thought that with what I receive for this article from my generous publisher I may be able to flaunt the prettiest spring bonnet with the longest feather in it in our village. I now have one of the new old-style *top-knot combs*. Just here the doctor, my husband, looks over my shoulder to say, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." I bear it with Christian fortitude and resignation, however, for even this proves his descent, this chicken language that still clings to him originated with his remote ancestors.

I here declare myself to be so firmly established in my belief in the doctrine of evolution and our departure from those worthy bipeds so common to, and prized by, the ancient Egyptians, those friendly bipeds so useful to our civilization, that anybody's trouble to disprove it would be vain, and you will not, nay, you cannot deny that my chain of reasoning is (without the big words of science) scientific, it is logical, it is poetical and it is original.

P. S.—I shall be "as mad as a wet hen," if I don't get that gay-feathered bonnet; and I might as well have my neck wrung at once as to have my husband *cross over* my not getting it.

### A SCUTTLE OF COAL.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

**Y**OU tell your servant to bring you a scuttle of coal. Do you know the import of what you are saying? And do you realize to how many servants you speak? Can you comprehend that your order has reached backward for long ages, and ages upon ages, to a time when humanity had no existence, unless we accept the evolution theory, and recognize in the sprawling cephalopod and the vertebrate saurian the representations of the coming man—and that the elements have labored perseveringly and unremittingly, to the end that you, sitting in your comfortable parlor, and feeling the need of a combustible material to keep the temperature of your room to the proper degree of warmth, and ordering that scuttle of coal to which I have already referred, should not order in vain? Suppose you had given your order a few millions of years sooner; or suppose either earth, air or water had refused to play its part properly, and the coal had been underdone, or overdone, or in any way spoiled for combustion; then you would have ordered in vain. Ah! you have spoken just in the nick of time; everything and everybody, from all the agencies of inanimate nature to the coal proprietors, the miners, the transportation companies, the coal-dealers and the carters, have been prompt in foreseeing and providing for this order of yours; and the consequence is, your coal is brought to you within five minutes after you give the order.

But what is this scuttle of coal when we come to examine it? A collection of black and shining lumps, which, thrown upon the fire, gradually consume, leaving behind them a few ashes, possibly pieces of slate and clinkers—the more's the pity, say you. But a scuttle of coal is more than this. If you knew the jaw-breaking names you were tossing, so utterly regardless of orthography, within your grate, you would become yourself almost

petrified, not to say carbonized, in astonishment and dismay. You are disposing in that off-hand manner of fragments of Cryptogamous Amphigens and Aerogens, of Dicotyledonous Gymnosperms and Agiosperms, and of Monocotyledons. Possibly that largest lump upon the top of your scuttle is the fragment of the trunk of a Sphenophyllum or a Lepidodendron; or it may be the remains of a monster Calamite bud. And not unlikely the bones of a Holoptychius, a Megalichthys, or an Archegosaurus, are ground up and mingled with the carbonized vegetation which you call simply coal. And you have burnt all these, and sat and enjoyed their ruddy warmth in utter ignorance! But how could you do otherwise? You might question the coal, but it would remain mute to all your inquiries. Scientific men, however, have discovered how to make the coal tell its own story, and for them it has changed its usual reticence to the fullest and freest confidences. It has told to them its personal history, and they in turn have told it to us.

Far back in the primary epoch of the world's existence came the carboniferous period, or the period during which sprang into life, grew and decayed, the vast and luxuriant vegetation, which subsequent periods have buried beneath their dust and rubbish, and which the slow but resistless action of pressure, heat and moisture have changed into the coal of the present time. This was the era of vegetation. The flora was uniform and poor in its botanic genera compared to the abundance and variety of the flora of the present time; but the few families of plants which existed then included many more species than are now produced in the same countries. The fossil ferns of the coal series, in Europe, for instance, comprehend about three hundred species, while all Europe now only produces fifty. But what was lacked in variety was made up in luxuriance.

It is believed that islands were very numerous at this period; that, in short, the dry land formed a sort of vast archipelago upon the general ocean, which was of no great depth, the islands being connected together and formed into continents as they gradually emerged from the ocean. The climate was evidently warm and moist; and in the marshy soil and high moist temperature, magnificent tree ferns formed great forests, beneath whose shade grew herbaceous ferns, rising to a height of three feet and upward.

While the vegetable kingdom apparently reached its maximum during this period, the animal kingdom was yet in its infancy. The waters of the ocean were teeming with crustaceans and zoophytes; some few fishes are found with jaw-bones armed with enormous teeth; and a reptile, to which has been given the name of Archegosaurus, with a long and pointed head, sported in the marshes and open waters.

But as yet the forests were destitute of life. No birds rested in the branches; no wild beasts ravaged their depths, or made their lairs in the recesses of the rocks. It may be that swarms of winged insects, sprung from the warmth and humidity, skimmed the surface of the water, and fluttered about the teeming vegetation.

Beautiful impressions of plants are found abundantly in the shale or hardened mud which separates the seams of coal, and also in the ironstone and sandstone frequently associated with the seams. The microscope also distinctly shows the elementary tissues of plants in the thin slices of coal examined by a strong magnifying power. Immense trunks of trees have been met with in the middle of a seam of coal. In certain coal mines in France,





for instance, verticle trunks of fossil trees, resembling bamboos, and not only mixed with the coal, but stand erect, traversing the overlying beds of micaceous sandstone. In England also entire trees are found lying across the coal-beds. In a certain coal-bed in Nova Scotia were discovered as many as sixty-eight different surfaces, presenting evident traces of as many old soils of forests, where the trunks of the trees were still furnished with roots.

Every layer of true coal is co-extensive with and invariably underlaid by a marked stratum of arenaceous clay of greater or less thickness, which, from its position relatively to the coal, has been long known to coal miners, among other terms, by the name of *under-clay*. This was the soil in which the vegetation grew, the remains of which were afterward carbonized.

"In order to thoroughly comprehend," says Figuier, "the phenomena of the transformation into coal of the forests and of the herbaceous plants which filled the marshes and swamps of the ancient world; there is another consideration to be presented. During the coal period, the terrestrial crust was subject to alternate movements of elevation and depression of the internal liquid mass, under the impulse of the solar and lunar attractions to which they would be subject, as our seas are now, giving rise to a sort of subterranean tide, operating at intervals, more or less widely apart, upon the weaker parts of the crust, and producing considerable subsidences of the ground. It might, perhaps, happen that, in consequence of a subsidence produced in such a manner, the vegetation of the coal-period would be submerged, and the shrubs and plants which covered the surface of the earth would finally become buried under water. After this submergence, new forests sprung up in the same place. Owing to another submergence, the second forests were depressed in their turn, and again covered by water. It is probably by a series of repetitions of this double phenomenon—this submergence of whole regions of forest, and the development upon the same site of new growths of vegetation—that the enormous accumulations of semi-decomposed plants which constitute the 'coal-measures,' have been formed in a long series of ages."

The beds of coal in various parts of the world vary in thickness from one inch to many feet. And they lie from a few feet to two thousand feet below the surface. How much deeper there is no means of knowing, as that is the depth to which they have been worked at the present time. The deepest scarcely pay the cost of working, except when the coal is of superior quality, as in the case of the Northumberland and Durham coal-beds in England, which are worked to a depth of nearly two thousand feet, and from which are obtained the household coal which is consumed in London, and which brings an exceedingly high price.

There are coal-measures found in every part of the globe. America contains much more extensive coal-fields than Europe, it being estimated that it possesses very nearly two square miles of coal-fields for every five miles of its surface. These inexhaustible fields upon our continent have, so far, been worked to a very limited degree compared to their extent, the annual product of the collieries of America being scarcely one-sixth that of the British Islands.

Of the time that it has required for the formation of these immense beds of coal which are piled up, layer upon layer, to an unknown depth, it is impossible to obtain any realizing sense. Professor Phillips calculates

that, at the ordinary rate of progress, it would require one hundred and twenty-two thousand, four hundred years to produce only sixty feet of coal; and as this coal formation was often interrupted and delayed by the convulsions of nature, the time may be extended indefinitely.

So imagine, if you can, how long you would have been obliged to wait, if you had given your orders for that scuttle of coal before nature had opened her coal manufactory!

Nature having finished her work, the difficulties are not all overcome yet. Now man must do his part. The strata of coal lie sometimes many hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the earth, and can only be reached with difficulty and expense.

There are many beds or seams one above another, separated by shale and other mineral substances. The miner must dig vertically through the upper seams to reach the lower, and in this way he only works such seams as are from thirty inches and upwards in thickness, generally from three to six feet.

In taking coal from a considerable depth in the earth, as in England, a vertical shaft, or deep well, has to be sunk. This shaft is generally a circular pit, varying from six to ten feet in diameter, cased with brick while passing through soft earth, and left uncased when passing through rock hard enough to support itself. During the sinking numerous difficulties are met with, chiefly from quicksands saturated with water, requiring timber piling and iron tubing, as well as brick casing, to keep out the water. At Murton colliery, in Durham, England, a number of years ago, when at the depth of five hundred and forty feet, the water poured in upon the shaft-diggers at a rate of nine thousand gallons per minute, requiring a pumping apparatus of one thousand five hundred and eighty horse power to pump it up. One single bed of watery sand in this pit cost the owners no less a sum than one million five hundred thousand dollars before they could overcome it.

The shaft-diggers having finished their work by carrying the shaft down to a seam of coal of sufficient thickness, then come into the requisition the services of the regular pitmen or colliers, known by the several designations of hewers, putters, trappers, drivers, waste-men, over-men, deputies, lamp-men, furnace-men, and so on, all solicitous that you shall not be disappointed when you give your order to your servant.

These return to and from the bottom of the shaft by means of a large cage, or *lift*, which ascends or descends at a rate of speed extremely startling to those not accustomed to it.

Our illustration shows the different aspects of a deep, English mine, with colliers and laborers at work. On the left hand side is seen the old way of working, and on the right hand side the modern and more improved method.

The life of a miner is a hard one, at best, but machinery has, in late years, lightened many of its severest labors. Some years since, in England and Scotland especially, the miner's lot was an exceedingly hard one. Women and children were then largely employed in the various pits. Women might be found in the low passages, down on their hands and knees, dragging heavy loads of coal, or carrying baskets filled with coal upon their shoulders and up ladders from one gallery to another. Children, too, were largely employed in gathering up the coal in baskets or carts ready for transportation. Now, the employment of women is forbidden by law, while in Lan-

Washire and Scotland alone are they still employed, continuing their labors to the pit-mouth or *bank*, where, dressed in men's clothing, they are engaged in sifting or riddling the coal.

A colliery is traversed by broad, straight passages called galleries, mother-gates or *rolly-ways*. Out of these galleries smaller passages are cut on either side, called *headways*, and these headways, at a length of twenty to thirty feet, end in broader passages called *fords*.

The hewer in extracting coal sometimes makes use of picks, sometimes of wedges and mallets, and sometimes he blasts with gunpowder. In some instances the seam is not above a yard in thickness, and the hewer has to work in this space as well as he can—crouching, sitting, kneeling or even lying down. The atmosphere of the mines is almost intolerably warm, which fact adds much to the discomfort of the miner's occupation.

After the coal is loosened from its bed, it must be gathered up, stones and rubbish thrown out, hauled to the shaft and there raised by machinery to the surface of the earth. Here it is sifted and sorted according to the size of the lumps, loaded up and conveyed away to the different markets. It is needless to tell the various hands it passes through before it reaches its final destination, your quiet hearth and glowing grate.

There are different kinds as well as different qualities of coal. Northern and eastern Pennsylvania produces a hard coal which makes an intense heat with little or no blaze. There are differences in the qualities of this, some qualities being more or less mixed with slate; others burning out rapidly. Western Pennsylvania and Ohio yield a bituminous coal which is fine and crumbling in its character, burns with a bright blaze and a dense smoke, which latter fills the air of the towns where it is used, and settles on everything in the form of dirt and discolor.

Your scuttle of coal is burned out. Now you can order another with a full understanding of the significance and importance of your act.

### SPIRITUAL ORPHANAGE.

FROM "THE HOUSEHOLD," BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

WE are all seeking together for the better way; and we compare notes and charts as we go along, that haply we may sometimes help each other on. And, oh! do we not all know so many homes where the young souls that should be so tenderly helped and strengthened, are in a state of spiritual orphanage? There are so many men and women who do not know the meaning of the words fatherhood and motherhood, in any true spiritual sense. They have given their children physical life; and having done this, no idea of the intense significance, the overwhelming mystery of the spiritual life it symbolizes, seems over to have dawned upon them.

Who do I mean?

I mean you, sir, who give less thought to your boys and girls than you do to your cattle; you who care more for the growth of your potatoes than you do for the growth of your child's intellect; you who to avoid hiring necessary help upon the farm, or in the house, will make the education of your children a secondary matter—a "thing of shreds and patches;" you who, in order to save a few dollars that you can well afford to spend, are content to live in such a poor, scrimped, barren way that it is enough to wither up both soul and body.

You are letting the "cares of this world and the deceit-

fulness of riches" crowd all the beauty and glory out of your children's lives. They are starving for the bread of life—which in their case means simply the mental and spiritual food their natures imperiously demand—and you give them a stone. They are stifling for the lack of an atmosphere of purity and beauty and harmony in which to breathe, and you refuse to open the windows that the glad, free air of heaven may enter in, sweet with the breath of flowers and laden with bird-song.

Your wife is starving and stifling, too, though I doubt very much if she knows what is the matter with her. And, now I think of it, I should not wonder if you were in precisely the same condition. Certainly there is a restless, dissatisfied, yearning look in your eyes, sometimes. It is your soul peering out of the windows in moments of forgetfulness—looking wistfully after something it has never yet found. I am sorry for you, sir, as well as for the children.

You think them lazy and careless and even sullen sometimes, do you not? I presume they are. But what if you were to tell Johnny that if he is a good boy and works well during haying and harvest, he shall have a new suit of clothes in the autumn and go to the academy, if he wants to? What if you were to give James ten dollars, and tell him the next time he goes to the village to subscribe for a first-class magazine and some good weekly papers? What if you were to say to the boys that you know the winter evenings are long and have sometimes been dull, but that you are going to buy some fresh, entertaining books and some good games when you go to town to sell your wood, and you expect they will enjoy them vastly? And then what if you should keep your promises?—I have known fathers to forget such things—after the work was done.

And what if looking around on the bare, blank walls of your home, and remembering how your wife used to love pretty things "when she was a girl,"—and how your brown-eyed Mary—dear me! she is getting to be almost as tall as her mother—and little, golden-haired Nelly went into raptures over the pictures and brackets and statuettes they saw once when they went to their Uncle George's—what if, remembering all this, you were to see what a little money would do toward making your home brighter and happier? What if, if you cannot trust your own judgment in the matter, you were to get some judicious friend to go with you to a picture-store, and help you select a fine photograph or two—a good engraving—or a sunny chromo? What if you were to get a new carpet for the sitting-room, and help the boys and girls to make some hanging-baskets, and train some lovely, delicate vines about the windows and doorways? And when I say *help*, I mean encourage them to do it. It is not necessary that you should devote much of your valuable time to this thing—though it would not hurt you if you did! But let them see that you do not consider it a waste of time, nor think it all fol-de-rol and nonsense.

The children love music. So does your wife. So did you in the far-off days when you were a boy and went to singing-school. Then get some musical instrument for them—the very best you can afford. And when you go into town after the pictures—you have sold your wood, you know!—you had better step into the music-store and get two or three new songs for the girls.

Seriously, my friend, do you not believe that this course would make the boys more eager and ambitious? Would not the girls be happier and more contented? Would it not help your wife to grow young again?

But it would take so much money!

Yes. But not more than you paid for your fast horse last year—not more than you paid for the acre or two you bought the year before, just to bring your farm into more symmetrical shape.

What are you going to do with the money you lay up from year to year? Leave it to your children when you die?

For God's sake—for their souls' sake, use at least a part of it for their good now. Use it to make of them strong, educated, cultivated men and women. No repletion hereafter—when you are dead and gone—can make amends for starvation now. If I could only help you to see that you have no right to withhold from these young souls anything it is in your power to give them, that shall be for their best and highest good!

## TWO DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT is quite possible that the incidents which I am about to relate will meet the eye of some to whom they are already familiar. I cannot believe, however, that the most sensitive private feeling will be wounded by the relation of this story; while its touching beauty and homely pathos, hallowed forever by the sad tragedy which suddenly darkened upon them, seem to me to belong to the things which we should not willingly let die.

A few miles north of Boston lies a lovely little town, with low, green slopes of hills, and still picturesque roads, and the river, winding among pleasant banks, dreaming amid the shadows of overhanging trees or breaking into sudden laughter where it rolls out bravely into the sunlight. Every little while gray banners of smoke hang in the clear blue air, and spread their soft gauzes over the shining waters, as the trains from the city below sweep through the green gateway of the little town toward the great mountains which lie far to the north.

A short distance from the river, on a slope of hill which commands one of the finest views in the town, stands a house, the interval between it and the banks covered with grassy lawn and pleasant walks, where shrubberies and flowers fill with cool shade and fragrant beauty the long New England summers.

On the right of the hall of this house, endeared to the writer by many tender memories of the dead and the living, is the sitting-room, into whose pleasant bay-windows the evening sunset looks with golden farewells before it sinks behind the distant hills. A little way from the window, and just over the piano, hangs the portrait of a young man, probably not yet in his thirties.

A stranger's thought on entering this room and seeing the portrait for the first time, most likely would be, "What an interesting face that is!"

There is something at once delicate and spirited in the picture which singularly attracts the gazer. A nature fine and generous must have dwelt behind that face. The eyes, dark and clear, look at you with a smile, and yet, I have sometimes thought, with just a hint of sadness in their brown depths.

But, despite the life and spirit of young manhood which pervades the portrait, a keen observer would detect some feminine sensitiveness and loyalty in its whole expression. The flush and dewiness of young manhood are there, in glossy hair and beard, and smoothly rounded cheek. The great tragedies of life have as yet left no traces on soul or face. Looking at the latter, you are reminded only of

tender home-likes, of the cherishing pride and fondness of mother and sisters.

The young man whose portrait hangs by the bay-window, which looks to the river and the sunset, must have grown up in the midst of this cherishing home pride and love.

The main facts of his history can be told in a few sentences. He came to Boston just on the threshold of manhood to make his fortune. His home had been one of those pleasant old towns which lie along the Sound shore of Connecticut. The voices of the sea had mingled with his eradic song. He had sported on the yellow sands, and swung in the white waves, and listened to the fierce bellowing of their storms, until he knew and loved every mood of the sea, and was as much at home on the ocean as on the land.

Singularly bright and lovable, the gentle, thoughtful boy, with his taste for books and his passion for music, was the darling of his mother, the idol of his large circle of sisters.

After he came to Boston, he formed a friendship for a young man about his own age—a friendship which, as you will see, partook of the tenderness and loyalty of his own nature, and ended only with his life.

This friendship was entirely reciprocated. The two young men, so strongly attached to each other, bore, by a singular coincidence, the same name, although no remote tie of kindred existed between them.

In time, an impulse seized one of the twain to try his fortunes in the younger, freer life of the West. Neither of the friends would have dreamed of being separated from the other, and they went together.

In the summer twilight, on the western plains in the valley of the Platte River, a company of travellers from the East had pitched their tent for the night. They were on their way to the Pacific coast. The brown twilight, the wide, still horizon, the hum of winds among the long prairie grass, the rush of the wide, dark river, and that solitary tent, with the human life and interest gathered about it, must have made one of those striking pictures which our artists go wandering over a continent to find.

Among the group of Pacific-bound travellers was the young man whose portrait hangs by the window where the New England sunset always looks in with its parting smile. The friend who made so much of his world was with him. They had lighted the camp-fire, and were cooking the evening meal, tired and hungry, as travellers and hunters on western plains must be with their day's long journey.

The odor of a meat-stew, sweeter to the olfactories of half-famished travellers than the perfume from beds of musk-roses, filled the air with its savory smell. John—that was the name of the young man who was on his way with his friend to the Pacific coast—suddenly lifted the pot-lid and looked inside.

"Have you forgotten the potatoes, Noah?" he asked.

It was an unfortunate question. When a man is tired and hungry, the simplest suggestion is aggravated into unreasonable fault-finding, and in the momentary irritation of his mood, John's friend answered: "No; but I mean we shall go without them to-night."

The words were nothing; but I suppose the cold, irritated tone was not at all that which John was used to from his friend. He said nothing; but a tender and loyal nature is usually a proud and reticent one, and I have told you there was some fibre in his nature fine and sensitive as a woman's.



Not long afterward, John's friend happened to go to the tent on some errand.

As he entered it, he saw John lying in one corner, his whole attitude expressing an indescribable dejection and loneliness.

That prostrate figure surprised and alarmed the gazer. What had happened. In a moment the truth flashed on him. The hasty words, the irritated tone had surprised and pained his friend. He knew John's heart as he knew his own.

But the whole thing was one of those small matters which apologies or explanations do not mend.

John was not aware of his friend's entrance into the tent. The latter, after surveying the prostrate figure a few moments in troubled silence, moved out softly, went straight to the camp-wagon, gathered up some potatoes and carried them to the boiling pot.

When the party sat down that night on the prairie-grass, in the brown twilight, and the meat was served after the unceremonious fashion of frontiersmen, Noah, quiet and curious, watched his friend.

A sudden light flashed over the beautiful face, bronzed with its long travel. John had seen the potatoes. He knew that his friend had remembered his hasty answer, and that, in atonement, he had silently added the vegetables to the evening camp-meal.

Not a word was spoken between the two; but one solitary flash of recognition and gratitude from the brown eyes told Noah all that he had been watching for.

It is such a homely little story that nobody would ever have thought it worth the telling, except for the tragedy which came afterward, and hallowed the whole scene with the sacredness of eternal loss and grief.

The next day the two friends set out for Fort Laramie, in quest of letters from home. The mails travelled by slow stages across the continent at that time.

The Platte River lay wide and dark between the young men and Fort Laramie. The boat was small, and John was the most splendid of swimmers. He plunged in without a thought of fear, leaving his friend to row across the river.

Noah watched, with the others, the brown head, the face flushed with the eager joy and health of young manhood, as it rose above the black, whirling waters, the strong swimmer sweeping through them with the graceful ease of an eagle who mounts slowly into glad, blue depths of mountain air.

Once the rower's attention was drawn for a moment from the swimmer. When he turned to look again, the brown head, the eager, joyful face was not there; only the long, dark reach of waters, and the green, distant shores of the Platte.

At first, I suppose, nobody was seriously alarmed for the fate of the swimmer. It seemed incredible that any harm could overtake one who was at home on the water, as a bird in its native air.

There was an island in the midst of the river. They expected every moment to see John's head emerge gaily from the bushes which fringed the borders, but it did not appear; and when the little boat reached the banks of the Platte, John was not there, and an awful dread and foreboding had begun to take possession of the heart of his friend.

They searched the shores and the river in vain. The proud, young head never showed itself in the sunlight above the dark waters of the Platte. It must have disappeared in a moment. To this day the mystery has

never been cleared up. The current was cold and very rapid. The only theory which then or ever accounted for the tragedy was that the young man's limbs were seized with a sudden cramp, which rendered him powerless, and that the hungry waves clutched their prey and carried it down forever in the cold, black depths of the Platte.

The grief and despair of John's friend are not among the things one can write of. Perhaps his own words, long afterward, when the pain and loss had become a tender, hallowed memory, best express the agony of those days: "I would gladly have given my life for his."

He remained near the shore for several days, clinging to a desperate hope that some accident, less than fatal, had befallen his friend, that he had made the shore at some distant point, and that John, with the bounding step of his young manhood, and the face, so lately seen shining like light above the dark circle of the waters, would yet burst in upon him, and say, in the old, happy tone: "I was not drowned, after all, you see."

But he was; else he would have come back. The cruel waters had claimed Noah's friend, and the mother's darling, and the sister's idol; and those who knew him best knew that if he could have chosen the road by which his soul should go out into the great Unknown, it would probably have been by the open gate of the waters he had loved.

But amid all the cruel anguish of those hours when John's friend wandered on the shores of the Platte, and thought of the distant New England home waiting, unconscious, through peaceful summer days, for the bolt which was soon to smite its heart, one picture constantly followed him like a messenger who brings light and warmth and comfort.

It was that little homely scene by the camp-fire in the brown prairie twilight. It was the glad, grateful look which John's eyes had flashed over to his friend that night, when the meal was spread on the grass, and the hungry group of travellers gathered around it.

That look was like the last tender good-night which, sooner or later, we must all bid each other.

Years afterward, I listened to this story, which I have tried to tell you, from the lips of John's friend himself. While I listened, the winter's day outside was dark with stormy skies and full of sobbing winds. Inside, the rooms were filled with the beauty of rare pictures, and the white loveliness of statues. But, as I listened, I did not hear the clamoring voices of the winds or think of the splendors of color and marble around me; I only saw the camp-fire in the summer twilight, and the flapping of the tent canvass in the soft prairie winds, and the eyes which so often had followed me, brown and smiling, around the sitting-room, flashed out that grateful look, which, little as they meant it, was to be their tender, consecrating farewell.

You will understand how the thought that he had gratified the last wish of his friend, helped John's comrade to live through the dreadful tragedy of the days which followed; how he must be glad of that for all his life to come.

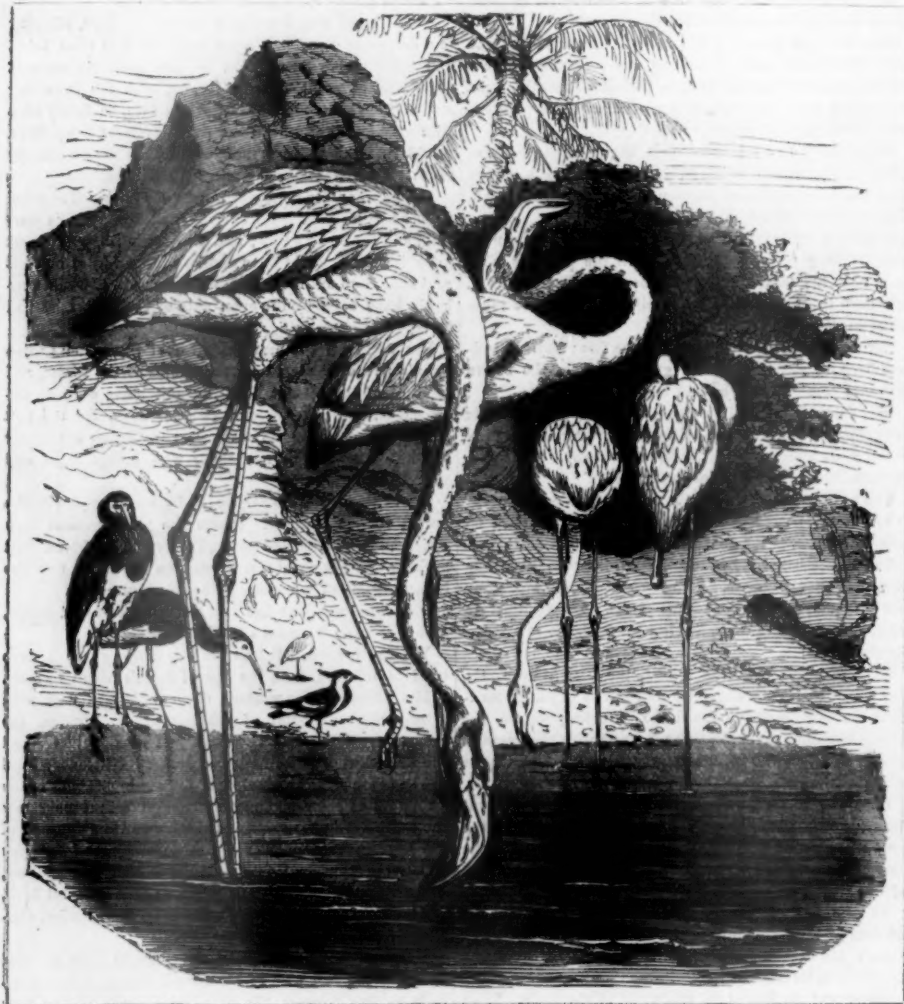
I cannot help feeling also that, somewhere in the life of larger vision and deeper insight, John knows and is glad, too; he, who would have left to his friend, who would have sent to the far-away eastern home, whose pride and joy he had been, a last farewell, as tender as that one with which, long ago, the mother of Oliver Cromwell went to sleep. She was a very old woman, you remember, within six years of a century; she had seen her son, the

quiet Huntingdonshire farmer, ascend "the steep and slippery path of worldly greatness." His courage had vanquished armies; his power and statesmanship had won for him recognition and glory throughout Europe. He had hurled the Stuarts from the throne they had dishonored, and mounting it himself, and taking their sceptre in his hand, the kingly soul had ruled wisely and well.

He was at the summit of human power and glory when his old mother lay down under the weight of her ninety-four birthdays to die. But the great protector was her

### THE FLAMINGO.

THIS singular bird is plentiful in many parts of the Old World, and may be seen in great numbers on the sea-shore, or the banks of large and pestilent marshes, the evil atmosphere of which has no effect upon these birds, though to many animals it is most injurious, and to man certain death. When feeding, the flamingo bends its neck, and placing the upper mandible of the curiously bent beak on the ground or under the water, separates the nutritive portions with a kind of spattering



boy still. She had rocked him on her knees, and listened to his prattle among the cool elm-shadows and blossoming wild hedge-roses of his quiet English home.

It seems to me that in all history there are few things sweeter and more touching than that old woman's last words to the great rule of England. The words are more than two centuries old, but they have not lost their sweetness with time. Listen and hear, as they come with that failing breath out of the distant years: "My dear son, I leave my heart with thee: A good-night."

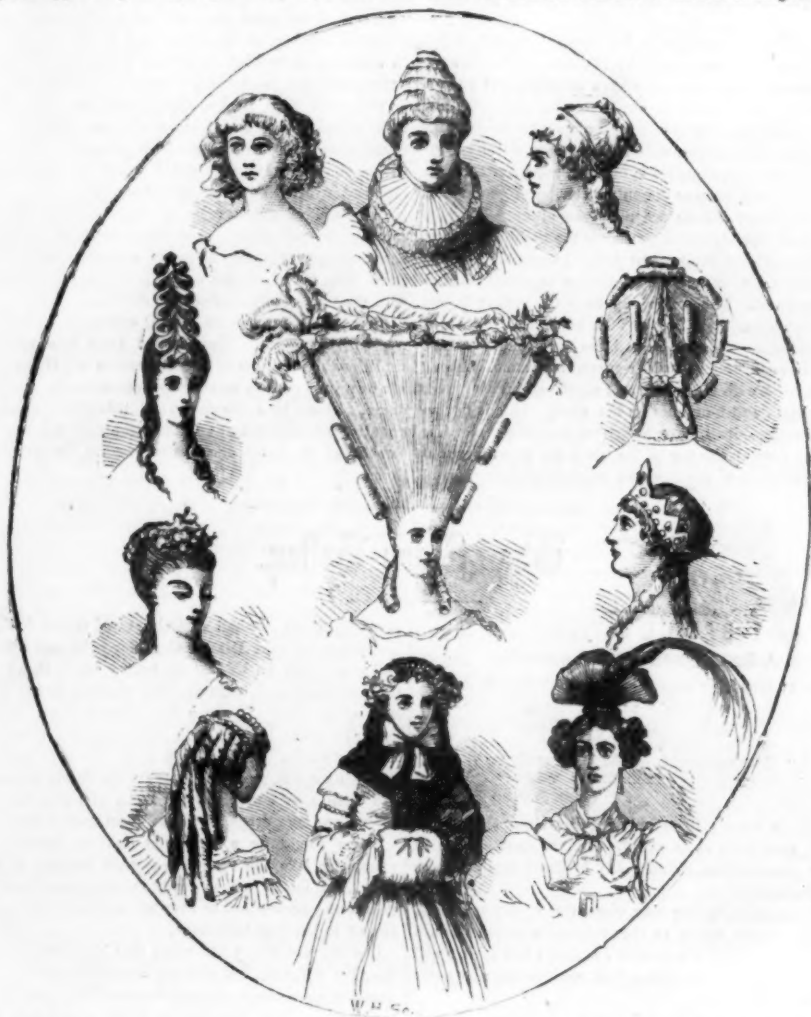
sound, like that of a duck when feeding. The tongue of the flamingo is very thick, and of a soft, oily consistence, covered with curved spines pointing backward, and not muscular.

A flock of these birds feeding along the sea-shore have a curious appearance, bending their long necks in regular succession as the waves dash upon the shore, and raising them as the ripple passes away along the strand. At each wing is always placed a sentinel bird, which makes no attempt to feed, but remains with head erect, and neck

turning constantly about to detect the least indication of danger. When a flock of flamingos is passing overhead, they have a wonderfully fine effect, their plumage changing from pure white to flashing rose as they wave their broad wings.

When at rest and lying on the ground, with the legs doubled up under the body, the flamingo is still graceful, bending its neck into snaky coils, and preening every part of its plumage with an ease almost incredible. Its long and apparently clumsy legs are equally under com-

ting on a milestone. The eggs are white, numbering two or three, and the young birds are able to run at an early age. Like many other long-legged birds, the flamingo has a habit of standing on one leg, the other being drawn up and hidden among the plumage. The curious beak of this bird is orange-yellow at the base and black at the extremity, and the cere is flesh-colored. When in full color, the flesh is brilliant scarlet, with the exception of the quill-feathers, which are jetty black. A full-grown bird will measure from five to six feet in height.



mand, for the bird can scratch its cheeks with its toes as easily as a sparrow or a canary.

When flying, the flamingo still associates itself with its comrades, and the flock form themselves into regular shapes, each band evidently acting under a leader. The nest of the flamingo is rather curious, and consists of mud and earth scraped together so as to form a large hillock with a cavity at the summit. In this cavity the eggs are laid, and the bird sits easily upon it, its limbs hanging down at each side of the nest, like a long-legged man sit-

## MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

BY E. CHARLTON.

PERHAPS there is no one thing in which fashion so displays her caprices as in the different modes of dressing the hair which have been in vogue at various periods and in different countries. It sometimes seems as though the ingenuity was taxed to devise the ugliest possible mode; and yet whatever its unsightliness, it is always received in favor for the time being. The

fashions of coiffure of to-day, when carried to their extreme, are exceedingly unbecoming, for various reasons; first, that they require such an amount of hair for their perfection that it is impossible that nature could supply the demand, hence false hair, and various cheaper pretenses for hair, must be adopted instead; secondly, the hair is strained entirely out of its natural position, and heaped and loaded on the head in a burdensome manner; thirdly, the outlines of the woman's head are entirely concealed, and a monstrous deformed shape presented instead.

Yet fashion has done worse for women than it is doing now, so I suppose we should be thankful, and, while we are waiting for her caprices to have something of reason and beauty in them, try in our individual cases to find that difficult line between utter unfashionableness, and fashionable hideousness, which shall make us alike acceptable in our appearances to our own good sense and to those to whom fashion is the only criterion of good taste.

In the illustration we see all styles of hair-dressing. The one on the right a little below the middle reminds one of the styles of the present day. Immediately below is the graceful Grecian coiffure, always beautiful because always natural. The central figure at the bottom is also not unbecoming. The figure at the left of this is exceedingly grotesque, with its huge bows springing from the top of the head, and still wider-spreading plume. Above this is a head with a diadem, and short curls falling over the forehead, and long ones on the neck. This is not an untasteful head-dress, though with our present penchant for everything set on the top of the head, the crown brought well to the edge of the forehead seems displeasing.

The central figure at the top has reached the acme of quiet unobtrusive ugliness. Whether it is the hair or a cap which is thus arranged in bee-hive style, it is difficult to tell from the picture.

The figure on the right of this presents an exceedingly becoming style of wearing the hair for a young girl. That on the left is Grecian in its character, and not entirely displeasing.

The supreme of uncouthness is reached in the central figure, in which the hair is built up over a huge triangular frame, ornamented with stiff rolls at the sides, and a cluster of feathers at one corner and flowers at the other. In what age or in what country this lady lived, I do not know; but she no doubt submitted herself to the hair-dresser with faith in his ability, and surveyed herself with complacency when his work was finished. No doubt when this was the mode, fashionable ladies vied with each other as to who should obtain the highest and broadest inverted pyramid upon her head.

The head of which only the back view is given is scarcely less ridiculous—none whatever in its unnaturalness and ugliness—only so in its somewhat more modest size. The figure on the opposite side is also grotesque, with the tower built up from the forehead.

Pictures such as these should convey a lesson to all women of thought. They should show into what absurdities the followers of fashion may be led, if she allows her own judgment to be entirely overruled by that fickle dame. There is a reason in all things; a reason frequently for following an unreasonable fashion; but sometimes an equal or a better reason for refusing to do so.

## The Story-Teller.

BY STILL WATERS.

A STORY FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROOKED PLACES," "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

"We must be only joined in pains divine  
Of spirits blent in mutual memories."

THE SPANISH GYPSEY.

"HE is saved; if he only regains strength ever so gradually, he is saved. And he owes his life to you, madam. Under any ordinary conditions he must have died."

It was a sweet, spring day when the doctor said this, standing beside Sarah at the staircase window. Yes, a spring day, though it was still January; but spring will come into winter sometimes, just as Heaven may come into the earth-life.

"God is very good to me," said Sarah, looking up with swimming eyes. The doctor did not very much believe in God—he could not reconcile the God of the theologians with the God whose hand he saw in nature, and he had not worked out the puzzle, but simply left it, an unsolved problem. But as he looked at Sarah's glorified face and heard her words, he did verily believe in her God. And that momentary belief returned to him over and over again afterwards, an olive branch which he had found on the waste of waters. He had often heard God praised for temporal blessings, and for spiritual blessings (whose

utter beatitude he had sometimes had reason to doubt). He had even heard Him praised for pain, and affliction, and trial. But he had never before heard Him praised for weariness, and anguish, and wasting, borne for the sake of another. It was a revelation to him. Not that he could define it. No true revelation can ever be defined by words. They fall off it as the body falls from the rising spirit, and they bear its similitude for a while, and then they must be buried out of sight, that fresh flowers and new crops may grow from their decay.

There would be a long and anxious convalescence, something like the tender, wayward infancy of a new life. And Sarah was as ready to give herself up to its claims and necessities, as ever mother could be to devote herself to her new-born babe.

She did not forget the name that had been uttered in the wild delirium, but she was not willing to press any question upon the weakened brain of her invalid. She could wait. Nay, she felt as if she could wait for an eternity—such eternity as is within the compass of our human imaginations. Love gives us strength to wait forever, because it makes us partakers of that divine nature with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

It did not strike Sarah at the time, but she remembered it vividly afterward, that just then her prayers—the prayerful thought of her whole life—had suddenly changed into a simple consciousness of peace and joy—much the difference that comes to our thoughts about friends who



have been wandering, we know not where, when we hear that they are settled down, where they can send sweet messages to us, and receive our loving messages in return.

But she was conscious of a renewing of life within herself, which seemed to keep company with the renewal of life in her charge. Every beautiful thing seemed more beautiful. The pale spring sunshine seemed charged with a sacred song; the flowers which Tibbie sent for her table, with those for Mr. Halliwell, seemed more than flowers had seemed before. Everybody appeared so kind, and bright, and tender. Had her life lacked a glory, that this had been sent to it? Nay, not so. Forever and forever. "Whosoever hath to him shall be given." Those who have the most, have the "much more."

As soon as the invalid could be removed, the two went off together to the sea-side. Sarah chose to go to Bourne-mouth. She knew that there were softness and sunshine there, when winds were rough and bleak at other places; but what drew her most was what she heard of the pine woods by the sea. Pine woods and the sea! The shelter and the open!—the nook to rest in, and the boundless to gaze upon! Could one find in nature a more beautiful symbol of God?

Mrs. Stone went with them, and Tibbie went to the station to see them all off; and the journey was got over agreeably.

Then came quiet, quiet days. The house in which they lived lay a little back from the sea, but the windows looked out upon it, and they could hear it singing and sighing, and roaring and moaning in that ceaseless anthem which seems to have a sympathy for every mood of the soul and every phase of life. Sarah was not a "musical woman" in the common sense of the phrase. She could perform on no instrument; she could not sing, except in unison with other voices. But the old Greeks were wiser than we are; and in "music" they included all beautiful things—poetry, legends, heroisms, and, best of all, the secret of that harmony in which all creation is planned. Perhaps the music of the next world will be that music which the inner ear catches when we are in our highest mood, and of which the most perfect earthly music seems but an imperfect expression. There are many of us to whom it is no "fond fancy" that there is music not only in voices, but in footsteps, in water, in every natural sound—nay, harmony rising above the discord of a noisy crowd in the street. God is preparing all instruments for His praise, rearing everything for His glory, and those who know and love their Father can already hear the anthem beyond the tuning, and see within the scaffold the boundless dome of His Eternal Thought.

She and Frederick Broome did not often talk much, or when they did, they spoke of common daily things. But often when she was walking beside his chair through the brown woodland ways, or sitting quietly in the firelight while he rested on the sofa, he would look at her with that rapt glance which has been so often lifted to sacred images and pictures, and, alas! so often left to rest there, losing the signification in the symbol. But there was that in Frederick Broome's glance which seemed to say that he saw something else, through and beyond her, who in her fragile, second loveliness looked so like a spiritual Madonna, a mother of souls in heavenly places. What had not Sarah Russell been to him? And why had she been so? What made her so? Who was shining through her? Could he ever again think of God as the providing,

punishing, unreconciled Deity that had been typified to his loveless childhood? Was He Power without Love? Was He not rather Love in Power? And the weary, chilled young heart lifted itself from its husks, and said, "I will arise and go to my Father, who is my Home."

He did not say this even to himself. He only saw before him a Light in which his thoughts about everything grew gentler; in which he was sorry for his poor, old grandfather, and wondered what he could do to be as little troublesome as possible to Miss Russell and Mrs. Stone; and at each kindly thought and each patient little action he felt the Light grow stronger and draw nearer. Little did he know that it was really lighting up within himself!—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

They had had a long ramble through the woods, and then Sarah had read aloud to him from a poem by some nameless author who was just startling the sleepy world, so prone to think that the present must ever be content with a mere echo from the past. Frederick was lying in his usual place on the sofa, and Sarah was seated on a low chair near the fire. Twilight fell upon them there. And when it was too dark to read more, they just kept silence. Sarah thought that Frederick had fallen asleep. She felt very weary. There were times when the flesh failed a little after its long trial, when it felt as if some of the strength restored to Frederick was some of her own surrendered for him. She gently drew up another chair and raised her feet upon it, and nestled her head back in the pillow. She did not know that Frederick was watching her from his dark corner, or not even such token of weariness would have escaped her. Just then a sudden flame leaped up in the dull fire and lit her face, making it shine out from the darkness white and worn. Frederick Broome sprang up and sat erect.

"You are killing yourself over me," he cried. "My useless life has been saved twice, but surely I am not to cost my second savior's life as I did my first?"

Sarah started, and then she laughed. "You are not killing me," she said, "or at least I enjoy the killing! And I sha'n't be killed—I can't be killed—or I should have been killed long ago!"

"Ah, but something must kill one at last," said Frederick Broome, sadly. "My friend Denison had been through fire and shipwreck, and fever and murder, but he died at last of the cholera at Cape Girardeau!"

Sarah Russell shaded her face with her hand, and her breath came hard and fast, and it almost seemed to her as if it was not merely Frederick Broome who was sitting in the dusk on the sofa. Have we never known that feeling—as if some friend beside us was suddenly somebody else as well as himself, and knew all about joys and agonies and secrets that were acted out perhaps before he was born?

Her own voice almost made her start again, it was so quiet compared with the rush in her heart.

"Won't you tell me about this Mr. Denison?" was all she asked.

"I did not know him very long," said young Broome. "We took a voyage down the Mississippi together and made friends on the boat. He was years older than me. I don't know why he took a fancy to me."

There was a pause. He went on.

"I was very much drawn to him. And yet he was strange. He used to be very moody at times, as if he forgot where he was and all about himself. Other times, he was the pleasantest companion I ever had. He used

to give me good advice, too, and somehow it did not seem to lose its effect, because he always said that it was advice he had not followed himself. Plain, practical advice it always was. If he found me in the cabin, hanging about where passengers were gambling, he would just put his hand on my shoulder and say, 'Now you go straight out of this, on deck, and look at the stars.' And the same way about other things."

"And you kept up the acquaintance after the journey was done?" said Sarah, with her face still shaded.

"Yes," he answered. "He used to call for me on Sunday evenings, and we would take long quiet walks together. We've walked miles without speaking. He never talked much on Sundays. Once I asked him what he was thinking about, and he said: 'I'm hearing a sermon.' And I said: 'What is it about?' And he said: 'It is in a face which I shall never see again.' I felt somehow that he had had an awful kind of life, and yet I did not like him a bit the less."

"Perhaps he had left it behind him at last," said Sarah, under her breath.

"I took the cholera just as it was breaking out everywhere, and the hotel servants were all frightened, and I had lain on my bed for half a day with nobody to come near me. It was just in the twilight that he came in. I think I was only half conscious, between pain and utter misery. I don't think I thanked him. It seemed quite natural that he should come. Once I heard him say to himself, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' I am sure he said it. It was not a dream. But dreams and realities were queerly mixed up. I dreamed about that mad lady that night. I thought that she and Mr. Denison were standing stretching their hands toward each other and weeping bitterly because they could not reach to clasp, but presently they waved them in farewell, and went off in different ways. Is it not strange how in dreams we put together people who have never had anything to do with each other? Or is it possible they had?"

Sarah did not answer, but she shifted her hand a little, and took one long look at Frederick Broome.

"He did not lie down for three days and three nights, and just as I was saved, he sickened, and there was nobody but me to wait upon him, and I couldn't," said Frederick, sadly. "But he seemed to be glad to die! He knew all about me. I had told him about the madhouse, and the school, and Mr. Halliwell, and everything. And he said two or three times, 'Oh, why should you be with me, while that poor old man may be dying alone?' I think I said some hard things of my grandfather, for he said: 'Don't—don't—if you are not able to forgive him, you may be adding to the sin and pain of some whom you might forgive.' Once he said: 'When we fall below ourselves, we are punished by having to live below ourselves, for as we try to rise we often only stumble lower.' And he said: 'There are angels and syrens, but it is the angels who keep their hold on the soul; the syrens seize the flesh, and it is left in their hand, like Joseph's garment with Potiphar's wife.' And then he turned on his pillow and stretched out his hand, and moaned, in a sort of wail: 'O Miriam, O Miriam, you ought to have been better than me: you had it in you to be so much better, and your best and your worst were so mixed up together! Forgive me, and may God make it up to you in His own time and way. We met in the lower way, Miriam, and our paths part in the higher one. O Miriam, O Miriam!'"

"But the queer thing was," Frederick went on, after a

slight pause, "that just at the very last, when he was quite calm and quiet, he said to me: 'Will you do something for my sake, my boy?' And I said: 'John Denison, I will do anything for one who has been so kind and good to me.' I thought it was something about his own family or affairs. But he raised his head a little and looked strangely at me, and said: 'Go back to England. And go to Mr. Halliwell's house in the Hallowgate, and tell him that John Syme Denison sent you—the only sign that he can give of his repentance—that the old man's last days be not desolate, and that his dying curse may not fall on the soul, as his living curse fell on the life. Go on New Year's Day, Frederick. He had something sent him once before on New Year's Day—something that was taken from him and spoiled, and in the new there is often all that is good of the old—there ought to be always—for good never dies.' And I promised to go, as it would please him. I was so ill and weak myself that I did not seem at all astonished at what was so strange, and I did not ask any questions. He died about half an hour afterward. Just at the last, he said again: 'You will go?' And I said: 'Yes, for his sake.' And I asked: 'Was he happy?' And he looked up at me with a wonderful light in his eyes, and said: 'No; God was too good to him to let him be happy yet; but it would all come right.' And then he died. And do you know," added Frederick, moving a little toward Miss Russell, and speaking with a tender awe in his voice, "do you know, it was very odd that it never struck me at the time, but since I have thought—that—perhaps he was my own father."

Sarah Russell said never a word. Her eyes were shining with tears. But she put out her hand, laid it gently on Frederick's, and folded his within it.

"He saved me, and now you have saved me. I owe my life to you two," murmured the lad.

And her heart was singing its Hallelujah! This was the answer sent back to her on the cord of her prayer. From the hope she had planted in Heaven, a blossom had fallen softly into her earth-life. It always does. When we set our windows open that we may watch the distant dawn, one of its first rays enters our own chamber and glorifies it.

If there be joy among the angels when a sinner repents, must there not also be joy among repentant sinners when an aroma of purest love rises from hearts they wounded, and kind hands take up the work they left undone, and set right its blunders? Oh, to have done evil and to see it turn to good, is a divine punishment for the evil-doer!

She did not doubt that this was the child of him who had been her life's one love. That there had been such a child, she had had a dim idea, but whether living or dead, she had never known. For she knew well enough that there had been a woman whose proud, passionate beauty had drawn him from his purer allegiance to herself. The evil in him had been stronger than the good. A very few words could tell all of her love-story that could ever be told in words. John Denison had gone out to America in the same ship with Sarah and her parents: he had shared with them all the first pangs of exile; he had filled a heart of that rare sort which is only filled once. Then he had gone back to England for awhile—his return would be to make Sarah his bride. But she had still the few scrawled lines in which, from across the sea, he had taken what he called his eternal farewell, bidding her forget one who was a devil incarnate, whose hell had already begun, who had forfeited her, and gained

nothing, not even a false note on the risky bank of Earthly Pleasure.

She remembered it all as if it had happened yesterday. The first wild days of darkness; the tortured determination to forget and ignore; the secret voice within that whispered of a more excellent way. She remembered the kind faces that were shadowed by her sorrow; the kind voices that spoke so severely for her sake. And she remembered how the pain in her life went on working and working within itself, till she could no longer refuse to see that it was but a desire to forgive, and that the inner strife would cease the moment this was allowed to reign within her heart. Oh, she remembered a long, long wandering in a far-off American forest when the autumn was bathing the trees in gold and scarlet, when she cried out to God to forget her sorrow and suffering, to change them into her everlasting welfare, so that that sin at least should not be laid to the wanderer's charge. And she remembered how her heart came back to her as the heart of a little child. She had entered into the secret of the universe—into harmony with the Higher Hand that will wait forever to claim its own. She had trodden the way of sacrifice, and entered in at the door of love. Henceforth all things were new to her. Henceforth she stood on God's side of all theology—in that secret place to which nothing of any creed ascends, except its share, be it small or great, of that love to God which works in love to man.

There had been clouds often; clouds over faith and hope, but they had never reached that charity which is the highest of the three; for she had lifted her heart to unity with God, who keeps hold of a man in hell, and holds him in the uttermost parts of the sea. There had been no further intercourse between the parted lovers. Sarah knew that John Denison had presently returned to America; all the promise of his youth blighted and lost; she had heard of him in the random, gossiping newspapers as a wild, ungodly man, whose vices and crimes showed only blacker for the vagrant virtues that sometimes shot across them, like glints of sunshine over a gutter. She never knew where a letter could reach him, or she would have written, brave and heedless of short-sighted criticism as any woman-angel could be. Twice she had put advertisements into the paper of the locality which she believed he was haunting at the time. Only the simple words, "I will never lose hope for you, John." Whether or not he had seen these, she would never know.

It had been very bitter to her to leave the land which had been the scene of her short, sweet love-story, and of her long years of secret patience and prayer. Everybody who had known of her life's tragedy had passed away, so that she clung the more to the old walls and long, green aisles that had witnessed her innocent happiness and her martyr's triumph. But God's finger had pointed so clearly in circumstances, that she had seen it was her distinct duty to obey, and return to the old country, that was now in its turn a strange land. It had seemed like leaving her last earthly hope—the last shadow of earthly home. And all the while she had only left a grave, and come out to new life and new duty!

"Is it possible that you ever knew Mr. Denison?" asked Frederick, his hands still clasped in hers, and his voice very low and timid, as if he feared his own suggestion.

"Yes, I did," said Sarah, very quietly, and without removing her hand. "What made you think so?"

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"It came into my mind just now," said the lad. "You see he talked about an 'angel,' and it struck me there couldn't be another like you."

Sarah shook her head, smiling a little. "Oh, yes," she said, "everybody has such 'angels,' and far better and stronger ones."

"I wonder how it was!" he went on, "my poor mother! and poor grandfather! How shocking it is."

"Let us leave them all with God, dear," said Sarah.

"For God is Love, and if people with very little wisdom, and love, and power, can help some crooked things to come straight, what cannot God do? for He is perfect wisdom, and power, and love."

That night when they said good-night, Frederick Broome stooped and kissed Miss Russell's pale forehead, under its shade of silvered brown hair. "I'm your child in a way, you know," he said. "And if mother knows—and I think she does—I'm sure she must be very glad."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"When angels weep, they weep not at the woe  
Which shadows human hearts—not at the gloom,  
The fading, and the sorrow, and the tomb:  
They weep that man so little love doth know,  
That he has still forgotten to be glad;  
Sees not the land immortal; but is sad."

J. E. A. BROWN.

IT was only the next day, just after they had returned from their usual outing, and were seated at their afternoon meal, that they were startled by the unannounced entrance of Tibbie Russell, independently carrying her own portmanteau.

"Here I am!" she said, taking a seat as coolly as if she had only come from next door, instead of from scores of miles away. "I did without you after a fashion for more than twenty years, Sarah—did not miss you a bit—but I can't do without you for more than a week at a time now, and as you won't stay with me, I must just follow you."

She was welcome enough. Before many hours had passed, she was on quite friendly terms with Frederick Broome. She was not a woman whom he would ever love and cling to, as he did to Sarah Russell; but there was an intellectual, and as it were a social sympathy between them. Honored and affluent as her whole outward life had been, she had somehow learned to look beneath the surface, from the very point whence he had watched, as an orphaned outcast. Brighter seeming circumstances had not blinded her to the difference between friends and acquaintances, and she was as lonely in her old familiar place as ever he had been on the strange shores of the Mississippi. Like him, she had sounded the depth of judging all creation by the poverty of her own existence, and as to him, so to her, Sarah Russell had brought a revelation of God. But there the similarity ended. To his barren training and long uncultivated heart, that vision of sacrificing love had been the first direct message from on high. God had shown it to him, as God shows it to the little infant on its mother's knee, who has nothing to do then but to gaze thereon and be at peace. But Tibbie, as she had once said to Sarah, only beheld it afar off—there was something between it and her heart; something which her own life had placed there. She would never now be able to see that glory, unless she could also enter into it. To own that a thing is good, is the best light of God's universe, and yet to refuse its

dwelling with ourselves, is no faith that will help a soul in this world or the next. It does not matter what creed we merely say; God only hears the creed we live. We only really believe what we would live and die for.

Tibbie Russel had never caught clear sight of the God who holds all things in His hand. She had had but the partial glimpse of one view of Him that comes to most of us. But Tibbie was more honest than most people; and when she lost herself, she owned that she did not find God—that her own way had proved but a maze, and that her light was darkness.

"There is something changed about you," said Tibbie to Sarah, as they started for a walk together one afternoon, a few days after Tibbie's arrival. "I can't make out what it is, but there is a change. I am quite sure that you are not sorry that you took in the stray. You've found an angel hanging over him, somehow."

"God knows I have," said Sarah, solemnly. And then they walked for a few minutes in silence.

"Do you know, Sarah," said Tibbie, abruptly, "that had, Broome, has a curious likeness to my memory of your mysterious landlord?"

"He has a good reason to believe that he is Mr. Halliwell's daughter's son," Sarah answered, calmly.

"What! Miriam Halliwell!" cried Tibbie. "Did she get married then? I knew there was some mystery about her; but I always thought she died. What a strange, wild girl she was! I used to think she might have been a very fine woman if she had been among other people; but she was the sort that cannot rest among mere morning calls and fashion-books, and there was nothing else lawfully suggested to the poor thing. It always struck me that she had been forbidden so much that was not wrong, because it was 'improper,' that she had almost come to think that the 'improper' must be right. I never knew her well personally, but I heard a great deal of her. You see I knew other members of the family. The fact is, Miriam Halliwell was the kind of girl for whom it is salvation when they have to earn their own living, and to honestly battle through all sorts of adventure and temptation. It is dreadful when such are shut up in a kind of hot-house to manufacture their own work and adventures in its stifling atmosphere."

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Denison, Tibbie?" asked Sarah.

"What! a gentleman who came from America?" said Tibbie. "Oh, yes. I saw him once or twice. Miriam Halliwell made no secret of her determination to make a conquest of him. He used to seem as if he tried to break away, but could not. There was merciless blood in those Halliwells," said Tibbie, bitterly, "and now some of them know what it is to find no mercy!"

"What! do you like to think of God as if He were a blood relation of theirs?" asked Sarah.

"Now, that is turning on me in the way that I turn on Jane," said Tibbie.

"It is the way that we all need to be turned upon sometimes," Sarah observed. "Else the spots of our own diseased nature flout before our vision, and we mistake them for elements in God's sunlight."

"And did Miriam marry John Denison at last?" said Tibbie presently. "I can fancy her father's rage; for the Halliwells looked for money and birth, and God knows what, in matches. So I suppose it was a clandestine affair, followed by all sorts of disgrace and misery. I thought I remembered a vague report that Miriam was in a lunatic asylum?"

"There seems to have been no marriage," said Sarah; "but don't, don't talk about it. It is not healthful for our souls to go down among dead sins. Let us only seek to undo their bitter fruits, as would those who planted them, could their hands still labor in this outward world. Let us undo the evil of those who have gone before, as we hope that some will be raised to undo our evil, witting or unwitting."

"It always strikes me forcibly," said Tibbie, "that those who do least evil themselves, find most work in undoing other people's."

"Ah, but our very good turns to evil," answered Sarah. "It turns to evil, unless somebody else takes it in hand and keeps it alive. Let us be pitiful, as we hope for pitifulness."

"Ah! if you only knew all my life," said Tibbie. "I got no pity; and not me only, but one whom I loved better than myself. Since that day, Sarah, I have loved nobody—not God, nor man, nor myself—only you, just a little perhaps. You brought back a dash of the old feeling, and it was so pleasant that I came running down here after you."

"Poor Tibbie!" said Sarah, "and there's such a lot of love shut up in you, if you would only let it out."

"I said I would tell you my story some day," Tibbie went on. "You remember that picture? Why should not I tell you now?"

They were walking by the sea on the top of the West Cliff. It was one of those quiet afternoons, which in very early spring often follow a bright morning. The gray sea was washing quietly out, pale as the sky above it, except that where the sky met there was a line of yellow light. Tibbie's eyes went out to this light—it was no unfitting type of the one vanishing joy of her existence.

"The man whom I loved, and who loved me," she said, "was the son of your landlord's sister. Of his sister, remember. His father, whom I never knew, must have been of quite another breed. For my Robert was no Halliwell."

How bitter her voice grew in the very utterance of the name!

"That woman did not like me," she said. "From the very first, she did not like me. I knew why. She would never have liked any woman whom her son had loved. She wanted him to marry her niece, Miriam, who was, of course, of the best birth in the world, being a Halliwell, and who would be rich beside. But she had a deeper, secret reason. She knew that Robert could never love Miriam, and that therefore she need never be jealous of her. And she liked me less because she knew I could read her like a book. She might deceive her own eyes about herself, but she could see herself in mine."

"But if you had seen the truth, and yet a better truth behind it, she would have seen that, too," said Sarah.

"I'm not an angel," returned Tibbie; "and oh, she used to torment me till I could scarcely endure myself. She knew that my father had kept a shop, so she used to make the term 'shopkeeper' her form for whatever was mean, and low, and grovelling. I used to curb my passion over that insolence, but then it would break out at last, over something else, and she would talk at me about patience and submission, and a meek and loving spirit. O Sarah, I have often wondered how Jesus can bear to hear how His words are taken up and by whom."

"Is not that only what we were saying?" asked Sarah, "that the very good that is left behind may be turned to evil, unless its spirit is kept alive by those who follow?"



"Oh, Sarah," cried Tibbie, "I know that all I am saying sounds very little and trifling. You can't put these things into words; words won't say them. You have to live them. But, oh, Sarah, will it make you understand if I say that I have never needed to be convinced that there is a place of spiritual misery, because I know it by dreadful experience, having lived in it even in the flesh?"

"I do understand, darling," said Sarah, gently. "I have had my time, too, though not such a dreadful one as yours. But remember, that dark knowledge has its silver lining—its other side. When hell is found to be a condition more than a place, the same truth holds good of heaven."

"Oh, Sarah," Tibbie went on, scarcely heeding her cousin's words, but gazing with terribly dry eyes toward that bright line in sky and sea; "but that woman showed Robert all the evil that was in me! She put in the evil, and then she drew it out, and showed it to him. She built up a kind of a wall between us, which I could not pass, and I think he could not pass it either; but he used to look at me with a long, wondering glance that I could not answer. And then he grew ill. I knew what ailed him. I have so often known those secrets, Sarah. That is one reason why I have shunned sick-rooms, for I have seen such terrible truths standing in them, which yet I dared not utter. What is the use of prescribing superficial remedies for a seeming fever, or a consumption, when you know the bodily disorder is but the outward expression of a pain or cramp in the spirit, caused by somebody who is standing near, perhaps supposed to be the sufferer's ministering angel? I could have cured many people if I might have said to them, 'Get away from your relations, or your guardian, or your nurse.' I knew that Robert was dying of the woman to whom he had once owed life."

"Perhaps it was the effect she produced on you that hurt him," pleaded Sarah. "When I have been in crowded places with people who I knew suffered in bad atmospheres, I have felt the sense of suffocation, even at times when they did not."

"She worked me up into a dreadful pitch of excitement one day," said Tibbie, "and next day she wrote me a note, saying that she and Robert both felt that it was good neither for him nor for me to see each other while he was in such a weak state, and that she was quite sure I would respect his wishes. I know his alleged share in it was a lie, though maybe she had extracted some words from him which she had twisted to her purpose. And very likely she did make him hate me. She would make him feel I did him harm—as I dare say I did—and then, of course, he would hate me."

"Oh, no, no," interrupted Sarah.

"I don't suppose she thought he would die," Tibbie went on, dearly. "I have no doubt she thought he would live, and that we would be quietly separated, and that she would keep an undivided power over him, and gain all her own ends. I wrote to him. God knows whether he got those letters. Never a sign came from him. He was confined to his room by that time, and she was with him night and day, and he was at her mercy. I wonder if she did not think he would die! I almost think she could have borne to face that truth, since it would keep him from me. She only wanted to keep her sole power, and if she could not keep another from sharing it, except by losing it altogether, I don't doubt she would candidly have chosen the latter alternative. I myself can almost understand preferring it. For it was

easier for me to bear my torture and loneliness once I knew that she was lonely, too."

Sarah gave a cry, as of sharp pain. Was she not looking on the saddest sight of the universe—a soul overcome of evil, instead of overcoming evil with good?

"When he was dead," Tibbie pursued, with a fall in her voice that was yet no softening, "I could almost have gone and humbled myself even to her, for just one more look upon his face. One evening, the last before the funeral, I walked that street till midnight, torn to pieces between a desire to go in at any cost, and a horror of humiliating myself to that woman. Why, she would have only gloated over my grief, for it was grief for what was hers. He had died her son, and nothing—nothing at all to me! And even afterward, when I felt that there was a void round my life into which nothing else could enter, I could have almost gone to her and asked to be allowed to love her for the sake of the old bitter nearness. It was so dreadful to have nothing; for I have nothing. In the creed I mutter that I believe in 'the resurrection and the life,' but there is no resurrection of Robert for me. I can never hear his voice in the present or future, I can never see his face with angelic glory on it. It always comes to my memory as I saw it last, pale, with sad and hungering eyes, and meek voice asking me to be patient. I can never feel what he would think and say about the work I am doing in the East-end. I suppose he really lives somewhere, far, far away, where he has escaped all recollection of the girl who came into his life, and made no happiness for it or her own. But to me, he is really dead and buried in the grave—gone—vanished utterly—except for the longing he has left behind him."

"It is not he who is in the grave, Tibbie," said Sarah. "It is yourself."

"And at last she died, too, a poor, miserable, old woman!" Tibbie went on, with a power of triumphant hatred in the pitying term. "I knew that her niece had come to some unfortunate end, and I knew that she and her brother, your landlord, quarrelled and never met. Their two unbridled prides and passions were left to rend each other at last. Oh, she was a wicked woman," Tibbie cried, vehemently, "she had the heart of a murderer under her hypocrisy and propriety. I have ceased to believe in capital punishment because I know it doesn't reach the worst sinners. I might have been a good, gentle, happy woman. She has made me what I am!"

"And you have let her make you what you are," sighed Sarah. "The evil in her was so much stronger than the good in you. But it is not too late to forgive her even now. Poor thing, she must have been so wretched."

"She never asked forgiveness," said Tibbie, sternly. "The Bible does not say that we need give it unasked. And if it did, I shouldn't care, for it would not be fair. What! forgive her? Let her wreck my life, and then escape her punishment? Never, Sarah. God is just. That has been my one cry these long, dreary, twenty years."

"Oh, Tibbie, God is just," cried Sarah, "and our finite minds can never grasp that infinite truth, and He bids us only try to touch it through the other truth—that God is Love. And, oh, Tibbie, forgiveness sometimes makes us repent, makes us realize that we have repented, though we would not own it before. And do you think punishment ends when repentance begins? Why, Tibbie, the only real punishment, the punishment that helps us out of our sins, no matter how painful it is to tear them off, only begins then. That is God's discipline, Tibbie. All

else is only cause and effect, the evil are unhappy, the hating are hateful. O Tibbie, which should you think was a man's greatest triumph, that his enemy, misunderstanding him, should be left tearing and defacing his image and character, or that by some gentle word or deed he should so change that enemy's feeling, that that which he had abhorred should become his pattern, and he should never forgive himself for the evil he had wrought before he knew?"

"Well, she did not ask forgiveness of either God or man," said Tibbie, stubbornly. "She did not know she needed it. Her eyes were holden that she could not see—and—and I'm glad it was so."

"Is it a gladness that you can share with God?" asked Sarah, very sorrowfully. "And are you quite sure that you know all God knows?"

Tibbie did not seem to hear her cousin's words; but no sooner had passionate indignation risen to its highest, than the revulsion of her better nature set in.

"Oh, that it was with me as in times past!" she cried. "O God, O God! How can He let such things be?"

"Tibbie," said Sarah, very gravely, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." All that has happened has only shown you what was in your heart; it has put nothing there. It has only drawn forth the hidden enemy, and given you a chance of victory."

They had just returned to the door of their home, and Tibbie paused on the threshold to say: "Well, at any rate, now you know all about me. Now you know why I don't feel it any use to join in Jesus's prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' He was different to us; He was the Son of God as well as the son of man, and He was without sin—we cannot be expected to follow His words and obey His precepts without some modification."

Sarah looked up at her cousin with an illumination on her quiet face. "Does not Paul say, 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are sons of God?'" she asked.

"Ah, but that is figurative—that means in a sense," said Tibbie.

"The truth figured is never less than the figure, but always infinitely more," Sarah answered. And then they parted, each to her own chamber, and met again in the parlor at tea-time, and spent the evening in their usual way, Sarah reading a little aloud, and Tibbie singing two or three songs, for though there was no piano in the hired apartment, Tibbie was one of those rare people who can sing without the support of an instrument. Tibbie did not generally sing in society, she said she had never sung to anybody but herself for nearly twenty years, till her Cousin Sarah came home. And Sarah's eyes were almost ready to fill with tears, at the picture of Tibbie sitting alone in that unhomely home of hers, among the tokens of unloving beneficence, singing of the weird strange songs of loss and desolation, in which she seemed to delight.

The next day was to be the last of their stay at Bourne-mouth. Frederick was fairly established in strength, and they were all to return to London by the forenoon train. Tibbie was her ordinary self at breakfast-time—perhaps just a little quieter than usual. But when the two cousins were alone, finishing off the last of their packing, Tibbie turned to Sarah and said: "I had a horror of a night! Yes," she went on slowly, after a moment's pause, "I dreamed that I had killed somebody. I don't know who

it was. I don't know how I did it. But the dreadfulest part was that I was not shocked or sorry. I said to myself that it was quite just, and what the dead person deserved, and that all I had to do more was to take care that I was not punished, for it would be quite unfair that I should suffer for ridding the world of such a wretch! I was quite sure that I was right, Sarah, and I was quite certain that I should escape punishment. And it was so awful; it seemed the very awfullest part of it!

"I know what you are thinking, cousin," she went on again, as Sarah did not speak. "You are thinking that my dream was but the logical conclusion of my thought. I suppose I can't deny it. I suppose I have committed murder in my heart, though my hands have been holden. I suppose that in that other world, where thoughts will be counted as deeds, I shall be among the murderers! And there was something so dreadful in being quite sure I was right, and not one whit sorry!

O Sarah, Sarah! If she had but asked me to forgive her! If she could but ask me to forgive her! But it is too late now!"

"It is never too late!" said Sarah, putting her arm round Tibbie, almost as she might had she been drawing her to some other person, standing apart.

And then they drove through the long road between the pine woods, and took their last look at the silver sea. Tibbie had hold of Sarah's hand.

"We are leaving nature and God," she said, "and going back to the crowds who trample her under foot, and come between us and Him."

"Oh, no," said Sarah, "there is more of God in the worst man than in all this beauty. It is only through the man that God's heart enters nature. He alone is made in His image. Don't you notice a strange blank in any landscape without a human figure? It is like the early world waiting for God to breathe in 'the living soul.'"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"Glad wisdom is not gotten, but is given;  
Not dug out of the earth, but dropped from Heaven."

OWEN MEREDITH.

MISS RUSSELL and Frederick Broome had taken counsel together as to the future. He was to remain in the Hallowgate.

"Your grandfather will want you some day," she said. "It cannot go on like this forever. The very end must come," and she looked up at him with her soft, motherly eyes. "And he will surely want you then. You must be at hand. Therefore, why not stay under his roof? When he does want you, it will be a comfort to him to find that you have been under his roof longer than he knew!"

Sarah Russell was no mere dreamer. It is a curious fact how women who are most intuitional, most open on the more delicate and spiritual side of their natures, are often also most simply practical in the practical affairs of life. Among theories, Sarah Russell took the highest—in practice, the simplest way. Just because she invited the young man to surrender himself to what many would consider a Quixotic and merely sentimental duty, she took care that it should not in the least interfere with those stern duties which call on a man to justify his very being in this every-day world. Before a man can become a hero at a supreme moment, he must have been a just and honest man for many years.

Therefore Miss Russell and Frederick Broome took counsel together in the most business-like manner. Sarah had still a momentary stake among her father's old business connections. To these she introduced him. There would be no change—no hiatus in his life. With the kind of work in which he had already engaged he would go on, simply on a more hopeful basis. She did not turn him out of his path, she only opened a door therein.

It did not seem strange to Sarah to have him in the house. It seemed as if his absence would be strange, as if she had always expected his coming, as if the spare-room had been prepared for him and no other. Other hopes that might have been there were folded away as easily as the wrappings in which a gift is sent us.

Only she brought down the Bible with the initials in it, and put it into Frederick's hand, saying—"That was meant for your father. Now you take it. I have written in it your name, and the date of New Year's Day."

Frederick asked no question. He took it without a word. He knew that there was more beneath than any answer would give. He could guess that his name and the date of their meeting was written beneath those initials, with a date of parting, and of what parting!

And so Frederick Broome had at last a home in God's world. It was well for him, too, that it was a home not without foundation, in that dreary past which had often seemed so unmitigatedly bitter to his hot, young heart. All this good had been going on parallel with all that evil. Into the morass had been thrown the "Eucalyptus" which had grown up among its polluted soil even for its healing. Just at the juncture when his parents and their sin had grown definite and undeniable, there had also come a revelation which made all easy to bear for their sakes, and easy to forgive them. Could he have been quite sure of all he knew now, it might have given despair in place of the dim air-castles of hope that he had indulged in. But now it did not matter at all. His worst fears had been realized, but in the heart of them he had found a joy and a comfort beyond his wildest hopes.

To go out and to come in—cared for and welcomed—to fall into easy, friendly conversation that feared no interruption and required no strain, was such a delightful novelty to Frederick, that had he been left to his own inclinations he might have rested too thoroughly in it. But one wiser than he in the ways of the world and of the human heart was watching his interests. Very likely, had Sarah gone on living alone in the Hallowgate, she would have lived in very deep retirement. There are two kinds among recluses. Those who hate much and those who love much; those who fail to satisfy themselves with any dainty of life's feast, and go on gnawing their own heart with insatiable hunger; and those who get so much nourishment from everything that they ask but little. There are those who find so little in the heart of anything that they spurn all as hollow; there are those who find so much, that they have not time to probe many. Mrs. Stone, and the servant, and a few poor people, and perhaps one or two little children, would have made up a quiet world for Sarah's quiet heart, with just Cousin Tibbie flashing across it like a comet. She had had her living past—that past which makes books and pictures into genuine society, and which leaves women never less lonely than when they sit stitching in utter solitude. But Sarah was a Christian woman, in that deep and true sense of Christianity, which means power of projection into other lives, and acute realization of their

highest possibilities and best surroundings. She did not expect Frederick Broome to begin where she had left off; nay, she quite understood that if he could really do so, it would be no sign of sympathy between their natures, but of deadliest difference. Two warriors may be alike without armor; but one may have taken off his after victory, the other may have never put his on to fight!

There must be a road into society opened from the quiet house in the Hallowgate. There must be that sowing of acquaintance, from a hundred seeds of which one true friend may be gained. There must be strong personal interests established, with all the many forms of the world's progress. Sarah herself took to reading the political leaders of the *Times*, and to diligently overtaking forms of scientific truth which had developed during the years that her eyes had been fixed on the far hills of eternity, looming bright over the thick mist that all those years had hung over the intervening flats of time. It is a strange thing that when that far gaze does return to nearer things, it is but stronger, and quicker, and more fearless for its long inattention. God's glory is the one glory that does not dazzle, but purifies. Moses, when he came down from the mount, veiled his face because the people could not bear its light, but doubtless through that veil he saw them more clearly than he had ever seen them before.

Sarah enjoyed the new life. Whatever was good for anybody else was always better still for her!

"It is such a blessing to be pricked up in the march of life," she said; "one grows lax and falls behind, and that is so ignoble! One stands still one's-self, and forgets the world is moving."

Tibbie, to whom she said this, shook her head gravely. "I don't understand it at all," she said; "all these years I have been keeping up with everything—politics, science and social science. Often and often I have felt that I would not name certain of my own views and sympathies to you, for fear your more established mind thought them upsetting rather than progressive. And, lo and behold, the day comes when your attention is directed to these points, and you instantly pass far beyond me—easily accept much that staggers me, and boldly step over where I hesitate. You must have been walking on all the while, but in a green, covered alley, where no sun wearied you and no wind ruffled you, and where you never stood still to look before and after, and long to go back. And when at last the alley ends, you are far ahead, and the whole prospect breaks upon you at once, and you know that it is infinitely better than all you left at the other end."

It was true. Sarah had that key of love to God and man, which the Master said sufficed to unlock the gates of eternal life, and let light flow through upon every question of mind and matter. She feared nothing in God's world, because all there was in His hand; and she knew that dark places were only mines of treasure, hid till the fit time of forth-bringing, and mysteries but the cherubim set to guard Edens from unworthy intrusion. Not that she thought herself strong enough to descend all mines, and explain all mysteries—only she could think of them as we think of the undiscovered coal-beds, and uninvited machines of the next generation; with only a glad rejoicing that there will be no lack of new wealth for those who come after! Sarah Russell was not afraid to go forward, because with all her going forward was in the name of God. She had no fear that a chain wrought by God can ever be broken—that the truth as it lived

in the past can ever be detached from the truth of the future—

"God's infinite Last."

What she could not understand, she could trust; what she could not see with her mind's eye, she could feel with her heart's emotion. Much which seemed to others a desertion and loss of sacred things seemed to her but their final removal from the darkness of the quarry, and the chip of the laborer, to shine as polished corner-stones in the Father's house, taken from our touch because their beauty was complete and fit for its final purpose!

But the Sabbath was a day which Sarah Russell kept sacredly, for that quiet home-life which she felt was such a wondrous treat to her companion, just as it was her own most congenial atmosphere. That was the day when they two, so strangely joined in the calm after such a tempest, drew very near together, and let their hearts talk, often without much audible voice.

They would go to church together in the morning. To a quiet, old city church, with windows painted in pictures from the parables, and an old, white-haired rector, who preached much from the Sermon on the Mount, and chose the hymns greatly with a view to the minds and voices of the crowd of little charity children who composed the largest section of his congregation. There might be greater men preaching near, there might be more elaborate services, but somehow Miss Russell and Frederick always found their way to that old brown church, whence they ever came out rested and happy, and ready to help others, whether by ringing a door-bell for a tiny child, or by that "effectual, fervent prayer" which stretches a Hand where our own hands cannot reach.

Then they would go home to the early dinner, which (though always cold, that the servant might have had no needless work to hinder her from worship or reading) was ever the nicest dinner of all the week. And then, after a little rest and a little talk over the sermon—the quiet old vicar's homely words often led them into strange tracks—they would sometimes start off to visit in the poor little east-end street to which the dead paralyzed man had first introduced Sarah.

Sarah liked to go there on the Sabbath, because Frederick could go with her, and the men were at home. They used to have happy times in those cramped, dark rooms. There was no "preaching," Sarah never dreamed of speaking to the poor, except as she did to her friends, which indeed they were.

They would take flowers to some old person, or Sarah would read a hymn in a sick-room, and give sanitary advice beyond what the oppressed hospital doctor could afford to his hundreds of patients. Or Sarah would tell some of the children about Joseph, and Samuel, and David, and Ruth, and Esther, and then perhaps about Grace Darling going out with her life-boat, or the Dutchman who spared the life of the Spanish soldier who was in pursuit of his own, or the little boy who saved his native town by putting his finger in the hole in the dyke. Or Frederick would have a talk to some of the men and lads about America, and it would not seem so far off, and they would begin to think they would take courage and emigrate. And then, as they grew friendly, they would tell him something about what the atheist lecturer said, and they and Frederick would enter into a talk, and his words would find wonderful entrance, because they found he did not think they had no right to think of such things, but had thought of them too, and offered them no help that he had not proved for himself.

Then they would return to the Hallowgate, and perhaps before they went to their tea they would take a leisurely walk round and round the solitary old square, with its lonely tree and its chattering sparrows. There was always something to say to each other. Those two had always something to say, whether they spoke or were silent. Then never got to their end. They never would.

There was one who watched them unseen. Mr. Halliwell had never been quite the same since he had spurned that letter on New Year's Day. To reject is often the first step toward longing. To have had a chance and lost it, is often the first preparation toward finding another chance for one's-self.

Ever since that morning, the poor old man had caught himself listening for the postman's knock and the rings at the bell. The incident, unhappy as it was, had brought that sense of life and action which is stirring to the most benumbed existence. He did not bring himself to wish that he had acted differently, but only that something would happen again.

He had scarcely gone near his windows for years, but now he took to sitting at them and watching the people who came into the square. He soon found out which was the lady who was his tenant. His solicitor had written to him that she, like himself, was alone; and the first two or three times he had happened to see her (during Frederick's illness) she had been by herself, and her loneliness had seemed to make his own more sociable. But now she had always this youth with her! Mr. Halliwell had not the least idea who he was. He had certainly no clue to the truth, and such a history was quite beyond the possibilities of an imagination that had always been cramped in utter selfishness. There was somebody whom she had not been obliged to spurn. Nobody but himself was doomed to utter desolation. How pleasant it must be for them both in those pretty rooms which he had secretly surveyed on Christmas Eve! He felt himself a very poor, miserable, ill-used old man.

He might at least have read the letter. He might, perhaps, have answered it. He wondered this. He wondered that.

He began to wonder how he should die. And where he would be found lying, when his housekeeper would notice that his accustomed signs ceased.

He wondered whether there would be a paragraph about him in the newspapers.

He began to have a horrible feeling that, die when he might and how he might, he would go on living in just the same way in that lonely room, for a time that might best be described as an eternity.

One night he almost wondered whether he were really still alive, and what the difference could be when he was dead.

(To be continued.)

WHENEVER unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can get for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends—we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

THE more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing, renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing to undertake another.



## FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. H. G. ROWE.

"T'S a little girl, ma'am."

"Is it? How glad I am that I made those slips with short sleeves and low necks. It wouldn't make so much difference with a boy, but I do so love to see a girl-baby with bare neck and arms."

The speaker's lips were white and her voice faint and tremulous, but there was a satisfied smile upon her face as she glanced with a look of motherly pride at the little stranger in the nurse's arms, while that functionary nodded a cordial assent to her remark about the "slips."

"So do I; their little necks and arms are the prettiest part of 'em, the precious darlings!" emphasizing her words with a caress that, however well intentioned, was evidently not at all to the taste of the young lady herself, who twisted her small features into the most horrible contortions, by way of expressing her disapprobation, while she blinked suspiciously from beneath her fringeless lids at the broad face beaming so benignantly upon her.

"Very red? Ye-es, rather so, but that's a sure sign that she'll have an uncommonly fair skin when she once comes to her color."

"I hope so," murmured the voice from the pillow. "It is such a misfortune for a woman to have a poor skin. I don't know" (with a little, half-ashamed laugh,) "as I could love her as well, myself, if she should grow up into a great, blowy, red-faced girl of the milk-maid type. But there isn't much danger of that, I fancy."

"No, indeed!" with a significant glance at the white face of the speaker. "She'll have to take out o' kin tremendously if she's anything but a perfect lady in face an' figger," drawing the flannel band a trifle tighter as she spoke, utterly regardless of the tearful remonstrances of her helpless little victim, whose piteous cries she regarded as a mere natural outburst of infantile emotion common to its kind.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Hamburg, that you don't gain very fast," remarked a female friend, who, on calling some weeks later, found the young mother still confined to her bed. "I had dismissed my nurse, and was up and downstairs a dozen times a day when my Willie was no older than this baby; and here you are scarcely able to sit up an hour at a time. I'm afraid you don't take nourishment enough—how is your appetite?"

"Very poor, indeed!" with a smile of unmistakable complacency, as if her lack of appetite was really something of a distinction. "My appetite is very delicate, and there are very few things that I can even taste, and of those I can only eat the smallest tidbits."

The visitor, a bright-eyed, fresh-faced, little woman, looked grave, as, with a glance of motherly pity at the puny, wailing infant in the nurse's lap, she said, earnestly: "But your baby, dear. You should try to cultivate an appetite for her sake. I suppose," flushing a little at the incredulous smile upon the invalid's face, "that the idea seems preposterous to you, but I know that it can be done, from my own experience."

"Very likely; I don't dispute its possibility; but it would make no difference with my baby, for I don't nurse her."

"What a pity!"

The warm, motherly heart spoke out involuntarily, without a thought of offence, but the sick woman's pale lips assumed a disdainful curve, as she said, shortly: "I don't care to make a wet-nurse of myself, and be tied to

a baby, day and night, when it's just as well for the child to be brought up by hand."

"But is it as well, really? Putting aside the most important question of the child's health, isn't there a vast deal of comfort and satisfaction lost to one's-self by it? Why, I believe the happiest, most quietly contented moments of my life have been those in which, with my baby at my breast, I have watched the placid, peaceful little face and felt how naturally the life-giving nourishment from my own veins brought strength and vitality to my child, just as a flower draws its freshness and bloom as well as its very life from the ever-flowing juices of the parent stalk."

The bright eyes were misty with the tender remembrance, and their owner laughed a low, happy laugh, as she added, cheerily, after a moment's pause: "But I don't expect everybody to feel just as I do about it. The truth is, I love my babies so dearly that the confinement and care necessitated by my nursing duties never seemed a hardship to me. An hour's exercise in my flower-garden, a walk down street or a social call on a friend make all the change that I crave; and I'm always gladder to get back to my darlings than I was to leave them."

"Such maternal devotion is very beautiful, of course," and there was a little sarcastic emphasis, unconscious, perhaps, upon the last words, "but all people are not constituted alike. I, for instance, should be miserable if I was obliged to deny myself the pleasure and recreation that I have been accustomed to find in society. I was never intended by nature for a nursery-maid."

"Or a mother," added the visitor, mentally, and as she walked briskly homeward, her heart was full of pitying wonderment at this, to her, strange phase of motherhood.

One by one the years slipped by, and the delicate, puny infant was now a fully-grown, but still delicate, girl; fair and white as a lily, but with no glow of health upon the soft, pearly cheek, no free and healthy development of the slight, girlish form.

Nature heeds no "golden rule," abuse her laws and she is sure to pay you back in your own coin, and when the mother, in her blind vanity, left the tender neck and arms of her child exposed to the chill draughts that even summer, in our northern clime, so often brings, protecting the lower limbs with only a single thickness of linen, tucked and ruffled most elaborately, to be sure, but terribly cold for all that, and compressed the yet undeveloped form into a vice of whalebone and steel, as a necessity the circulation in the extremities became sluggish and slow, cold feet and headaches became too common to receive much notice, a weak back and short breath were "nothing," growing girls were "always complaining," was the mother's careless comment, as, with anxious, unremitting care she studied the shades and styles best fitted to set off her child's fragile beauty; often, in her motherly devotion, sitting up far into the wee hours of the night to finish some new and dainty garment with which to dazzle the eyes of envious outsiders, while, heedless of the wearied school-girl's tired brain and throbbing temples, she firmly insisted upon the music lesson with its four hours of daily practice in a darkened parlor, from which the health-giving sunshine was as rigorously excluded as a penniless suitor would have been, and where only a stray whiff of the sweet, free air outside ever penetrated. And here, for long, weary hours, with aching head and listless hands, the poor girl sat, practising, over and over, that tedious array of notes, with a dull, apathetic

persistency more like the steady, unemotional perseverance of a machine than the willing, light-hearted effort of an ambitious, healthful child.

Strangers looked with admiring eyes upon the quiet-mannered, daintily-dressed girl, and voted her a "perfect little lady;" over-neat mammas held her up as a model to their own hoydenish, because natural and healthy, daughters; and even her teachers excused and passed over many an imperfectly learned lesson, "in consideration," as they kindly expressed it, "of her extreme delicacy and physical disability for any extra exertion."

While her classmates in botany were ranging field and wood, drinking in health and strength at every pore in their zealous search for the floral treasures that were to serve as "illustrations" of that beautiful science, she, alone, sat at home busy with her music or crochet work, "not strong enough," her mother had decided, "to take such tramps that were of no earthly use, burning the girls' faces until they looked like a lot of Indians, and tearing their clothes to shreds."

So the "little lady" sat listlessly through the long hours, and thought with a secret pang of discontent and longing of the good times that everybody else was allowed to share in, until the querulous complaint found words.

"I do wish I could ever go anywhere, afoot and without gloves, as the other girls do."

Mrs. Hamburg laughed indulgently.

"Be a good girl," she coaxed, "and stay quietly at home as you should, and I'll get your blue poplin done for you to wear to dancing-school next Wednesday."

A wise mamma! The sugar-plum took effect immediately, and instead of envying her schoolmates their merry ramble, Gracie began to think of and plan the details of the dress that she was to wear at the next meeting of the dancing-class, and a glow of unnatural excitement lighted up her pale face as she thought of the compliments and attentions that, young as she was, she had already begun to receive and expect from the boyish gallants in her class. For dancing was an amusement that Mrs. Hamburg entirely approved of, even for her delicate daughter.

"It was graceful, fashionable and healthful, and one could dress a child as prettily as they pleased without being afraid of its getting its clothes soiled or torn. Exciting? Nonsense! It was no more exciting than a promenade on the street, or a concert; and as to the danger of wearing a thin dress—Gracie had a lovely opera-cape, and she had told her to always throw it over her shoulders as soon as she was done dancing."

So Gracie, fragile, delicate Gracie, went to the dancing-school, sometimes in weather so cold that her thinly-clad frame shook with the sharp chills that even the warm air of the dancing-hall could not entirely drive away, and when she came home with a cold that confined her to her bed for weeks, her mother scolded her for forgetting to wear her opera-cape, and as soon as she was able to go out—sent her again.

And the years tripped by with their lightly-learned lessons, their lightly-borne burdens, and their lightly-esteemed duties, and Grace Hamburg was a woman in age and stature—"a perfect lady," her admirers called her, on the strength of her coldly self-possessed manner, her various polite accomplishments, and her elegant, tasteful dress; "a perfect fuss," was the private verdict of milliner, dressmaker and sewing-girl, who were obliged to endure the capricious exactions and ill temper that

disordered nerves and a system weakened by years of hurtful exposure and equally hurtful confinement had inevitably soured.

"She is at her best now," coolly reasoned her mother, in a secret confidence with herself. "She will begin to grow sallow and lean in a few years—girls of her style always do—and she must secure a settlement in life for herself while she can."

So Miss Grace Hamburg's name was prominent among the guests at every fashionable party of the season, her fair, cold face grew familiar to the habitual frequenters of opera and concerts, and her rich and tasteful dress was a never worn-out subject for the pen of the local Jenkins to run wild upon.

What mattered that the poor girl spent most of her home hours in a darkened chamber, suffering from the tortures of a nervous headache?

"Nothing but biliousness and nerves," her mother declared, and by faithfully alternating between chamomile and coffee, she would manage to "act her up," as she called it, in time for the next party.

Nor were her motherly labors to go unrewarded, for, before the close of her second season, a rich, elderly widower, attracted by the delicate beauty and graceful accomplishments of the young girl, proposed, was accepted, and the day was set for the marriage.

"Now comes the tug of war!" remarked Mrs. Hamburg one morning, with a playful nod at her daughter, who, reclining idly in her easy chair, looked up with some wonder and more disgust at her mother's coarsely enigmatical expression.

"I don't understand you," she said, listlessly, but with a querulous sharpness in her tone that was seldom absent from her home-talk. "What do you refer to?"

"Why, to getting your wedding outfit ready," was the quick, outspoken reply; "and let me tell you, you'll have to bestir yourself for the next three months, if you don't mean to get married like your Cousin Joan, who had only three full suits to her back when she married John Wylie. By the way, I noticed a beautiful piece of linen at Lyon & Lewis's yesterday. I believe I'll get it, and we can go right to work now. The machine is in beautiful order, and we might as well begin first as last."

"Which machine do you mean, yourself or the 'Singer'?" and Grace smiled with a weak attempt at jocularly.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you have been literally and truly a sewing machine ever since I can remember. You ruffled, and tucked, and braided, and stitched with your fingers before sewing machines of wood and iron came into fashion, and now you only ruffle, and tuck, and braid, and stitch all the more. If you weren't a machine, I should think that you would need to rest now and then, for it can be no rest to you with your aching bones and tired hands to dress up and go into a crowd in somebody's parlor to stand round till after midnight watching the dancers, and comparing notes with somebody else's mamma on the beauty, cost and becomingness of the girls' dresses, and their owners' probable prospects in the matrimonial market."

Mrs. Hamburg stared. It was not a bit like Grace, this long and, it struck her, rather peculiar speech; but "girls are such odd creatures that one never knows how to take them," and, ignoring her daughter's question, she went on briskly: "Shall I send Jane down for it? She might go this forenoon as well as not."

"I don't care, I'm sure. But can you get Miss Green-

ough? She is usually engaged so long beforehand that—"

"I'm not going to have Miss Greenough." Mrs. Ham-burgh spoke very decidedly, and Grace lifted her delicately-arched brows in languid surprise. "We will make up all the trousseau ourselves, except the dresses, and so save enough to get you one of those exquisite lace shawls at Davis's. Don't look so astonished; it's high time that you began to do something for yourself; you won't have me to look to much longer, and you might as well learn to depend upon yourself."

A poor dependence that! And it was with well-founded forebodings that poor Grace looked forward to those long weeks of steady, wearisome stitch, stitch, stitching. How the weak chest and flaccid muscles rebelled against this unusual and continuous strain, for Mrs. Ham-burgh, stimulated by the strongest impulse of her nature, her motherly pride and ambition, worked away from morn till night, unmindful of pain or weariness, and her daughter could do no less, of course, than accompany her in her toilsome labors. It was like requiring of a child the labor of a grown person, for the poor, cramped, strengthless body had never had room to grow into any strength or fitness for toil, either physical or mental; the honey dew of life might be as grateful to her lip as to that of another, but she had not the strength to gather it for herself, and the man who, in taking her to his bosom, looked to find a helpmeet and companion, would find himself the possessor of a mere dainty waxen image, with neither energy nor wit to aid him, no sympathy to spare from her own sufferings for his trials, and no love for anything but her own ease and pleasure.

Very pale, and worn, and listless was the face beneath the bridal veil; but the trunks, heaped with fold upon fold of snowy linen and cambric, in tucks, and ruffles, and embroidery, were a "sight to behold," as the few (?) special friends who were allowed a glimpse of their delicate beauty unanimously declared, while no one dreamed that, in that wonderful array of dainty needlework, was stitched in, drop by drop, the young life of their fashioner.

And now, for the first time in all these nineteen years of maternal care, Mrs. Ham-burgh found time, as she expressed it, "to take a long breath." The bargue that she had spent so many years in rigging was fairly launched upon the sea of matrimony, and it was her "master" who was henceforth to be responsible for her safety and comfort.

Was she troubled with any fears that the masts were unseasoned and frail, or that the hull itself might be too weak to weather even the smallest gale? Not she.

With proud satisfaction she turned the pages of the past, and complimented herself upon the wisdom and judgment with which her child had been trained up to womanhood, and well married, while a score of her old friends and schoolmates were still fixtures beneath the paternal roof. In short, she would not believe in any possible cloud, now that her plans had all been so successfully carried out; and when, a few weeks after starting on her wedding tour, the young bride wrote from a quiet, secluded sea-side retreat, giving as a reason for their leaving the more fashionable watering-place that they had been stopping at, her own weak health and inability to endure the crowd and excitement that were unavoidable in a large hotel, she laid down the letter with a laugh, and the characteristic comment: "That's her husband's whim! just to have her all to himself. She

never minded the gayety at Saratoga before, so long as she could have a part in it."

And when, later still, the husband himself wrote to express his fears in regard to his wife's health, and his intention of trying the recuperative power of a voyage across the ocean without delay, Mrs. Ham-burgh was so much elated with the prospect of a European tour for her daughter, that she failed to note the shadow that was already closing about them.

"He wasn't used to the ways of a delicate woman (his first wife was as stout as an Irish washerwoman), and he was frightened at every little ache and pain; but he'd soon get used to it." This to herself. To her daughter she wrote:

"Be sure and get me lace enough to trim my new velvet cloak and dress, with half a dozen sets, if you can manage to smuggle them across in any way; and if you can find a set of pink coral like Mrs. Midge's, be sure and get it for me." While in a postscript she added the motherly afterthought: "Take good care of yourself, and be sure to wear your under-flannels on shipboard; it's always more or less chilly on the water."

But the search for health was in vain. Sometimes the young wife, but oftener her husband, wrote to the friends at home, from some far-famed German bath or sunny Italian villa, good news of the beneficial effects upon the invalid, and hopeful prophecies of a return to health and home. But as months passed on, the news became less and less hopeful, until at length that least encouraging of all reports, the "more" or "quite comfortable," that tells us when hope's cable has parted to a single thread, came with unmistakable significance across the ocean, and even the mother, in her obstinate self-confidence, knew beyond a doubt that her child's days were numbered, and that she might never more look upon her face on earth.

"It was that constant dragging round from one place to another," she complained, bitterly, "that had killed the poor girl. If she had stayed at home, with her mother to care for her, she might have been a strong, well woman to-day. She was no more delicate than other girls of her age and station, and there was no reason in the world why she shouldn't have lived to a good old age."

It was very touching to hear her refer in her low, tear-burdened tones to "that dear mound of earth in the English burying-ground at sunny Florence, almost within the shadow of Mrs. Browning's monument (the great English poetess, you know), where even the wreaths and crosses of immortelles are made and bestowed by strangers' hands"—touching, and yet, no doubt, her grief is genuine; but really it is hard to realize its depth and sincerity as you catch the concluding whisper: "She was buried in her bridal dress and veil, with her diamond engagement ring on her finger, and the plate and ornaments of the casket were solid silver. Mrs. Graffe of New York was there at the time, and she told me that she never saw a corpse more elegantly laid out than she was, which is, of course, a great consolation to me." As no doubt it was.

THERE is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

## RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.\*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

## CHAPTER IV.

WOODLEIGH was in—the United States of America. Just where is a matter of no sort of consequence. But it was within twenty miles of a large city, the *élite* of whose society had been glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Dilloway to their choicest and most exclusive circles.

"It is perfectly suicidal!" said Mrs. Maynard Vaughn to her husband, as she passed him a second cup of coffee. "And absurd. I never was so astonished in my life.—Do put down that paper and talk to me, Maynard! What do you think about it?"

"About what? I beg your pardon, Marion, but, upon my word, I have not heard a syllable you have said in the last three minutes. I was running over the election returns. Now, what is it?" and Mr. Vaughn stirred his steaming Mocha with a preoccupied air.

"You're not paying attention now—not the least! Why, about Mrs. Dilloway. Such a young, pretty, attractive woman as she is; and it is said she is just going to bury herself alive in that little village of Woodleigh."

"A new form of *sutteeism*, you think, only substituting spade and shovel for fire and fagot? Well, if she chooses to live there, what is there so very dreadful about it? It is a fairish sort of a place; and the house has a substantial elegance that I rather like. On the whole, I have always fancied the way the Dilloways lived out there, in such stately, self-contained fashion, like an old English family, with their retainers all about them."

"Oh! the house is all well enough, and the way of living. Or it was, while the lord of the manor was alive. But it is a very different matter now. Mrs. Dilloway ought to put the whole property into the market—house, factories and all. I would if I were she."

"Had you not better tell her so? Without doubt she would be glad of your opinion."

"Don't be sarcastic, Maynard! I always liked Mrs. Dilloway, and I think she likes me. But she is not the sort of person to whom one volunteers advice, young as she is. Haven't you heard this matter talked about? What do people say? It is such a strange thing for a woman to do; and you know it, Maynard, for all you sit there with such a complacent air. Now is it not absurd?"

"That depends. What might be absurd in a doll or a butterfly, may not be in a woman who has brains and a heart."

"Meaning me?" asked Mrs. Vaughn, her cheek flushing a little. "That is, in the doll and butterfly illustration? I will be generous enough to congratulate you on its freshness and originality, nevertheless."

Mr. Vaughn laughed, and, rising from the table, he went round behind his wife's chair and kissed her.

"Do not be vexed, Marion," he said. "You know very well what I think of my wife. But now tell me, what is it that Mrs. Dilloway has done, or is about to do, that is so absurd and, as you say, suicidal?"

"I have told you, already. She is going to bury herself in Woodleigh, with that little boy of hers; run those mills—I wish they were burned up! What's the penalty for arson, Maynard?—run the whole village, schools and

all, for aught I know; and I should not wonder if it would end in her running for the legislature. There!"

"Which last would be a funny way to bury herself. Aren't you slightly demented on this point, Marion? Who has been putting such disturbing fancies into your little head?"

"No one. But Mrs. Dilloway is too bright and sweet and lovely to throw herself away in this manner. Or, she used to be. I have not seen much of her since her husband's death. Eighteen months may have changed her."

"They have," answered Mr. Vaughn, gravely, "as months of sorrow must inevitably change any sensitive, finely-strung nature. I saw her last week. Have you forgotten that I am her lawyer, Marion?"

"I remember it now, but I had forgotten it entirely. At least I knew you did some business for the estate just after Mr. Dilloway died. Why haven't you told me about her?"

"A lawyer should not babble about his clients, nor a doctor about his patients; especially when they happen to be women. You would not wish me to be otherwise than reticent on such points even with you, dear."

"No; I do not want you to betray any professional secrets. But is it true? Is she going to carry on that great business and unsex herself and all that? What does she do it for?"

"Have you been to a woman's rights convention lately? or vice versa? 'Unsex herself,' smacks of the platform, it seems to me. Let cant phrases alone, Marion. They do not become your lips. I want you to do justice to Mrs. Dilloway, whether weaker women do or not."

"I feel very weak myself, just now, Maynard," she answered, half laughing, half crying. "But tell me all about it. I want to think as you do, if I can; not believing that I shall, though, for all that!"

"A man convinced against his will," etc., etc.? But begin your catechism. What do you want to know first?"

"In the first place, Mr. Vaughn, has your client, Mrs. Dilloway, decided to remain in Woodleigh?"

"Mrs. Vaughn, she has."

"And is she going to carry on those mills?"

"They are to be carried on in her name. I do not suppose she intends to be forewoman or actual overseer. That is not necessary, as the same men hold the responsible positions that have held them for many years. The Dilloways are fortunate in their *employés*. They keep them."

"That point being settled—I did not half believe it before—pray tell me, if you can without troubling your professional conscience, why she does it? Of course she has talked with you. Why does she not sell the Woodleigh property, and come to the city, as any other woman would do? Rich, charming and beautiful as she is, she might reign as a queen, with no rival near the throne. Is she mercenary, or strong-minded, or what?"

"She is just about as mercenary as that Cupid of yours in the corner yonder, playing with his bow and arrows. As for being strong-minded, she is, though in no unworthy sense, and strong-hearted, too. She has brains and courage and common sense, as well as the truest, tenderest heart. Do not be unjust to her, Marion. The position of a young widow is difficult enough at the best."

"That is just what I think; and she is making it ten-fold more difficult by assuming needless responsibilities, and isolating herself out there. I really think you ought

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to have counseled her more wisely, Maynard. But, go on. What does she say for herself?"

Mr. Vaughn was silent for a moment or two. Then he said, quietly: "Marion, can you not see how a woman may be so true, so loyal to her husband's memory, that to take up the work he was compelled to drop, to carry out the purposes of his life, to fulfill his plans as far as may be, shall seem to her the very best thing that she can do—the one thing, and the only thing, that can round and complete her own life?"

"Yes, I can comprehend that; or I could comprehend it, if Mr. Dilloway had been engaged in some great philanthropic scheme, or in some scientific investigation in which his wife had been interested, or in writing some book that she was able to finish for him, thus completing the work he had left undone. I lie awake nights, Maynard," and she glanced at him slyly from beneath deeply-fringed eyelids, "I lie awake nights, wondering if I had not better go to studying law, or something, so that I could edit your commentaries if you should die before you've finished them. I do, upon my honor!"

"You witch!" her husband replied, laughing; "as if I did not know you to be the most profound sleeper in this town! Now—"

But she interrupted him. "Wait," she said; "I had not finished what I had to say, when the thought of those uncompleted commentaries overcame me, 'like a summer's cloud.' I can understand a wife's devotion to her husband's life-work in such cases as those to which I have referred. But when it comes to a mere matter of business—a mere matter of muslin and calico—I must say it looks to me like straining a point."

"The trouble with you women," remarked Mr. Vaughn, "is that you can so seldom be made to see that there are wheels within wheels; and that a great business enterprise is something more than a mere matter of dollars and cents, or, as you put it, of muslin and calico. Royal Dilloway did not prate about 'philanthropy,' nor did he talk largely about working for God and Humanity (always with a big H!) But he did good service, nevertheless; and so did his father before him. To pay generous wages for honest work, to so use one's capital that it shall be a perennial fountain giving life and refreshment to hundreds and thousands of independent, self-respecting workers, seems to me a far nobler thing than the mere giving in charity of what one cannot use. The Dilloway Mills are a grand monument to the far-seeing intelligence, the spotless integrity, the energy and ambition of their owners; and I honor Mrs. Dilloway for her determination to keep them in the family, even if it should be at the sacrifice of some idle hours, and, very likely, of some womanish notions."

"That sounds well, Maynard. 'Mobled queen is good.' It's a thousand pities you are not a jury-lawyer, instead of a mere counselor! But, for my part, I am wofully afraid the Dilloway Mills will not be so grand a monument five or ten years from to-day; and that would be unfortunate."

"You may be a true prophet. Time will show. It is hardly possible that the affairs of the concern will be managed as judiciously as they have been heretofore, or that its pecuniary success will be so assured. Mrs. Dilloway does not expect it. But she does believe that with the aid and co-operation of the very men whom her husband trusted, the business can be carried on without actual loss. Her life is there, in Woodleigh, Marion. Its very stones are sacred in her eyes. She loves the people and

the people love her. I wish you could have heard the ringing cheers that went up the other day when Mr. Deane, the overseer, called the operatives all together and told them that the mills would not be sold, and that there would be no change save the inevitable one that death made eighteen months ago. You see it is hardly an experiment now, Marion. It has been tried for a year and a half, and the sun has not stood still, neither have the waters changed their course. Between you and me, I believe Mrs. Dilloway is determined that that little Roy of hers shall not lose his birthright if she can help it. She dreams of the day when another Royal Dilloway shall rule the destinies of Woodleigh and the Dilloway Mills."

Mrs. Vaughn's face softened, and her eyes lost the mocking light that had danced therein ever since this conversation began.

"I had not thought of the child," she said. "I cannot wonder that she would like to keep his father's place for him. But, Maynard, think how young she is! There can be little doubt that she will marry again, some day. Why, her life has only begun!"

"Yes, it is not improbable that she will. Indeed, it will be rather singular if she does not. But I fail to see how that touches the question under discussion. You would not have her order her life now, with a view to some possible contingency of that sort hereafter?"

"I rather think not," she answered, with a smile. "Neither would I have you suppose me a convert to your opinions, Maynard. But I think I understand Mrs. Dilloway better than I did, and I do not believe she is so dreadfully strong-minded, after all. Good-bye! I must get ready for my ride."

"I mean to live long enough to finish the commentaries, dear," was her husband's parting shot, as she ascended the stairs. "But if I do not, I shall feel assured they will be safe in your hands."

We often have the credit of commanding fate, when in good truth fate commands us; of ruling circumstances, when circumstances rule us. Mrs. Dilloway had laid no far-reaching plans with regard to the future of Woodleigh or the factories. She had not deliberately, and with "malice aforethought," determined to do this, that, or the other. Mr. Vaughn had perhaps given her credit for a broader and clearer vision than she was herself conscious of possessing. She had not tried to look ahead or to peer curiously into the coming years. If she had, the darkness would have baffled and discouraged her. When Mr. Deane's first visit to her in a business capacity had opened her eyes to the fact that upon the running of the Dilloway Mills through the winter, hung the comfort, the sustenance, of a multitude of families, there was light enough to see just the next step, and she took it. It "would be hard on the men to shut down this fall," that gentleman had declared; and the proposition was self-evident. So they were not shut down. That was, at first, all there was about it. Those who had been in the service of the family for so long, some of them for a whole generation, many of them for a decade and over, must not be turned off at an inclement season, to find work and new homes elsewhere. When the spring came she would be able to see her way clearer. She had a vague idea that then, after her child should be born, she would be stronger and better able to face the changes that must come. For, of course, the mills must be sold. Every one took that ground. It was only a question of time.

But when the spring did come, bringing with its birds and flowers, its glad sunshine and rejoicing life, the

sweetest flower, the gladdest life of all—her own little Roy—any change seemed something to be deprecated, something from which to shrink. Hitherto she had simply drifted. Now she began to think and to question.

Why need her boy lose his birthright?—the right to the hills, and woods, and streams that his father had loved? Why must she bear him away from that sweet, sequestered spot, to grow up under different influences and with different surroundings from those that had moulded his father's life and character? For she could not stay in Woodleigh if the business passed into other hands. Giving up the mills meant giving up all.

And why, because she was a woman, must she sacrifice the business that her boy's grandfather had hoped and believed would descend from generation to generation?

The summer passed while she queried and pondered; and still Mr. Deane managed his busy crowd of operatives; still cotton was bought, and spindles hummed, and shuttles flew; still pretty prints and brilliant or delicate chintzes bore the imprint of the Dilloway Mills; still the weekly pay-roll was made out, and still the Dilloway checks were honored. The mills under the new régime were at least self-supporting.

Rachel began to ask herself why this state of things might not last. It was nearly a year since that dreadful day of which she dared not trust herself to think. Nearly a year. Why might not another and still another go on in the same way? Why might not she, woman though she was, by quietly and unobtrusively remaining at her post, take up her husband's life, thus keeping his name and memory green? Why might not he still, through her as his viceroy, be the presiding genius, the ruling spirit of Woodleigh?

A warm thrill quickened her pulses, flushing her cheek with almost the tender glow of girlhood. Life would be worth living, she thought, notwithstanding all loss and pain, if, with Roy's child beside her, she could do Roy's work. Or even the smallest part of it.

But she would not be rash. She would wait for light to take the next step.

Mr. Deane came up again, near the beginning of the second winter. This time she smiled, as he told her of a rumor that the factories were about to pass into other hands.

"Not yet," she said. "We will run them through one more winter, I think. We have done very well this year, have we not, Mr. Deane?"

"First-rate!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "Yes, ma'am, we've done first-rate. I'm pretty well satisfied with this year's showing, considering all things."

"Well, then, we will try it six months longer; and tell the people," she continued, softly, "that Mr. Dilloway's wife thanks them that they have justified her course in keeping the mills thus far."

He twirled his hat, as was his usual fashion in moments of embarrassment, making, as he afterward stated, frantic efforts to swallow the lump in his throat.

"Mrs. Dilloway," he said, after awhile, "if you should make up your mind that we could run this thing through (for I can't help thinking that's what you're considering—just experimenting now, as it were) I've just this to say: There would be rows sometimes, and times when we should get into a snarl; and there would be hard words, and maybe real, downright disturbances once in awhile. The men ain't angels, not by a long shot, nor the women either. But way down at the bottom, there isn't a hand about the works who wouldn't go through fire and water to serve you, ma'am. You may bet your life on that!"

#### CHAPTER V.

NEVER was a child more rightly named than the little Roy. He was a king by divine right. How Rachel's heart opened to this new, engrossing love, I have no words to tell you—a love that, while it had in the beginning less of joy and pride than it might have had under happier auspices, was unspeakably holy and tender. The child was his mother's comforter—the connecting link between her and the lost joy of her life. As before his birth she had struggled with her great grief, lest he should be submerged in its rolling waves, so now for his sake she denied herself the luxury of tears, the solace of an indulged and petted sorrow. She forced herself to smile, because the baby eyes watched her lips wistfully, and laughed when she laughed. She forced herself to sing, because the baby ear loved lullabies, and the music of long, lingering cadences. She compelled herself to frolic with him, because the baby cooed and crowed, and enticed her to merry play by a thousand irresistible arts, and she could not disappoint him.

She had her reward. He was such a happy little creature! A strong, healthy, joyous nature, with which pain and sorrow had nothing to do. You would never have guessed that any prenatal cloud had overshadowed him, for he seemed to live and move and have his being in a region of perpetual joy. And breathing the same atmosphere day after day, basking in the light of his smiles, bathed in the dew of his caresses, was it any wonder that in time the young mother learned to smile on her own account? A very quiet smile, it is true; not at all like the radiant glow of other days, but none the less genuine for all that.

It was a pretty sight to see them together. Rachel would not delegate the care of her boy to any other—not even to Janet. Why should she? she asked. God had sent him to her in her extremest need. He knew what she needed. So did she. She ministered to the child's wants; she performed for him all the sweet, petty offices in which poorer mothers take delight, but the joy of which rich women so often deny themselves. The daily bath became a daily frolic. At the sight of the little tub, with its dainty appliances, the baby would begin to struggle and clap his tiny hands, leaping and laughing in his mother's arms in glad impatience. And when he emerged from the mimic waves, fresh and rosy, his perfect, rounded limbs gleaming like polished ivory, his eyes all alight with dancing merriment, the soft, yellow hair, that would be dark by and by like his father's, clinging close to his temples and all over his royal head in close, moist rings, Rachel would catch him to her breast in an ecstasy of passionate joy, smothering him with kisses, and thanking Heaven that aught so fair and sweet was hers. She had so healthy, so happily-organized a nature, that she could not, even if she would, have closed her heart to the bliss of motherhood.

Yet, oh, ye blessed mothers, who are sheltered, you and your babes, in the embrace of a happy, living love, do ye not know how she longed—and, strange as the paradox may seem, all the more strongly in her happiest hours—to place her boy in his father's arms? It seemed to her at times that she could not endure this silent isolation; that by the might of her love and yearning she must call forth her husband from the tomb where he lay like Lazarus, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes.

But her life was still full and rich; her hands and head and heart were all busy. If there is any surer protection than this against the encroachments of a brooding, morbid

melancholy, the wisest philosophers have failed to show it to us.

Thus slipped away the first year of the little Roy's life, and it was spring again. The second winter of Rachel's experimenting, to borrow Mr. Deane's phraseology, had passed; and with what result the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Vaughn, given in the preceding chapter, has already shown. That conversation, if she had heard it, would have astonished Rachel beyond measure. It had never occurred to her that she was doing anything out of the ordinary course, or that the determination at which she had arrived needed any apology. It seemed to her the natural thing to do, if she found it possible; the only thing, in fact, that could be done without some great upheaval of the existing order of affairs. In the earnestness and simplicity of her heart, she never dreamed that any one could question the wisdom of her decision to remain in the home of her husband, filling his place as far as possible, doing his work, and devoting herself to his child.

And as is so often the case when its judgment is neither courted nor deferred to, the world, after a little, came round to her standpoint. It had at first questioned and wondered. It had shown a deal of friendly, or unfriendly, anxiety on Mrs. Dilloway's behalf. It had feared lest she should "unsex" herself; and it had even vaguely hinted at a hidden danger—the danger of losing caste. It was not quite sure whether it was a womanly thing that she was doing—especially in a woman of the Brahminical order. It was queer; and, as all the world knows, it is often worse to be odd than to be wicked.

But as the months rolled on, and Rachel went her quiet way, after her own quiet fashion, this same world first submitted, then acquiesced, then approved. It began to think that it was beautiful, after all, the way "that sweet Mrs. Dilloway" lived in her husband's ancestral home, keeping the ancestral business alive under the ancestral name. She was seldom seen in connection with its affairs, acting as she did chiefly through her agents. But occasionally some point of business etiquette, or some legal technicality, required her presence in counting-room or office. When this happened, it was noticeable that whoever met her there, in her plain mourning dress, with her simple, straightforward demeanor which neither demanded or granted anything on the score of her womanhood, whether he was workman or so-called gentleman, never afterward failed to speak of her, not only generously, but with a kind of tender reverence. It became at length quite the fashion in the city of Linborough to applaud Mrs. Dilloway, and the "really wonderful" manner in which she was managing her husband's business and estate. Some of our modern reformers, who talk so loudly, and often so eloquently, of what woman should be allowed to do, and of the rights that should be conceded to her, might profitably make a note of what this one woman did so many years ago, and did simply because it seemed to be her duty to do it. She did not go out of her way to hunt up a man's work; neither did she go out of her way to avoid it.

At first, whenever it was necessary for her to go to the mills in a business capacity, she was in the habit of taking Janet with her. Not that she felt the need of any protection, but because the support of a womanly presence was pleasant, and made her stronger.

But from the time the little Roy was able to walk, he became his mother's constant companion. He had his own little high chair in the counting-room, and would sit

by her side for hours, playing with the bright-colored pattern books which pleased him better than his costliest toys. Or leaning his curly head upon his hand, with a grave, dignified air, that was infinitely amusing to Mr. Deane and Mr. Lampson, he would listen to whatever discussion was going on with thoughtful attention, as who should say, "I, too, am a Roman!" Or, climbing upon the lounge, he would lie with his arms tossed above his head, watching the sunbeams as they danced upon the wall, and harkening to the steady whirr of the machinery, until the lids began to droop over the merry eyes, and winking more and more slowly, he would fall fast asleep. Or, toiling manfully up the tall flights of stairs in advance of his mother, he would sit perched at the top, like some bright-winged bird, waiting for her slower approach. Then she would take him up and carry him with her from room to room, the very clasp of his small arms about her neck giving her strength to do whatever it seemed best for her to do, and—a harder task—to say whatever it seemed best for her to say. A sort of royal progress it was; for in every room a crowd would gather about the child, and his smiles and fragments of baby speech were as eagerly sought for as the largess of a prince.

And often a hush, that could be felt even under the pulsations of its mighty heart, would settle down upon the place, as, before departing, the mother and child would stand for an instant framed in the doorway, unconsciously in the very attitude of the Sistine Madonna.

"Now may the heavenly saints preserve us!" said an enthusiastic Irishwoman, under her breath, on one such occasion. "But it is the very picture of the blessed Virgin she is, with the howly Child in her arms! See the calm smile on the face of her, and the very glory in her hair! And the little one—he stretches out his hand as if he were a-blessing the world!"

So season after season came and went, until Rachel Dilloway had been a widow five long years.

#### CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT had not yet come home; or one should rather say, he had not yet come back. Whether Europe or America was accounted as "home" in his vocabulary, it was hard for one upon this side the water to determine. He and Rachel had never met; but for two or three years—ever since, indeed, he had emerged from the African deserts that had hidden him for twice a twelvemonth—there had been a regular correspondence between them; a frank, free, brotherly and sisterly interchange of letters that was very pleasant to both of them. Would he ever come back? Rachel began to ask herself. Or would the flowery chains, that yet seemed strong as adamant, bind him as firmly through all the future as they had through all the past? He was always writing of a return. When this and that had been accomplished, when certain investigations had been pursued to the sweet or bitter end, when he had traced this clue to the desired point, when he had sounded this depth, or threaded that labyrinth, then he was coming home. He did not mean to expatriate himself. He loved his own country, its wide, free air, its broad, extended plains, its mighty forests, its towering mountain peaks. There, he believed, the grandest problems of human existence were to be solved; and there the mightiest battles were to be fought. Yes, he was coming home in a little while—after he had done this and that—for he was beginning to feel that he could do his work as well in one place as in another; and perhaps

the true work appointed for him was to be found in his own land and among his own people.

Thus he wrote—but he did not come. Whatever path he entered seemed to lead straight into some other path, that, in its turn, led into other fresh fields and pastures new.

Rachel hardly knew whether she wanted him to come, or whether she did not. She was very lonely at times; her womanly heart and intellect yearning for a companionship that, full as her days were, was for the most part denied her in Woodleigh. Robert's coming might fill a great gap in her life.

Yet she shrank from any change. The days glided away peacefully enough. Andrew and Janet were as good as gold, and looked out for her as if she had been their own. They had such tender thoughts of her. It had been a fond habit of her husband's to lay a pansy, or a rose-bud, or a sprig of mignonette by her breakfast-plate. She had not thought that any one took note of it but herself. But there had not been a morning since he died—after that first dreadful morning on which the sun, it seemed to her, refused to rise, and all was chaos everywhere—when she had failed to find her flower. The "morning posy" for the mistress was a large part of Andrew's religion. Who shall say it was not as precious as the tithes of mint and eunim, in the eyes of Him whose holiest name is Love?

She had learned a deal about business in these five years. The multiplication-table was no longer a stumbling-block nor a rod of offence. She could have kept the books, Mr. Lampton affirmed, in a glow of unwonted admiration, as well as he did! How any one could pay a mortal woman a higher compliment than that, was past his comprehension. Mr. Deane, even, had learned to respect her judgment, and in many things to defer to her opinions. As for herself, she was beginning to feel a quiet sense of power. Her strength had grown with the using.

Her little Roy, who was such a comfort and blessing now—what would he not be by and by? Her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night, were of the years to come when he should be her best friend and helper. She was glad she had been so young when he was born; for now she would not be old when he had grown to manhood. They would be young people together, she thought, with a smile; and, perhaps, for his sake, when he should be a young man, with all a young man's ambitious dreams and sweet desires, she might be tempted from her seclusion, and go with him out into the world again.

No, she did not know that she really desired any change, not even that of Robert's return. Yet if he came she would give him most cordial welcome, for was he not her husband's brother? Had not they two been the "Rob-Roy" of the happy college days, of which her Roy had never wearied of talking?

I wonder if I am making you understand this woman, this strong, sweet woman of whom I am trying to tell you? Or do you think, because she does not pine and mope and sit in sackcloth and ashes, because she tries to keep an atmosphere of sweetness and light all about her, because her life is not one long sigh, and because she smiles oftener than she weeps, that she has forgotten the husband of her youth? I do not know. And, after all, it does not matter. Each one of you will judge her out of your own heart, and comprehend her in just so far as your nature responds to hers.

I said she had been five years a widow. The anniversary

of her husband's death was set apart in her calendar as a day to be sacredly kept, even as Romanists keep their saints' days. But his birthday was no less sacred, although she recognized it in a different way. On that day—the day on which her beloved was born—she filled the house with flowers, she twined them about his picture, she placed them on his pillow, she hung them over his chair. Five times she had done this since his eyes had not been there to see; and now the day had dawned for the sixth time.

As the sun rose majestically over the eastern hills that flushed with rosy splendor at his coming, its beams streamed in at the open window and touched her slumbering eyelids. They fell, too, upon little Roy's clustering curls, crowning them as with a glory. He stirred softly in his sleep, and nestled closer to his mother. She kissed him, with a quick yearning for sympathy.

"Wake up, my darling," she said. "Wake up, for this is dear papa's birthday. Does not mamma's little boy know it? To-day Roy must take his big basket, and Andrew shall fill it with flowers, and we will make such lovely wreaths for papa, as we did last year. Does Roy remember?"

No, Roy did not remember, and he was a little cross thereat. Would he never be a big man, so that he could remember things? What was the use of being a little boy, only s-o-o-o big? And Andrew would not fill the basket with lovely flowers; Roy was certain of that; Andrew would just put in some marigolds and poppies, that were good enough for little boys to pull to pieces, and tell him that flowers were "scarce" this year—just as he did yesterday!

"Poor Andrew! good Andrew!" said Rachel, coaxingly. "He loves the flowers as if they were his friends, and he does not like to see them torn and mangled. But he will give you plenty to-day."

The child was never weary of hearing of his father.

"Tell me a story about my papa," he would say, climbing into his mother's lap, many times each day; and no matter how many times the tale had been told, it was always fresh and new. This morning he lay in the bed watching her as she braided up her long, brown hair, and prattled away as usual, asking all manner of questions about him.

"Did my papa love you dearly, mamma?"

"Yes," she answered, with a quick, gasping sigh.

"Yes, he loved me very dearly."

"Why, so do I!" he exclaimed, as in wonder at the marvellous coincidence, and lay for some time gazing alternately at the ceiling and at his mother. Then the spirit moved him again.

"Mamma, are you a pretty lady? a very pretty lady, mamma?"

She laughed outright—a girlish flush passing over her face. Then she turned, brush in hand, and confronted her little inquisitor.

"Well, what do you think about it?" she asked.

"What is your own private opinion, sir?"

He looked at her deliberately, with a critical air, pursing his rosy lips and holding his head on one side, after the manner of a connoisseur.

"Yes," he declared, at length. "You are a pretty lady. Your eyes are pretty, and your mouth is pretty, and your hair, too. Your nose isn't quite so pretty as the rest of you, mamma. It isn't quite so pretty as Mrs. Vaughn's, is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"I think you are right, sir, as to the nose," she an-



swore, gravely. "Quite right. You seem to have devoted considerable thought to noses, for a gentleman of your age."

"Yes," he remarked again. "I don't like noses very well, not so very well; and so I always see 'em first—first of anything, mamma!"

"You little cynic!" she cried, kissing him and shaking him, till he laughed with delight. "That is poor philosophy—to see what you do not like, first. What an epitome of human nature a child is, to be sure!" she added, as she turned to her dressing-table again. Meanwhile, Roy, having forgotten all about the noses, was toiling away at his stockings, which, with the proverbial perversity of inanimate things, persisted in going on heels upward.

Presently, however, he returned to the previous question, leaning back against the bed-post, and eyeing his mother from his seat on the floor.

"You are real pretty, mamma, but why don't you wear pretty dresses—like Mrs. Vaughn's—and not just black, black, black all the time?—Oh, wait! wait! do just wait a minute!" he cried, his eyes kindling with a sudden thought, and his cheeks blazing. "Do not put on your dress yet, mamma! May I go out in the hall with my night-gown on? Say, mamma! say quick, please!"

"Run along," she said. "What in the world do you want out there? But make haste, Roy, or you will not be ready for breakfast."

He had flown out of the room like a bird; and in a minute, she heard his feet pattering up the second flight of stairs. In another minute he was in the room overhead, pushing a heavy chair across the floor with great vehemence. Rachel stood before the mirror, holding the dress she had been forbidden to put on, and wondering what sudden fancy had seized the boy.

In a short time she heard him slowly descending the stairs. Then he rushed through the hall like a whirlwind.

"Open the door, please, mamma! Let me in, quick!" he shouted.

There he stood, his golden head emerging from clouds of purple, crimson, blue, and maize color, while behind him, one sleeve being clasped in his resolute little hands, trailed the length of the rose-tinted robe she had worn on the night of her first coming to Woodleigh. She would hardly have been more startled if she had seen a ghost.

"There, mamma!" he exclaimed, ecstatically, as he sailed into the room. "There! I have brought you such a lot of pretty dresses! Why, you did not know you had them, did you? You had forgotten all about them, hadn't you, mamma? But your dear little boy found them for you, and now you will not have to wear those old black things any more; and the child looked with an air of utter disdain upon the dress Rachel had dropped in her amazement.

What should she say to him? He was so happy, so perfectly radiant in the glow of his new achievement.

"How did you find them, Roy?" she asked, at last.

"How did you know where they were?"

"I was up-stairs once with Janet when she went to the closet to put away some things; and she told me these were the pretty dresses you used to wear when my papa was alive," he answered. "But you do not seem to be very happy, mamma," he went on, presently, with a grieved quiver of the lip, and looking at her askance, from beneath his long lashes, on which tear-drops were gathering. "You don't look very bright about it, and I thought you would be so glad I had found them for you!"

She caught him to her breast in a tremor of mingled

joy and pain, kissing his lips, his eyes, his cheeks, his hair, until he smiled again in happy content.

"I was afraid—just a little afraid, you did not like it, mamma!" he said, returning persistently to the old subject. "Because, you see, you did not laugh at me. But you are glad, aren't you?" and he stroked her face tenderly.

For answer, she only held him closer. What should she say to him? He jumped from her lap and hurriedly tossed over the shining heap he had dropped upon the carpet, singling out a tussle of airy, diaphanous blue.

"There!" he exclaimed, throwing it about her shoulders. "Janet said my papa thought you were so beautiful in that. And so do I! O mamma, mamma! Look in the glass, quick!"

It was so hard to keep the tears back; and if they had fallen, it would have broken Roy's heart. She could only sit still and let him do and say what he would. Very soon the blue was exchanged for rose, while the little figure in the night-gown danced about her in a fever of delight. Rose faded to amethyst, and amethyst changed to amber.

Roy clapped his hands at each successive transformation, crying out that his mamma was such a pretty lady, a great deal prettier than Mrs. Maynard Vaughn! The breakfast bell rang.

"Dear! you're not dressed, mamma, and breakfast is ready. This is the best one. Hurry, mamma, and Janet will be so surprised! Maybe she will think my papa has come back again!" and the impatient little hands tugged away at the night-gown strings.

"O Roy! Roy!"

The cry was extorted from her by the sharp lance of memory. But in a moment she said, calmly: "This dress does not fit me very well, dear, it is so long since I have worn it. I will wear the black one down to breakfast, and we will see about the others, some other time."

The gay plumage of other days should be hidden away at once, she determined; and he would never think of it again. But the picture of his fair, young mother, robed in the bright colors he loved, had taken strong hold of the child's imagination, and he would talk of nothing else.

"This afternoon you will wear the pretty dress, mamma, because it is my papa's birthday!" he said. "And you shall have rose-buds in your hair."

"Oh, no!" she answered; "not to-day, dear. Mamma does not like to wear them when papa is not here to see."

He looked at her ruefully over the rim of his silver mug.

"Did my papa want you to wear them when God let him live here?" he asked.

"Yes," was the faint response.

"And did you wear all those pretty things because you loved him?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Partly for that reason."

"Do you love me, mamma?" asked the young logician.

"Not so much as you loved my papa, of course, but just a little twenty-tenty bit?"

"Oh, my darling, I love you better than anybody else in the world!" she cried.

But he went on, ignorantly merciless.

"Then why don't you wear pretty dresses because I am here to see them? For I am going to stay here a great while, mamma, and be your little boy always!"

Breakfast being over, Roy went with Andrew for the flowers; and Janet going to her mistress's room soon after, found her on the carpet beside the heap of dresses, in a passion of tears.

(To be continued.)

## POLLY AND THE GOVERNOR.

BY MRS. M. E. MUMFORD.

THE squire stood washing his hands in the horse-trough by the garden fence. His good lady was near by, in the garden among the tomato-vines. She wore a huge sun-bonnet on her head, and was stooping and peering under the matted leaves and tendrils, trying to find ripe fruit to cut in slices for the evening meal. About three yards off was Polly, though neither the squire or his wife knew it. She was sitting under a currant-bush reading a book, and eating the currants which were just dead ripe, and hung in rich crimson clusters among the green leaves all about her.

"I'm going up to Hartford, wife," said the squire.

She looked up from her bower of tomato-vines, and Polly peeped out from her bower of currant-bushes.

"I've helped the boys along with the haying, so they can easily get the meadow grass all in before nightfall; and as the afternoon is coolish, I believe I'll get out the buggy and drive up to the city. I want to see the governor on a little matter of business."

"You'll be at home by supper-time?" the lady said, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes. An hour up, and an hour back; a half hour'll do the business; and it's now not much after four," he replied, glancing at the sun as he named the hour of the day.

"Very well. We'll not have tea until you come back."

The squire turned his back upon the horse-trough and the lady; and Polly, treating herself to a fresh bunch of currants, looked toward her book again. After taking a step or two, her father halted, looked uncertain, and finally came back. Leaning over the garden fence, he asked confidentially: "Do you think it's worth while to take Polly?"

Before there was time for a reply, Polly herself bounced out between father and mother, and answered the question.

"Oh, yes, please take me!" she said. "I'll get ready in just one minute. Mayn't I go, mother?"

The mother smiled a good-humored, "Yes," and Polly, with a hop, skip and jump, flew to the house; up-stairs then into her chamber, with her little heart all a-flutter. What was that her father had said—"going to see the governor?" Oh, what a rare treat was this to be! Polly had often been to the city, but never in all her life had seen the governor, except once. Then it was "lection day," when he rode a splendid white horse, and had soldiers all about him dressed in blue and gold uniforms. Such a sight as that was! It was the greatest show she had ever seen. How fine and grand the governor looked on his prancing steed. How fierce and terrible the warriors were. What splendid gingerbread nuts were those she ate from a stand on the street corner as she watched the grand procession passing by. That was a white day in Polly's calendar. If she should live to be a hundred years old, she could never forget the glory of it; and ever since, she had thought of the governor as a man who lived entirely apart from the rest of the world; not always on horseback, perhaps, and in the midst of waving plumes and shining swords, but in some peculiar splendor always, which would distinguish him from the common people about him. So no wonder her heart went pit-a-pat as she changed her shoes and stockings for her open-work hose and slippers, put on her best white frock and caps, and clasped her coral beads about her neck.

Going to see the governor! Could it be possible? It didn't seem to her that it ever could come true. Every minute or two she ran to the window and glanced at the horse and carriage standing at the gate, to make sure they had not gone and left her, for she felt as though something must certainly happen to prevent such an unheard-of pleasure.

But these continual fears were quite uncalled for. She had full five minutes to wait before the deliberate old squire was ready. She sat on the door-step sucking the end of her parasol awhile, and then, as though she thought it would help matters forward, she went out and climbed into the carriage to wait there.

How still the world seemed to Polly, and how slowly the minutes dragged away this afternoon. There was not a sign of life about any of the half-dozen white houses within view. There was only the little hum of bees and insects in the grass and flowers, and the occasional thud of the horse's hoof on the turf, as he lifted his foot to frighten a tickling fly, and lazily dropped it again. Now and then he raised his head and shook it for the same purpose; but he had a settled-down air about him as though he said, "I'm tied up here to stay; I shall not leave this hitching-post this whole afternoon." This expression irritated Polly; and feeling the drowsiness of everything about her, she began to be impatient.

As she leaned forward for the twentieth time and stared at the front door expectantly, she said to herself: "I do believe the whole world has gone to sleep, and father with the rest. How can he wait so long, and be so slow, when he is going to see the governor? I can't understand it."

She was just about to jump from the carriage and run in to see what had become of him, when he made his appearance at the gate. He didn't seem in the least bit of a hurry. But then he never did. That wasn't his way. He leisurely untied the horse, put the halter under the carriage-box, stepped into his place (at which the old springs settled down with a complaining creak), took up the lines, and they jogged away.

"How slowly we go to-day. We never crept along at this pace before."

That was a mistake of Polly's. Pomp (that was the horse's name) had fallen into the gait he always took when the squire was behind him. When the boys had him out, he was quite a different animal. His head was up, his ears alive, his legs thrown out, he was a handsome and spirited beast. He would take the boys to Hartford in a half hour (it was a distance of barely five miles), but it was always a good hour's drive when the squire rode to the city.

As he jogged on before, the little girl surveyed him impatiently. His head formed one continuous line with his back-bone, his joints seemed loose, as though they might fall apart any moment. He did not seem to step forward at all, but merely lifted his feet and dropped them in the same place again. Then, in the middle of every hill (and there were a good many of them), he stopped and took a good long rest.

"Oh, dear," thought Polly, "I wish I held those lines; or else I wish it was one of the boys who was going to see the governor."

But she kept her impatient thoughts to herself. She would not have dared to find fault. She was never very sociable with her father. He was rather stern with his children, and to-day seemed especially preoccupied. They did not exchange a dozen words during the five

miles of the drive. Polly was busy with her own thoughts. Of course they were principally of the governor, and how he would look, and what he would do, and what her father's business could be; and she eyed her parent once or twice with increased reverence at the thought that he had relations with so important an individual, and yet showed so little excitement about it, as though it were the most common-place matter in the world.

Finally, as they climbed Callow Hill, the spires and domes of the city suddenly appeared before them. They were already within its boundaries when Polly asked: "Are we going to the State-House?"

"No," he replied. "We'll go to the governor's residence. I believe he is only at the State-House during the morning."

"Oh!" said Polly, assenting. She did not tell her father what she had always supposed, that the governor lived in the State-House altogether.

By and by she asked another question: "Do you suppose we shall find him at home?"

"Can't tell. Hope we may. It is possible he may be out driving. They say he almost always takes a drive after dinner."

That this was a common custom in the city, was plain to be seen. On the pretty avenues in the outskirts they constantly encountered carriages and pleasure-wagons full of people going out for an evening drive. Polly scanned each party that passed, fearful lest among them she might see the governor, and thus she should miss the interview, after all. They passed gay and handsome equipages as they rode slowly along, many of which made their plain country establishment look insignificant indeed. At length, far along the road, Polly espied something which gave promise of gorgeousness beyond anything they had seen before. Her first thought was of a large, brilliant-colored spider she had seen once on exhibition at a country fair. In the distance it looked like a mass of brilliant yellow and blue circling round a tiny centre of red. As it came nearer, the spider developed into a large-sized trotting-wagon, having a light-blue body, and four bright yellow wheels. It was drawn by two black horses with shining harness and gilded trappings. But the object within the wagon was most surprising of all. Never, Polly thought, had she seen such a remarkable man. He was tall and stout, and sat upon his seat as straight and stiff as a china figure. A huge black moustache covered his mouth, and extended beyond his face on either side. He wore a blue coat with shining brass buttons upon it over a buff vest, the whole surmounted by a tall white hat. The shining centre proved to be a large scarlet necktie of most dazzling hue.

Polly held her breath and gazed at this startling vision swept by. The squire looked up with a quiet smile, and nodded—as it was his old-fashioned custom thus to salute everybody whom he met upon the road. The wonderful creature stiffened itself even straighter than before, and returned the squire's courtesy with a withering stare.

"Oh! how dared father speak to him!" sighed Polly, under her breath. While leaning over she said in half whisper: "O father—was that—was that the governor?"

At that the smile, which had been broadening on his face ever since the wagon passed, spread until he could control it no longer, and burst out into a hearty laugh. Polly wondered how he could be merry when she felt so completely cut up by the slight put upon them. But sorry he was, and laughed so hard that for some minutes he could not speak. The tears actually stood in his eyes

as he found voice to ejaculate at last: "The governor, did you say? The governor! Why, bless you, child, the governor is a gentleman!"

"And who was this, then?" she asked, wondering if there could be any higher personage in the State than the governor.

"Oh, I don't know—some jockey, probably, giving his horses an airing."

Was that all? Polly was so taken aback she did not recover her thoughts for some minutes. She was brought to herself again by a sudden lurch, and found Pomp had settled down at a hitching-post, before a large, substantial-looking house on one of the broad avenues leading out of the town.

"Is this the place, father?"

"Yes," he replied, briefly.

So they got out of the carriage and went through the green door-yard up to the house. A rap on the old-fashioned brass knocker brought a servant to the door, from whom they learned that the governor was at home. In a parlor, richly though plainly furnished, they awaited him. Polly's ideas had been on the descending side of the scale for some time. Still she was not quite prepared to receive the very plain-looking gentleman who entered as the chief executive of her native State. It was not until she saw him seated at a table with her father, discussing a file of papers, and heard the latter repeatedly address him by his proper title, that she could believe her eyes and ears had not deceived her. Then from her quiet corner she watched him.

It is doubtful if his excellency ever in all his life underwent such scrutiny as in those few minutes. He was only a plainly-dressed man, and not by any means the commanding figure he had seemed when she caught a glimpse of him on Election day. But as she listened to him, Polly began to think: "What a kind gentleman he is! What a dignified air he has! What pleasant manners! He listens to my father, and pays attention to his opinion, just as though he were the very governor himself. What a great man and wise my father must be!"

Thus she sat and thought for full twenty minutes while they discussed the business which had brought the squire to Hartford. This was no less a matter than to beg a pardon for a young man whom, as magistrate, he had committed for trial at court a few months previously.

At length the gentlemen rose from their chairs, and, while the squire gathered up his papers, the governor came toward Polly.

"So this is your little daughter?" he said.

Polly blushed, but did not say anything. Here her father came up, and told the story of the jockey, at which her face reddened to a perfect blaze, and the two men united in a hearty laugh.

"Ah, my little girl," said the governor, pleasantly, as he took both her hands in his, "you have yet to learn that the brightest glitter is found on the shallowest streams. Perhaps you thought it would be a great sight to meet your governor face to face." Her downcast looks showed that he had read her thoughts exactly. "I am sorry to have disappointed you, my little girl. Can I make any amends to you? You shall, at all events, have a little souvenir of this visit." Saying this, he stepped to the mantel and took therefrom a small hour-glass, and placed it in her hand. "Take this," he said. "It may be, when you are an old woman, the sight of it will take you back to your childhood, and remind you pleasantly of the time when you paid a visit to the governor."

With that he kissed her—shook hands with her father and they went away.

When they had gone a short distance Polly said, after deep thought: "The governor is a great man, isn't he?"

"A great man?" returned her father. "In all this world there does not live a greater or a better man than Governor Ellsworth of the State of Connecticut."

Polly is a grown-up woman now, and the hour-glass is a treasured keepsake on the mantel of her own parlor, and whenever she looks at it she is reminded of the lesson she learned that summer afternoon—the lesson we all learn some day or other—that the "brightest glitter is found on shallowest streams."

## DAN AND DOLLIE.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"OF course you are at perfect liberty to select whatever suits you, but if you attach any weight to my judgment, you will not take that."

Thus addressed, Dollie Lee allowed the folds of rose-colored silk to slip through her fingers, and turned, reluctantly, to less attractive drapery.

"When I said come twice a year and supply yourself from my own and my daughter's discarded apparel, I meant it," continued Mrs. La Rue, in her most grandiloquent manner, "trusting, however, that you would permit your choice to be guided, in a measure, by my opinion. So far I have not been disappointed, but I shall be to-day, and very much so, too, if you carry away a pink silk party-dress."

"They dress more, where I'm going," answered Dollie, keeping her face turned from her wealthy relative. A very pretty face it was, too, like her namesakes' in the windows. Round, with big blue eyes, a scarlet dot of a mouth, pink cheeks and a fluff of yellow hair.

"And you pay more?"

"Well—ye-es, a little more."

Straightway Mrs. La Rue set to work probing the capacity of the little purse hidden away in her young step-sister's pocket. During her questioning and cross-questioning the girl showed no more spirit than if she had been stuffed with saw-dust, like her pink-and-white sisterhood. A silly little thing, but she knew better than to shut the doors of Mrs. Rebecca La Rue's wardrobe.

"What does Daniel Dee think of this contemplated change?"

"He?"

Words seemed inadequate to express the contempt Dollie feigned for the authority thus unexpectedly summoned to the scene.

"Dollie Lee, have you broken with Daniel Dee?"

"Where's the use waiting until I'm gray for a man too poor to marry?"

"You will be wise if you wait until you're blind and deaf, as well as gray, for a person like Daniel Dee," said Mrs. La Rue, quite to the purpose, although she knew so little of the individual in question as not to be aware of it.

The lady had felt herself seriously aggrieved when her widowed young step-mother folded her thin hands and entered the Eternal Rest, leaving her with a fourteen-year-old girl to look after. She with five of her own, too! However, she defrayed the child's expenses during the first year of orphanage, and got her a place in a store.

"You have nothing further to expect from me if your engagement is broken," she continued, in her severest

manner. Not that she gave a thought to the misery that might lay quivering in the wake of two severed hearts, her great desire was to have Dollie "settled," that was all. True, matrimony seemed still afar off, but if the child let this chance slip, it might be even farther. Never having invited that small dame's confidence, she was not now aware of the existence of an elegant Mr. Fitz Aden Cascaden, the attraction at the new boarding-house, else she might not have stared so sternly over her spectacles, awaiting a reply.

"It's not broken," answered Dollie, as shortly as she dared.

"So far, so good, and now, since I seem to be in the way of your making a choice, I will leave. Dyke will do up the bundle and carry it to your dressmaker's, as usual, and you may come to my room to say good-bye."

Left to herself, Dollie Lee took down the silk, laid its shining folds against her cheek, her white throat and yellow hair, thought of the "parlor receptions" at the new boarding-house, of the elegant Fitz Aden Cascaden, and ended in "disappointing" Mrs. Rebecca La Rue.

"Why, mom, what's up?" exclaimed Daniel Dee, coming in from his work that evening. "Going to a fancy ball?"

"Dollie's been to Mrs. La Rue's, it's the time, you know. The man brought them, and as Miss Linny's not home, I spread them out here so they won't press."

"And these are Dollie's, then," said Dan, regretfully, surveying not alone the rose silk, but some half dozen richly-colored robes, with a face growing every instant sadder. "Mother, this hurts me!"

She didn't take him in her arms, as she yearned to do, and say, "And me, too; me, too!" foreseeing sorrow in store for them all, but answered, cheerfully: "No occasion, I'm sure," bustling around to "dish" the supper. "It's a passing fancy for bright colors. She'll get over it."

"I'm afraid not. Yet I hardly needed these to convince me that Dollie has changed."

Changed? There she stood on the threshold, as pretty a picture as ever a dingy doorway framed, and, whatever forebodings may have tortured him in her absence, she was Dan's Dollie the moment his eye met hers.

"Is not this perfectly lovely?" she exclaimed, her glance falling on the rose silk with fire-gleams rippling across it.

"Perfectly lovely," answered Dan, asserting his lover rights on the red dot of a mouth, then holding her face between his hands and looking at it.

Dollie slipped away to expatiate on the value and merits of her new possessions.

"But, Dollie, dear, are they altogether suitable, do you think?" ventured Dan.

"Don't talk Rebecca La Rue, now," she answered, with a vexed flush. "I can't see why I must always wear grays and browns, pretty colors don't cost me any more than ugly ones."

"It's not the colors, these materials are expensive as well as showy, especially this," touching the silk. "I suppose you didn't think of that when you selected it, nor should I have reminded you of it were I not sure somebody would tell you, and you might learn to take pleasure in it for that alone. I should be sorely sorry to see that, for I can never hope to be rich enough to afford anything of that sort for you."

"Since the probability is that you'll never be rich enough to afford anything for me, please allow me to wear what best suits me," replied Dollie, red with wrath.



They almost quarreled that time. Would have done so had not Dan remembered Mrs. Lee's last words, "She has only you," and curbed his temper. While through the mist of her hurt and angry tears, Dollie seemed to see the mother-face bending over her "boy" as in the dear old days when they plighted their young troth. However, Dollie held herself proudly, especially during their long walk to her new home, not being quite sure she would marry Dan after all.

From that day Dollie became estranged from the "tumbly down" house under whose mossed roof her childhood had lain in happy slumber, and where she had been content to share Miss Linny's poor fare and humble bed for Dan's sake. Fitz Aden Cascadon admired her, and a new life opened out from the commonplace pathway of the old.

"Mother," said Dan, one evening after supper, "something has surely happened to prevent Dollie from coming. She said she'd rather I wouldn't be running there, but I must go once and see. Beside—I meant to tell her first, but it will out—after this week I'm to get fifteen dollars. Don't you think we may as well start on that?"

After a little talk on the subject, he said: "Give me two of your rosiest apples, mom; I'll dress and be gone."

He arrayed himself in a suit Miss Linny, the dress-maker, had cut out, and Mrs. Lee stitched together. Rather roomy, it is true; but both agreed that, although a big fellow, Dan, just turned twenty, might grow still bigger, and provided for it. Miss Linny adjusted his collar and tie, and he walked away briskly under the March moon.

"She'll be down presently," the servant announced, returning and opening the parlor on a crack; but Dan's whispered message had not reached Dollie's room.

"Where's the use going up two pair of stairs, when she's expected down every minute? I'll just pretend to tell her," was that worthy's soliloquy in the hall.

Mr. Fitz Aden Cascadon was alone in the parlor when Dan entered and took his seat on the sofa, with his mother's ruddiest apples beside him. Dolly was to be taken to the opera for the first time, and this exquisite specimen of the tailor's art awaited her.

She came in looking marvellously lovely in her shining robes, roses tossed here and there on the sunny billows of her hair, and her cheeks crimsoned with the joy of anticipation. Seeing her in such health and happiness, believing that this beauty was for him, Dan, with his honest heart aflame, rushed forward and gave her a resounding kiss.

"Really!" ejaculated Mr. Cascadon, adjusting his eyeglasses and surveying the pair.

"How could you?" cried Dollie, crimsoning to the tips of her ears; and Dan himself felt that his conduct was amiss, considering the circumstances; but when she added, "How dared you?" he asserted his claim manfully.

"I dared because you are promised to me, Dollie, and have been for three years."

"Really!" reiterated Mr. Cascadon, with a low laugh, that acted upon the young girl like a goad.

"Mr. Cascadon," she said, sweeping toward him, "if the carriage is ready I am."

"Had I only known this, the fellow should have been turned out," said Mr. Cascadon, after hearing the confused explanation she offered in her desire to keep, if possible, within the bounds of truth, and get on with the new love before being quite off with the old. "Have a

great mind to order the carriage back and have it done now."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dollie, with a piteous entreaty she might have spared herself had she only understood the cowardice of her companion, and that he would no more have molested Daniel Doe than a mouse a Newfoundland.

Left to himself, Dan's arms went up as if he had been shot, and he staggered to the sofa.

"My young friend, I think I can help you."

Who was this, speaking in such a reassuring voice? Dan raised his head, and tried to see through agony-blinded eyes. The mist cleared faintly, and there stood a sweet-faced lady with dark eyes and silver-threaded hair.

"I chanced to be occupying one of those easy chairs by the register, and heard what has just passed," she said. "And I repeat, I think I can help you."

A few minutes later, when all the girls came crowding in to talk over Dollie's "luck," they were overcome with merriment on seeing Miss Wells in close conversation with a youth whom they supposed, from his appearance, to have just arrived from the rural districts. They wondered if the "old maid" had caught a beau "at last," concluded she thought a "boy" better than nobody, and agreed he wasn't "so bad looking after all."

There were thorns among the roses of Dollie Lee's dreams that night. Toss and turn as she might, they pierced the fair fabric of every slumber-wrought fancy. She had no heart to join the girls next day in their Sunday afternoon airing, but remained in her room trying to persuade herself she was an enviable being, and not succeeding very well.

A tap at the door awoke a lively, but not enlivening, recollection of sundry small bills. Reflecting a moment, she concluded it could be none of these on that day, and heaving a sigh to the recollection of the time when duns were myths, she called lazily, "Come in."

To her surprise, it was Miss Wells who entered. She was all at once miserably conscious of not having treated the lady kindly, although occasionally it occurred to her to pity the poor thing, sitting and sewing alone at the top of the house for an expectant bride.

After a few introductory remarks about Miss Wells being seated, Dollie's spirits, and the weather, the former said: "By the merest accident, Miss Lee, I chanced upon a very sweet secret of yours; and in order to prove how safe it is with me, I am come to confide to you one of my own. I am not a poor woman, and the expectant bride is myself. I assumed a partial disguise, and came here to make observations concerning the character and habits of one of the boarders, to whom a very dear lady friend—in fact, my daughter that is to be—is engaged. Her father feared him to be unworthy; and, being a stranger to the young man, I volunteered to come here and endeavor to discover whether or not these suspicions were well grounded. The worst I have discovered about Mr. Cascadon is that he is a 'trifler with a hundred hearts.' I trembled for yours, Miss Lee, because in the matter of this engagement he is terribly in earnest. However, with your affections fixed on one every way worthy, you were proof against the charmer. It is quite a relief to have discovered this, for I have been censuring myself severely for not warning you from the moment of your entrance here."

Poor Dollie! her dream-splendors vanished; the gauze and spangles of her pink and white sisterhood fluttered out of her reach; yet, somehow, she didn't understand it

at the time; she wasn't so very sorry after all, until it came to her to wonder would Dan take her back.

She had been to the opera, the theatre and to balls; music, mirth, mimic pageantry, had dazzled and delighted; her heart had beat time to many new tunes, but was loyal with all its foolishness. So when, after a burst of very natural tears, she confessed her misgivings to Miss Wells—whose real name, by the way, was Wellsford—and that lady owned to a slight acquaintance with Mr. Dee, and offered to go with her to the old home, she gladly accepted the offer.

There was no need. On seeing her, Dan said "Dollie," and Dollie said "Dan."

"My Dollie!"

"My Dan!"

Then everybody went away, leaving them alone together. No need of that, either; for, beside a very small whisper of Dollie's about something that should be next month if he still wished it, there was very little said.

Mrs. Rebecca La Rue was left to dispose of "my own and my daughter's discarded apparel" as best suited her grasping disposition, and Miss Wellsford gave the bride her wedding dress, beside contributing largely toward the adornment of two snug, sunny rooms.

It is only a common story of common folk; perhaps I should have told you that in the first place, and warned you that it ended in the usual way.

People laughed when that doll of a Dollie wrote herself Mrs. Dee, and Dan talked about "my wife." They heard themselves called boy and girl, Babes in the Wood, and all that, but didn't mind it one bit. Not they, indeed. Had they not all the years they were to live—let us hope they were many—to grow old enough in?

### RUBENS' MASTER-PIECE.

A FRAGMENT FROM A TOURIST'S JOURNAL.

**A**T seven in the morning, after my arrival at Antwerp, I went to view the exterior and the interior of the Cathedral, one of the grandest Gothic monuments in Europe. Its lofty arches and long naves seem more like the work of dimi-gods than men. The church is three hundred and eighty feet by two hundred and eleven at the transepts, and the arches are supported by one hundred and twenty-five pillars. The three lateral aisles on each side of the nave present from any point of view a perspective and optical effect that is perfectly bewildering. The clusters of prismatic mouldings which diverge to trace pointed arches of the vaults produce the effect of a sextuple avenue of venerable forest trees.

Learning that the paintings were not on view to the public till nine o'clock, I climbed up six hundred and twenty-two steps, and seated myself in the highest gallery of the tower, three hundred and ninety-seven feet from the ground, and through a strong glass held converse with the city of Rubens and its storied environs. A few clouds lingered about the horizon, as if reluctant to retire before the glance of the sun; beneath me lay the Place Verte—which, sixty years ago, was a cemetery—the stately statue of Rubens, the Hotel de l'Europe, and the Marchée aux Souliers (shoe-market).

Beyond, in the distance, glittered the sluggish waters of the Scheldt, and the flags of a hundred ships were floating on the morning breeze. Turning my glass slowly to the left, I brought beneath my view the museum and the statue of Van Dyck in front of it; the park, the new theatre, and the equestrian statue of the first King of the

Belgians on the Boulevard Leopold I. There the vestiges of the fortress of the piratical Normans, who pillaged and burned the town at three different periods; here the ruined Castle of Godfrey, the Deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre; there, the Abbey of St. Michael, where, in 1338, Edward III. of England resided more than a year, and had an interview with Van Artevelde.

From this dream through a field-glass I was awakened by nine heavy strokes of the clock, and descended into the Cathedral. "The Descent from the Cross," in the right transept, was already unveiled, and many worshippers standing before it. The copyists had also taken their places. For some minutes I stood as if bound by a spell, and then levelled my glass on the tryptic. Two men with strained muscles are slowly lowering the body from the cross, to which the left hand is still nailed. A white sheet is drawn beneath the inert mass, one end of which is upheld on the right by St. John, and the other on the left by St. Joseph. Next to him the Virgin, with clasped hands and agonized countenance, stands gazing steadfastly on the drooping head and pendent arm of the Saviour.

Behind her Martha is kneeling, and in front the Magdalen is claspng the bleeding feet and bathing them with her tears. The great drops of blood trickling from the hands over the white drapery; the drooping head, the pale, slightly parted lips, the calm, limp inertness of the limbs, the delicate hues, the unearthly whiteness that the flesh only puts on when life is absent—oh! it is death; but death so natural, so truthful, that it seems life—the life of death. The surrounding figures, the position, the atmosphere, every line, and tint, and shade are in harmony with the divine subject.

Looking on this picture is like looking on the sun, or a star, or an Alpine landscape; the mind feels no want of light, or shade, or color, but is filled and held by the spell of sublime beauty. The circle is described. It is no longer art, but divinity, before which the soul prostrates itself, and is enlarged and purified.

In this great work, Rubens surpassed his master, Titian. There are no words to convey the soft blending of light and shade, the mystical harmony of color and composition. It must be seen to be understood.

**SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.**—Shakespeare's women convey some of the finest and profoundest of philosophic truths; but he never drew a professed philosopher—a female philosopher. Shakespeare's women never sit down to philosophise, are never pragmatist philosophers; but from their lips flow sentiments of loving wisdom, out of the depths of their own sweet natures, and as the mere necessary effects of their own purity and rectitude. They are wise because they are good; they are clear-seeing because they are high-minded; their judgment is a part of their right heart. Womanly generosity gives them noble views, womanly delicacy gives them refined ideas. We see in nature many instances of gentle disposition supplying tact and understanding. There are some people with such sweet-natured hearts that these put fine inspirations into their minds, and produce ideas which seem the growth of a noble intellect.

The cold-hearted stoic may boastingly accede to the sentiment that "man is sufficient for himself;" but the philanthropist rejoices in the beautiful system of mutual dependence, which unites him so closely with the whole human family.

## WINDOW-CURTAINS.\*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"MR. MARTINDALE," said a servant, opening the door of the room in which Marion and I were sitting.

I was startled at this announcement. He had never called at my house before.

"Who?" asked Marion, as I arose to go down-stairs.

"Mr. Martindale," I replied. "He used to be one of our clerks. You've heard me speak of him." Adding, as I left the room, "I don't know what he can want to see me about."

Martindale was standing in the middle of one of the parlors. His face was very serious. I put out my hand to him; but he only gave me the ends of his fingers, and drew them away almost on the instant they touched mine.

"Poor Barton is dead!" said he, in a sad and troubled voice.

"Oh, no! It can't be," I replied, affecting great pain; while my heart was almost glad that he was gone.

"He died this afternoon," Martindale returned.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" I tried to look shocked and grieved. But, I could see in the calm, penetrating eyes of Martindale, which were reading my face, that he was looking below my disguise, and did not really credit me. He was still standing on the floor.

"Sit down," said I, moving a chair toward him, "and tell me all about it."

"It occurred a little after five o'clock," he replied, as he took the chair. "I have been with him all day."

"How does his poor wife take it?" I asked.

"Hard. Very hard. She kept up until it was all over; but, when he died, her life seemed as if it were being drawn out after him. She has been lying in an unconscious state ever since; and the doctor is beginning to feel extremely anxious about her."

I made no response, and we both sat without speaking for so long a time that our silence became embarrassing. I tried to think of something to say; but seemed to have lost the power of thought. At last he spoke.

"Mr. Melchor," said he, with great gravity of manner, "I am afraid there is something wrong."

"How wrong?" I asked, holding down my startled feelings with a grip of iron, and making my voice calm almost to indifference. I was able to look at him without the quiver of an eyelid, or the wavering of a glance. He had meant to throw me off my guard, and got some guilty betrayal in look or word. But he had failed, and saw it; and I knew that he was conscious of having failed.

"Wrong, how?" I repeated my question before he had framed his reply.

"You have been quite intimate with Barton of late, and know, I presume, something about his affairs."

"Not more intimate than usual," I returned. "And as to his affairs, all I know about them is, that he ran a little behind hand, and I helped him through."

"He owes you money, then?" said Martindale.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"First of all," said I, changing my tone and manner, and turning upon him like one who felt that his queries

were regarded as an unwarrantable intrusion on private affairs, "let me ask you a question. You surprised me by saying, just now, in connection with Barton, that you were afraid there was something wrong; and then went on to suggest a special intimacy on my part and a knowledge of his private affairs. What is the wrong you suspect? Deal frankly with me, and I will deal frankly with you. But I do not care to be questioned blindly."

I was able to look him calmly in the face, and to bear the scrutiny of his steady eyes; nay more, to note the effect produced by the attitude I had assumed. I saw that he was disappointed and at fault, and took courage.

"One thing I am not ready to believe," said I, after waiting some time for Martindale to respond.

"What?" he asked.

"That Barton has done anything wrong. He was too sincere and conscientious for that. He may have erred in judgment; but no wilful wrong lies at his door."

"I am as certain of that as you can be. But—"

I waited for him to go on, not taking my eyes from his face. I saw that he was still more at fault.

"You surprise and pain me greatly," said I; "and quite as much by the mystery you throw about this matter as by anything else. If there is anything you want to ferret out, you can get no help from me unless you deal frankly and squarely. I infer from all this, that Barton made a communication to you touching transactions in which he has been engaged, and that in some way I am mixed up with them. So far as I am concerned, it is all plain sailing; a simple matter of favor to him, cheerfully rendered. If he has done anything, under pressure or misapprehension, which a morbid conscientiousness magnified into wrong in the presence of death, I am very sure that your reading of the whole transaction, if you could know it, would give it another signification. Barton was too pure a man to do a deliberate wrong."

"I believe that firmly," said Martindale.

"You would be unjust to him if you believed anything else," I returned with emphasis.

I saw a puzzled look come into Martindale's face.

"What is the nature of the communication he made to you?" I asked, assuming an appearance of unconcern.

"I do not feel at liberty to say anything more at this time," he answered.

His manner had changed considerably. In the commencement of the interview, his eyes were full of accusation; but there was doubt and hesitation in them now.

"As you please," said I, coldly. "But I must claim the right to question you at another time. If Barton has said anything about me that leaves the slightest unfavorable impression on your mind, it is but right that I should know it. That he has done so, I infer from the singular change observed in your manner."

I watched him closely as I said this. He could not make as well as I could, and I had just that much advantage of him. His eyes fell away from mine; and a shade of embarrassment came over his face. As he did not reply, but sat in deep and evidently perplexed thought, I made a slight diversion by asking some particulars of Barton's death.

"Was he conscious to the last?" I inquired.

"Yes, apparently to the latest moment."

"Did he die peacefully?"

"No," he answered, with a strong throb of pain in his voice; "anything but peacefully! He caught my hand in his last moments, his face writhing, and his lips convulsed in his efforts to speak, and tried to ease his mind

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of some heavy burden. But he had put it off too long. I could only make out a few words; but your name was uttered more than once."

"In what sort of connection?" I inquired, not appearing to feel any special interest in his reply.

"It had something to do with the firm's balance-sheet," said Martindale.

"I completed it for him, you know, after he was taken ill," said I.

"Yes, I am aware of that," he returned.

"Everything came out right. His books were a marvel of accuracy. I did not find a single error. But, if there had been, it would have argued nothing against him."

"I don't know," said Martindale, doubtfully. "Barton would never have shown such painful agitation in his last moments if he had not become mixed up in some doubtful transactions."

"Did he make no communications prior to his last moments?" I inquired.

Martindale did not answer. My heart beat with heavy throbs. I waited for a considerable time, but no reply came.

"Then I must infer that he did communicate something to you, and that I am in some way interested," said I. "Will you say plainly what it was? Don't be afraid. I wish to know the simple truth."

"You made some investments for him, and advanced the money?"

"I did."

"To what amount?"

"That was between ourselves. The sums were not large in any single transaction."

"I didn't know that you had money to lend," coldly remarked Martindale; and as he spoke he looked slowly around my handsomely-furnished parlors, and gave, I thought, especial regard to the elegant window-curtains.

"Nor would I, if I depended on my salary alone," I returned, without hesitation, and without taking my eyes from his face. "Happily, I have outside friends, and other sources of income."

"I should be sorry if it were not so," he remarked, again turning his eyes about the rooms. Then added: "He died, owing you money?"

"Yes," I replied.

"There is a life insurance of three thousand dollars. Out of this you are to receive the amount due you at the time of his death, whatever it may be. I shall take out letters of administration, as he desired."

"The sum is not large," said I, treating the matter with seeming indifference. "I will look over the account between us when you wish me to do so."

"There will be several hundred dollars, I infer—probably a thousand," said Martindale.

"Less than two hundred dollars will cancel his indebtedness to me. Our ventures were small and safe."

He fixed his eyes intently on me. I saw doubt in them. As steadily as he looked did I return his gaze. I must not falter, nor show any confusion. How far the sick and dying man had unburdened his conscience to Martindale I could not then know; but I inferred that he had given only vague intimations before the death-agony came upon him, and that utterance failed him when he resolved to uncover everything. In this I was right, as the sequel proved.

When Martindale left me that evening, I saw a change in his manner. He had come fully persuaded that I had led the weak bookkeeper into some false or dishonest

position, using him for my own advantage; and he meant to probe me to the bottom. But he went away in doubt and uncertainty. I saw him in the store next day talking with both Mr. Royal and Mr. Link. Watching them covertly, I could see that I was referred to more than once. He did not stay long. In parting from Mr. Royal, I noticed that he spoke what appeared like assuring words, as if some ugly doubts had been removed from his mind. After he went away, Mr. Royal came to my desk, and referred with much feeling to the deceased bookkeeper. I expressed my deepest sympathy, and then ventured a remark intended to remove any doubts about myself that Martindale might have suggested.

"Poor man!" said I. "Something weighed on his mind at the last, I am told. He did not die peacefully."

I felt the risk in saying this; but I counted on its effect in allaying any suspicion touching myself that might have come into Mr. Royal's mind.

"So Mr. Martindale tells me," he answered, not seeming to be in any way surprised at my remark.

"He was morbidly conscientious," I ventured to say. "If all the truth were known, I am very sure that the cause of trouble would be found a very slight one."

"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Royal, with a manner I did not just like, and then changed the subject.

I felt a little safer, but far from easy in mind. I watched Mr. Royal's manner toward me with the minutest care, observing every look, and tone, and incident, giving to each my own interpretation. On the whole, when the day closed I felt more assured. Still, it was plain that Mr. Royal's regard toward me had changed in something, and that I did not enjoy his confidence in as high a degree as before.

I had now to walk with great circumspection; and to be, without appearing so, ever on the watch. Martindale did not call on me again; and when I met him on the street, a week or two after Barton's funeral, made no reference to the matter we had talked about beyond saying, that if I would send him a memorandum of the sum due me from Barton's estate, he would settle the claim as soon as the insurance company paid over the amount of the life-policy. I made the indebtedness a hundred and fifty dollars—the true amount was three hundred—and received the money.

Poor Mrs. Barton was utterly prostrated by the death of her husband. I was satisfied from her attitude toward me that he had told her much more than he had told Martindale, and that she was in possession of the secret of the falsified accounts. But her love for him, and regard for his good name, would make, I felt assured, that secret safe in her possession. From this dream of security I was aroused not many weeks after the death of Barton.

I was beginning to feel comparatively safe again. The balance-sheet had been looked over with more than the usual scrutiny given to that document, but without the discovery of anything wrong. Mr. Royal's manner, that had seemed to me changed, came back to its old, easy confidence, and I was beginning to plot and scheme for new experiments on the funds of the house, when an incident occurred that brought back all my fears.

On returning home one evening, I met Mrs. Barton only a short distance from my residence. She was dressed in deep black, her veil drawn partly aside, and her eyes upon the ground. She did not see me until we were within a few steps of each other. Then a sudden shock and terror came into her face, that grew deadly pale. She stood still, caught her breath, and reached out her



hands, as if for support. I spoke to her; but at the sound of my voice, she gave a little cry of fear, started back, and making a short circuit, passed round me and ran forward like one trying to escape from a pursuer.

On reaching home I found Marion greatly agitated.

"I have had such a fright!" she said, catching hold of me. I could feel her hands shake. "Mrs. Barton has just been here; and I do think she's gone crazy!"

"What did she want? What did she say?" I asked, unable to conceal the alarm this announcement had occasioned.

"Oh! she talked dreadfully!"

"About what?"

"About you. She said you had killed her husband!"

"That was strange talk," said I, pressing back a tumult of agitation and fear, and holding my voice down to a steady utterance. "What did she mean?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know! But it was dreadful to see her, and to hear the way she went on!"

"Said I had killed her husband?"

"Yes; said you'd murdered him, and ruined them all! Oh, it was awful the way she talked! And she looked so wild; just like a crazy woman! I tried to get her to sit down, and to act reasonably; but she only walked about the floor, and wrung her hands. What did she mean, Hiram? Was there anything between you and Mr. Barton?"

"Nothing but favor from me to him. I can't imagine what she means," I replied.

"You know how strangely they both acted just before he died?" said Marion.

"Yes; I was all at sea about it then, and am still more at sea now."

"But it's dreadful to have such things said about you, Hiram!"

"I know it is; but what can I do? A crazy person will say anything—turn against his best friend."

"I know! I know! But it's so dreadful, Hiram!" And Marion laid her head on my shoulder. She was trembling violently.

I questioned her closely as to what Mrs. Barton had said, and got little bits and snatches of things from her bewildered memory, which I could put together. It was plain to me now that Barton had, in part, divulged to his wife the nature of the transactions in which we had been engaged; and that she knew enough to destroy me. We were still talking over the affair, when we heard the door-bell ring loudly. Marion stepped from the parlor, and went to answer it herself. I held my breath with a strange misgiving at heart, listening toward the door. As Marion drew it open I heard a startled exclamation. Then came a movement of feet and a rustle of garments inward from the vestibule. A moment after and Mrs. Barton stood before me. The wild, scared look had gone out of her face.

"You go up-stairs," she said to Marion. "I've got a little business with your husband." Her voice was steady and her manner earnest but composed.

Marion lingered. "Go now!" Mrs. Barton waved her hand with a slight show of impatience.

As soon as we were alone, she drew from her pocket a roll of bank-bills, and reneching them toward me, said: "Here's the money to make it all straight. Put it back, and get all the figures right. You know how to do it. A thousand dollars; that's enough, isn't it? Poor Guy! It killed him! I wonder how you could have done it, Mr. Melchor!"

She spoke in a quick, hurried voice, thrusting the money into my hands, and seeming anxious to get done and be away. I was taken completely by surprise. In no emergency of my life was I ever in greater doubt as to what I should do. My first impulse was to push the money back. Then came the thought that it might be best to fall in with her wishes and get her mind quieted.

"Oh, dear! you're all out, Mrs. Barton," said I, as promptly as I could speak, groping forward almost blindly. "It won't take half this sum to make all straight, as you say. Poor Guy troubled himself for nothing. There isn't anything wrong; I've made all square and the figures are right."

I saw a gleam of light flash into her face. She caught her breath.

"Oh, Mr. Melchor! Are you sure? Are you sure?" She put her hand on me and looked at me with a longing, hungry expression in her eyes.

"What I tell you is the truth, Mrs. Barton. Take all the money back again. I don't want to touch a dollar. You need it more than I do. Guy is all right; and his accounts are all right."

But she was not wholly assured. I talked to her about her husband; and spoke of his goodness, his honor and his great integrity of character, and tried my best to make her believe that there had been nothing actually wrong. In this I succeeded in part; but she would not be satisfied until I had taken one-half of the money she had brought.

During the whole interview I was painfully impressed with the fact that her mind was unsettled.

"This is our secret, mind!" she said, in a confidential voice, as she was about going. "She isn't to know a word about it," referring to Marion. "I'm so glad we've got it all right," she added, in a satisfied way. "I'll tell Mr. Martindale it's all right now, and he'll be so glad."

She spoke with the manner of a pleased child.

"Did Mr. Martindale tell you to bring me this money?" I asked, a new fear striking into my heart.

The question seemed to bewilder her. "Mr. Martindale? Oh! what about him?"

"Did he tell you to bring me this money?"

"To make all right for Guy?"

"Yes," I answered, falling in with her thought.

"It was Guy that told me," she replied, lowering her voice.

"Guy! When?" I responded, a little startled at this.

"Before he went away; and I promised him that I'd do it."

"I guess I wouldn't say anything about it to Mr. Martindale," said I. "It's all right now."

"Do you think Guy knows it's done?" she asked, an expression of grave interest coming into her face.

"I shouldn't wonder," I replied, using the first words that came up in my mind.

A glow of satisfaction came for an instant into her wan face; then faded off, leaving it inexpressibly sad.

"I must go now," she said, turning toward the door.

"It's all right."

"Oh, yes! Everything's right," I replied. "And there never was anything really wrong."

She turned back quickly, and looked at me with a keen flash of intelligent scrutiny. I wanted to speak of Martindale again but was afraid.

"All right!" A smile broke over her face, and she nodded her head in a pleased, childish way. "Good-evening, Mr. Melchor."

She was gone in a moment, hurrying off as if under the impulse of some new and sudden thought. With the jar of the closing door came the sound of Marion's feet on the stairs. She ran down quickly; her countenance excited and full of questions as she came into the parlor where I was still standing.

"Has she gone?"

"Yes," I replied, keeping my voice as steady as possible.

"What did she want?"

Marion had come upon me too quickly. I was not ready for her probing questions.

"Heaven knows what she wanted!" I replied, with assumed fretfulness and annoyance.

"She's lost her senses, I'm afraid. Don't you think so?" said Marion.

"Yes; poor thing! Guy's death has unsettled her."

"What did she say? What did she want to see you about?"

"Poor thing!" I replied, pityingly. "She's got it into her head that Guy owed me a great deal of money, and she wants to pay it back. She brought me a thousand dollars of her insurance money, and I had to take five hundred of it before I could pacify her. Of course I shall not keep it. He only owed me two or three hundred, and that has been paid already. I shall see Mr. Martindale to-morrow and put it back into his hands. He administered, you know, and has charge of Mrs. Barton's affairs."

Marion watched my face as I said this with an intensity that made me feel uncomfortable. I felt that there were doubts in her mind, and an impression that I was in some way deceiving her.

"A thousand dollars! What could have put that into her head?"

"There is no accounting for what goes through the head of a crazy woman," I replied. "Poor thing! It is very sad. Her husband's death has proved too much for her. I must have a serious talk with Martindale."

"I don't want her coming here any more," returned Marion, with a shiver.

"Nor I."

"Just think what harm she may do, going around and talking as she did here to-night," said Marion. "She might injure your character. There are plenty of people ready to catch up and believe an evil report about another, even if it's made by a crazy person."

I was more troubled about it than Marion could possibly be, for I understood better what it meant. I turned my eyes away from hers, unable to bear the look I saw in them. In doing so, they rested on one of the window-curtains. It was only by the strongest possible effort that I could keep from starting up with an exclamation of fear and horror. I had seen many evil faces in the folds of our window-curtains—could hardly ever look at them without encountering a scowl or a leer—but nothing so frightful and malignant had yet appeared as the devilish eyes that looked at me now, and the mouth that grinned in fiendish triumph. Marion saw the quick change in my countenance, and exclaimed: "O Hiram! What is it?" looking at the windows as she spoke.

"Heaven knows! I don't!" I replied, not able to repress the agitation I felt. If I had been a free drinker, I would have thought the apparition a sign of approaching mania.

"What's the matter with the curtains? Why do you look at them so?" she urged.

"Come! Let's go up-stairs," said I. "I never feel right here. The rooms are haunted, I believe."

I made an effort to speak lightly, but was only partially successful. We left the parlor and went to our cosy sitting-room, where I found our baby, now over two years of age. She sprang into my arms, and hugged and kissed me with childish fondness. But her old power to chase away care and trouble was gone. Her sunny eyes and face did not send light and warmth into my heart; nor did her happy voice make music as once in all its chambers. Evil had robbed me of blessing. She felt the diminished warmth of my caresses—looked into my eyes for the old, tender love, but could not find it—and I saw the gladness fade slowly out of her face, and a look of grave surprise come over it. With a little sigh, she took her arms away from my neck, and, shrinking down, laid her head gently on my bosom, and was very still.

Poor baby! She had felt the coldness of a diminishing love. No—no! I will not say that—but the coldness of a shadow holding back its ardors. Poor baby! Poor father! In my folly I had cursed them both.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

"HAVE you heard about Mrs. Barton?" asked Baldwin on the next day.

"No!" I gave an involuntary start. "What of her?"

"Her friends took her to an asylum this morning."

"What!"

"She's gone out of her mind. Her husband's death has been too much for her, poor thing!"

Was I shocked and pained at this? No; I was glad; for, if she were out of the way, no matter how, I would be safer. And yet a deep ache went slowly down to my heart; a burdened sense of wrong oppressed me, and I felt the cold shadows of coming retribution. Always, from the beginning of my evil ways, had I perceived these shadows. They were never out of my sky a moment.

"How did you hear of it?" I asked.

"Martindale told me. I saw him a little while ago."

"Did he give you any particulars?"

"A few. She went off yesterday afternoon, after getting a thousand dollars of her husband's insurance money into her hands. How, I did not learn. Last night she was found wandering in the streets at a late hour, completely out of her mind. Half of her money was gone. This morning she was removed to an asylum."

After expressing pity and regret, I went to my work, wondering what next would come. The question that soon perplexed me was the use to be made of the five hundred dollars received from Mrs. Barton. If I took it to Martindale, as I had at first thought of doing, I would only bring back to his mind a stronger suspicion than ever of some guilty complicity between me and Barton; if I did not put the money in his hands, and Mrs. Barton should remember and speak of what she had done with it, the case would stand worse for me.

All day I worried and tormented myself over this question, and went home at night as far as ever from any clear determination.

"What have you done with the five hundred dollars?" was one of Marion's first queries, after hearing the sad news about Mrs. Barton.

"Nothing yet," I replied. "I must take time to think over the matter. There is no knowing what she may have said."

"I would take it to Mr. Martindale at once," returned Marion, speaking with decision. "Get it out of your hands as quickly as possible. It doesn't belong to you; and every hour you hold it may do you harm. It's a dreadful business, and I feel scared about it."

I promised her that I would see Martindale in the morning and give him the money.

"Why not call and see him to-night?" urged Marion. "If you let it go over until to-morrow, he will question in his mind why you kept it so long."

Seeing how troubled she was, I accepted, apparently, her view of the case, and went out, saying that I would try to find Martindale. Instead, however, I called on Mr. Garnish.

"Just the man I wanted to see!" he said, with something unusual in his manner. As I sat down, I saw his puffy, white hands begin to wind about each other.

"What are your prospects at Link, Royal & Co.'s?" he asked, after looking at me quietly for some moments.

"As to what?" I inquired.

"Of advancement?" He drew his eye-lids a little nearer together, and looked at me through the diminished opening.

"As a clerk?"

Mr. Garnish shut his lips and quietly shook his head.

"Of getting into the firm?"

The head gave two or three assenting nods, the cold, heavy face not changing.

"None whatever," I replied.

"So I presumed," was his answer. "Your salary is now—?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Humph! Will it be advanced, do you think?"

"Don't see any prospect."

"Nor I," returned Garnish. "A poor prospect for a man of your ability. It won't do, my young friend. You must get into the way of advancement, and that right soon. It dwarfs a man to sit at a desk adding up figures all day. Well enough for those who haven't anything better in them; who were born for calculating machines. But for a man with the stuff in him that you have, mere desk-work is a waste of power and a loss of opportunity."

"So I feel," was my answer, spoken with much emphasis.

"And so I have long felt, Melchor," he replied, with unusual interest in his manner. "Well!" after a pause. "Well!" A jerk in his voice that was unusual. "I've been looking out for you, and have got the right thing at last." His hands moved about each other more rapidly.

"Indeed! Thank you! I'm glad to hear it."

"The nearer we can get to money, the easier it is made, you know," said Garnish, drifting into the philosophic mood that pleased his fancy sometimes. "Your merchandizing and manufacturing take you so far away from the cash itself, that it's difficult often to find it. You must put in and put in; but getting out is not so easy. But, if you deal in money, you've got it always in hand. Quick turn, quick make, you know."

I waited for him. After a pause he continued: "There's a new savings fund about going into operations, THE TRADERMAN AND MECHANIC'S. The charter was obtained last week. I have been elected president. At the next meeting of directors a treasurer or cashier will be chosen. How would you like the place?"

"Oh, of all things!" I replied. "How much salary will be paid?"

"Not less than two thousand dollars. But, that isn't the consideration for a man like you. The position will not only give you personal standing and business char-

acter, but associate you with men of wealth, ability and enterprise. You can make it, if you choose, a stepping-stone to something higher and better."

"Can I get the place?"

"Yes; I think so. I have already named you to several members of the board, with whom I have considerable influence. You will have to send in an application, and give references as to character and ability."

I felt a cold, dead weight on my bosom. "Character!" Was I not standing on the very edge of a precipice, over which a breath might blow me? "Character!" How could I go to my present employers and ask their endorsement, when it might be that they were at this very time following up some clue that would discover my crimes against them?

Mr. Garnish was watching my face, and saw a change.

"You will have no trouble on that score," said he.

"Link, Royal & Co. will not hesitate to sign your application."

Now, this man and I understood each other perfectly. He was a keen, shrewd, unscrupulous speculator—I use the word in its very worst sense—and I was his humble follower. He was my friend because he saw that he could use me; and I, after getting beyond my depth in dishonest ways, clung to him as my only hope of safety. I dared not break away from him, and he had use for me. I knew that he knew just how I stood. That he knew as well as I did, that I had made false entries, and robbed my employers heavily. And yet, in all our transactions, I had never admitted to him, nor had he intimated to me, that such dishonest things had been done.

And now I considered, in a hurried debate, whether it were not better that, as companions in evil, we should deal openly with each other. But I felt afraid to speak first. I could not see below his impassive face. His thoughts and purposes lay too deep for me. He might not be ready for an acknowledged participation in evil, and throw me off on the instant I laid myself bare.

"I don't know about that," I replied after this hurried debate. "Things are not just as I would like to have them. Some of my investments, as you know, have turned out badly; and there are several thousand dollars locked up that I must get out before I can straighten everything."

"How much will be required to straighten things, as you say?" asked Garnish.

I thought for some time, and then answered: "Not less than three thousand dollars."

"All right," he returned, promptly. "That gold-mining stock is going to come up. I have private information that I shall act upon, and will take yours back at what you paid for it. Right so far. Then there is the cranberry-meadow stock. It can be sold at a small loss; but you had better realize for the emergency. This will give you nearly twenty-five hundred dollars, which will go a great way toward making things square. Nothing like taking affairs in hand, you know. If one has the will, almost anything can be done. Never stop to worry over difficulties, but go right ahead and conquer them. That's my way."

"Thank you," said I, as a heavy weight rose from my mind. "That puts a different face on the matter."

"Straighten up things at once," he replied. "I want you in this new concern. Shall take a large amount of stock, and secure a controlling influence. Get up your application and secure the signature of Link, Royal & Co. I'll put it through."

"But there's the security," said I. "How much will the bond be?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

I shook my head, saying: "It's out of the question."

"Don't talk in that fashion," replied Garnish, half impatiently. "Where there's a will there's a way. You have friends."

"Yes; but not friends with real estate valued at over twenty thousand dollars, and willing to put it in jeopardy for the sake of giving me a lift. Going security is considered a ticklish thing now-a-days. Young men like me can't find bondsmen at will."

"Of course not, if they don't take the trouble to look for them. Haven't you relatives who would, in order to secure for you the great advantage now offered, sign your bond?"

"None that I would ask."

His hands stopped moving. He let his eyes fall to the floor, and sat thinking.

"You have friends who would go on your bond?" looking up, after a little while.

"Yes, I presume so. But they don't own real estate," I replied.

"But are in other ways responsible?"

"They are honest and honorable."

"Exactly. Character weighs a great deal in matters of this kind, you know. And, any way, the risk is nothing. It's more a matter of form than anything else. You find two good men who are willing to sign your bond, and I'll get it through."

"All right. I'll see what can be done."

I found the men, and their value as security for my faithfulness was just nothing at all. Mr. Garnish favored my application when it went in, and secured my appointment as treasurer to the new "Savings Fund." My bond, signed by two friends not worth a dollar, was pronounced by him all right, and accepted. In due time, I straightened up everything—it was rather torturous work—and left my old place to become a bank officer. The five hundred dollars received from Mrs. Barton got so mixed in with other funds in my work of straightening things, that I was not able to get it out at the time; but put off that little affair to a more convenient season.

I did not feel greatly flattered by the way in which my announcement that I intended leaving my situation was received. Mr. Royal accepted it, I thought, with more of relief than regret in his manner. He had endorsed, in the name of the firm, my application for the position of treasurer in the new Savings Fund, but in such guarded phrase that I almost feared to hand it in. When I showed it to Mr. Garnish, that individual shut his mouth tightly and looked annoyed.

"Just like them!" he growled. "No help or encouragement for any one! Put out because you wished to better yourself. But, never mind. They don't own the world, thank Heaven!"

I did not carry away with me the assured confidence of the firm. I was painfully aware of this. They were careful in speech, and in wishing me well for the future, did it with a doubt in their manner that left me in a state of apprehension. I felt sure that there was a suspicion in their minds that all was not right; and the parting words of Mr. Royal, when I took my leave of him, made this impression stronger. His face was serious, his voice had a tone of warning, and his eyes looked into mine so intently that I could hardly keep from dropping them away as he said: "Melchor, I trust you will be very pro-

dent in your new and responsible position. It has many temptations; not the least of which will come from the men with whom you will be thrown into association. Don't let any one persuade you to depart from the strictest line of duty. The Savings Fund business is running into excess, and getting into bad hands. Take care!"

I thanked him for his good advice, and said that he need have no fear.

"I don't like your president," he added.

"Why?" I asked.

"What I say to you is in confidence," he replied. "I say it for your good. 'Mr. Garnish is not considered a strictly honorable man. He will take an unfair advantage if opportunity offers. Beware of him. Don't let him draw you into any scheme, or use of funds, not in the legitimate line of business. An important trust is coming into your hands; that of the hard earnings of the people. Stand sentinel over them like a true soldier; and give instant alarm if danger approaches.'"

I parted from him greatly disturbed in my thoughts, and with no feeling of trust in the future. I knew that I was in the hands of Mr. Garnish, and that he would use me for dishonest purposes. I left behind me evidences of crime which might, at any time, come to the light, and blast my character. How did I know what investigations would be made; or what chance might expose some of my false entries? I had robbed my employers of over seven thousand dollars. I felt safe for more than half of this sum; but for a part of it, the evidence, if discovered, would be clear against me.

I was in no enviable frame of mind. Before me was an unknown and perilous way. I was in the hands of Mr. Garnish, and must do his bidding, or be cast adrift!

I went home, after my last day at the store, greatly depressed in spirits. I looked into the future with a dread that I could not shake off. I knew nothing of the paths into which my feet would go. I had no map of the country; and only a dim idea of its customs and the character of the people with whom I was to associate and act. I only knew that my guide was false, and that he would use or sacrifice me as his interest might dictate.

I found Marion more depressed than I was. A great weight and foreboding had settled down upon her spirits. Why, she could not tell. I tried to rally myself, and spoke warmly of my future prospects. But, even while I talked, I saw the tears coming into her eyes, and the trouble growing deeper on her face.

"I don't believe we shall be any happier," she said, the tears dropping over her cheeks as she spoke. "We don't get any happier. All this hasn't helped us any!" And she glanced around at our fine furniture as she spoke; and then up at our window-curtains. I saw a little start, and a look of strange surprise.

"What's the matter?" I asked, turning my eyes in the direction of hers.

"Oh, nothing! It was just a fancy," she replied.

I did not repeat my question. A cold shiver crept to my heart. Were the curtains haunted for her, also? She drew her eyes away from the windows, and sat a few moments with something in her face which I had not seen before. A deep breath followed; and then she was still, looking down at the floor.

"Come! let us go up-stairs," said I, putting out my hand and taking hold of her arm. She arose, not looking again toward the window-curtains, and we left the parlors, going to our sitting-room.

(To be continued.)



## Home-Life and Character.

### THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 8.

BY PIPSISWAY POTTS.

I THOUGHT I would save this item of news that I picked up last fall until it was timely. I think it is one of the nicest things, and to nearly every housewife it will be new.

I said to a little wife last fall, in a joking way: "Have you learned anything in the way of housework or cooking?"

"Yes, I know how to cook corn another way, and it is so nice for grandpa," was the answer. "Cut it finely from the cob, scraping it when done; put in a bit of butter half as big as a hen's egg in the spider, and when right hot pour in the corn and cover closely. Cook it ten or fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally, but adding no water; the steam and butter will cook it sufficiently; put in salt and pepper; and when done add one cup of good cream. This will taste like roast corn."

The lady who told me this makes a very nice little breakfast cake of grits, cooked well and stirred into a batter, such as we make for pan-cakes. For a small family this is a wholesome change for a breakfast dish.

We find the following in a reliable periodical; that a sure way to can corn so that it will keep is found by dissolving one ounce and a quarter of tartaric acid in half a pint of water. Cut the corn from the cob, and add water enough to cook it properly. When cooked, add two tablespoonfuls of the acid solution to each quart of corn. Can it immediately, seal securely, and put in a dry, cool place. When wanted for use, stir half a teaspoonful of soda through two quarts of corn, and let it stand three hours before cooking. This removes the acid taste, and the corn is as fresh as when cooked in the summer. We will all try a few cans and see for ourselves.

Be neighborly—I mean the way I like to see. I'll tell you how it is. We will suppose you are making up a nice web of towelling; there are more towels than your family will wear out in three years; be neighborly, and send one to the soldier's widow who lives down the creek. The good-will manifested in the little deed will put new joy into her heart, and a new light into her eyes. You are going to make a pudding for dinner; make two, and send one to your nearest neighbor; it is her washing-day, and the unlooked-for pudding will come just in the very nick of time. The last jar of pickles you made were excellent; the Briggs's have poor vinegar, and of course don't have good pickles. Send them your big yellow bowl full. The doctor's wife is sick; they cannot get a girl; the children do the work; send down that big, round, deep loaf of your good, moist, white bread, and a quart of berry jam. All young 'uns like jam; it will be a God-send to them. Custard pies are not good the day after they are baked; you don't need more than two; send the other two over to Drake's; you know he's alone with his noisy little ones, and the mother won't come home until day after to-morrow. There is one lamp you never use, and the Bobbet's have none, and are too poor to buy; give or loan them that one. There is a keg of prime sorghum in your cellar; the Davis family like

sorghum cookies and snaps, and to put it on their bread; don't hoard it up when you have no use for it. A little lump of dough from the pie-crust; work some sugar into it, and give the little cake to the first child that comes. You cannot be excelled in making mince-pies; send one to each of your neighbors who live in sight of you. Always send a good mess of hominy to your two or three nearest neighbors whenever you make any. If you had unusual luck in making your last yeast-cakes, scatter them round; don't be stingy; what is the use of having good neighbors and never using them? If you can cut a pattern that will fit that broad-shouldered Sary Flannaghan, do it, and show charity. Give away your little ones' out-grown dresses, and the quilts that have painful recollections attending them, and the colored stocking-tops, and the fur-trimmed hood that would make rich such a woman as old Granny Hawthorne. Above all, be on the look-out to see where you can bestow a favor or kindness.

I think it is so neighborly to send a pie, or bowl of jelly, or a mess of fresh veal, or a dish of float, or any of these little handy things, to those you love, and whose faces greet you nearly every day. Be sure we cannot love our neighbors as ourselves, but we can go a good long step in that direction.

I remember once of saying to my teacher in Bible class—a noble, godly man he was, too—"Oh, we can love our neighbors as we love ourselves! I know we can!"

His face was aglow, illumined with the light of immortality even then dawning upon him, and his smile was very beautiful as he replied: "Oh, no my child! If I loved my neighbor as I loved myself, why I couldn't have come here to-day. I would have had nothing to wear! I would give everything to my neighbor."

I often think of a woman—very dear, too—who was a neighbor in the broadest sense of the term. I wanted to find out how she was estimated where she lived, and I said to a lady from that village: "Do you know anything of a Mrs. Blank in C——?"

"Oh, yes, bless the woman, I think I do know her, too! She lived three doors above me. One day I was walking the floor holding my head, suffering from a periodical attack of headache. We were unacquainted; but as Mrs. Blank was hanging out her washing in the back yard, she saw me through the window, and in less than fifteen minutes here came the stranger carrying a cup of the best tea I ever tasted. Who cared for an introduction! I thought she was an angel! In less than half an hour she had me in bed with wet cloths on my head, and she tip-toed around and made everything cosy while I slept. When I woke I was well. She came like an angel in disguise."

I said to a tidy Irish woman: "You live in C——. Do you know anything of a Mrs. Blank?"

Up went both hands, and her mouth snapped open as she sang out: "Ah, by the hocky fly, mum! It's me that knows that blissed woman! When the docther gave my little babby poison in a mistake, and I was well nigh on to murderin' meself in me sorra, that blissed woman come to me wid comfortin' words, and saved me thruly, thruly!"

Other women said: "I never had such a neighbor."

"I cried myself sick the day they moved away." "I'd just about as lief my husband had gone off and left me," said another. "And she seemed to have the faculty of knowing just what a body needed when they were hurried, or sick, or had company," said another. "I'll never forget her nice pies, and soups, and jellies, and sauces; it seemed she didn't want anything unless other folks had a share of it with her!"

A lady called here once for boarding. I said: "Why not go to the hotel? It is a quiet, well-ordered house. We don't keep boarders now. Why did you come here in preference to any other place?"

"Oh, I heard you were a relative of Mrs. Blank's?" said the lady, raising her eyebrows, as if that reason would satisfy me.

Dear Mrs. Blank! I didn't care how much people praised her, but I could not quite accept such an equivocal compliment as that.

This is the time in the year in which to make cisterns; the earth is in good condition; harvest is over, and the time can be spared better now than later, when fall work begins. The wife should have her way about it, as to location and size. She does not wish to carry water from a corner of the house remote from the kitchen, nor to have a reservoir so small that it will be drawn dry every little drought. It requires but a few more bricks and a few more hours' labor while at the job to build a forty-five barrel cistern than one which will hold but twenty. Build good ones while about it, and they will last a lifetime. Cover with stone, if possible, and bank up well with gravel, to keep out surface-water and frost.

Have a pump instead of a hook and bucket, and let it be covered securely, that nothing foul may get into it. We read of so many little children getting drowned in unfinished cisterns; see that yours is securely covered.

Really, I know of nothing about a house any better, or more worthy of appreciation, than a good cistern—an unfailing fountain of good soft water, ready to flow at the touch of the gentlest hand. It is very satisfactory. I know how to appreciate a cistern. We never had one until within ten years. Our well of excellent cold, soft water was near the door—a mossy well, with drooping and maiden's hair ferns growing luxuriantly among the stones in the top. It was forty-five feet deep, and we drew with a windlass and rope and the "old oaken bucket." What a wicked blow the handle of the windlass could strike when it had the advantage over a luckless mortal!

The boys in the family can dig the new cistern themselves; and if there are two or three boys, one can dig at the barn and one at the house. A cistern at the barn is indispensable, unless there is abundant water near.

It is a man's duty to make everything as convenient about the house as possible. That is a good way for men to testify that they love their families. Deeds are more expressive than words. A man is despicably little and mean in my eyes who does not prove his love to his wife and family. Many a good man loves his wife without doubt, but she may never have proof of it until she is on her death-bed, and sees him howling and wringing his hands. Then, perhaps, it may be a spasmodic affection.

I saw a faithful, noble woman once walking the floor and crying. She said: "I wish I could die! I have nothing to live for; my burden is so heavy, and I have to bear it alone. I am so tired! I love all of them, but

they don't care for me, only because I am a tool that can be used to advantage in so many ways.

I felt sorry for her. I know her family all loved her, and that she was the light of the household, the guiding star. I thought they appreciated her, too, in a quiet sort of a way. The trouble was this—and it is a world-wide trouble, too—they never said to her: "I love you; you make my life so full of genuine happiness. I am indebted to you more than to any other source for my comfort and peace, and the many choice blessings I have." She never heard a word of all this, though their hearts were full of it. Small compensation for a life of self-sacrifice is the confession, when it is poured out in wailing at the bedside of the dying! How bright it would have made the gloomy years gone by forever! How sweet the toil that was laborious, and wrought oftentimes in tears and misgivings! What sunshine would have enlivened the solitude and gloom! The weary feet that plodded day after day would have lightly stepped to music as they went a-down the slope of time! How much courage we would impart to others if we spoke as many words of cheerful commendation as we do of utter condemnation. Our cold, harsh utterances carry a blight with them oftentimes when we could in justice speak truths that would be freighted with love and hope and good cheer.

Let us look well to the words we speak, and let us seek to accomplish only good. If we are bearing burdens, let us endeavor not to foist them upon others, but instead let us assist them in carrying theirs; ours will grow lighter by this means, and be more easily and cheerfully borne. Let us "bear one another's burdens, and thus fulfill the law of Christ."

Green paint in powder, scattered about in places infested by roaches and other vermin, will soon rid a house of them completely. Care should be exercised, as the paint is poisonous.

It is common to see a baby's face covered with a green veil. Babies could eat enough green veil to kill them, and they should be watched after they are big enough to suck their fists.

Arsenic is used in nearly all green colors, and care should be taken in the selection of wall-paper and dress goods, and everything in which a slow, sure death is secretly lurking.

If your little girls have a party or have visitors, and you want to do something extra nice for them as a surprise, just make the little dears a wonderful cake, and you will be recompensed by witnessing round eyes and round mouths, and they will step as nimbly as though they were walking among hornets.

Take one cup of sugar, the whites of five eggs, half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, same of lemon essence, and stir all well together. Take a little more than half a teaspoonful of this out, then take a bit of red aniline not quite as large as a pea, pour a spoonful of hot water on it, and when thoroughly dissolved mix it in well with the cake-batter in the cup. Then put a layer of cake in your pan, and drop little bits of the rose-colored cake around over it; then another layer; then more of the rose batter; and so on until all is used up. Bake with a fire not too hot, and you will have the nicest cake the little folks ever saw.

Frost it, and dot candies over it, or colored sand sugar; any way to make it seem marvellous in their eyes, and to

wia for you their highest admiration. Little things like this will build for you a monument that will be worth more than marble.

**Brooms.**—A broom that is all one-sided and out of shape may be restored by soaking it well and then put in press under a heavy weight. A dirty broom can be easily cleaned by sweeping on a dewy grass-plot and then standing it brush end up until it is dry. When a broom is stiff and does not sweep clean, its flexibility can be restored by wetting it before sweeping.

Some women sweep as though they expected the broom to support them through the process of sweeping—that is how the broom gets the wrong bent and gets the curl at the edges, and becomes all a-twist. That is a good way to wear out the woman, the broom and the carpet, altogether. In buying a broom see that the head does not shake on the handle, if it does, the handle was green, and, in sweeping, the brush will be sure to fall out. Ten-leaves, or damp salt, or saw-dust, or moistened corn-meal, are good to scatter over a carpet before sweeping.

If you cannot buy a broom with a ring in the handle to hang it up by, then bore a hole in it with a gimlet and put in a stout string. A buckskin string tied in a loop, wetted and dried in the right shape, is a nice arrangement to hang it up by. The loop will always stay open then.

I was delighted the other day to see a new use for old, unsightly kitchen-chairs. Everybody has the old things around in the way, and they will be glad to know what to do with them. Use them for ornament to put under the door-yard trees, or by the grape-vine, out on the lawn, or in the summer-house or garden. If they are broken, repair them in some rude fashion, the uglier the prettier, and then buy a little box of prepared green, and with an old brush and a little oil you can soon accomplish wonders. Green is a color which fades considerably in the sun, so when you are done painting, pour some linseed-oil over your remaining paint, and keep it until it is wanted for use again. These chairs will look very pretty and tasteful, and will be handy beneath the shade-trees. Don't have too many of them, or you will have to paint those gray that stand under large trees with rough, gray bark. Nearly every attic has old chairs in it that are lame, or unsightly from loss of paint, or without seats in them. In case of the latter ailment put in a board-bottom large enough to hold two occupants. I know you will be pleased with this proposition. It will add wonderfully to the home-like cozyness of your grassy door-yards.

What wondrous mischief is caused by the unmanageable tongue of the impatient, fretful mother! One of them said to me the other day: "Seems to me, Miss Potts, you'd 'a' made an admirable mother—somehow you seem to have more patience 'lotted to you than the most of women have."

I assured her that she was mistaken and that I was far from being a patient woman, and of having perfect control over my temper. Then we talked a long time on this subject, and she cried, and told me that every day she made good resolves, and forgot herself and broke them before night.

A few days afterward, this woman had a quilt in that she wanted me mark out, and she sent her Johnny quite early in the morning to carry me over. While I was get-

ting out of the carryall, I heard her voice pitched high: "Didn't I tell you, Suse, to carry that milk to the pigs! and there you've let it stand, and the baby's got into it and splashed his clean white apron, and washed his head and face in it, and he's just ruined forever, and here'll be that woman coming in pretty soon, and the little brat hasn't a clean stitch to put on. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish I'd never been such a fool as to marry!"

And down came the blows on the head of the luckless Suse, whack! whack! thud! thud! and the screams were appalling.

Now I cannot stand it to hear a young one whipped; I won't stand it, either, and I called out: "Hold on, my worthy friend! I'm coming!" and here she came round the corner of the wash-house with a very ugly, red, snarled face, and she half-dragged in one hand a two-year-old boy-baby.

Oh, it did my eyes good to see that young one! I'd given the best limb on my body if he'd had the right to call me mother—or, I thought so then. He was a dark olive-complexioned little fellow with a round, brown face and solid red cheeks, and his black eyes glittered like diamonds. His head was covered with a nest of short, shaking curls, and they were all a-drip with buttermilk. It was running down his neck and shoulders, and he was the prettiest picture of a cute, wide-awake "bud of promise" that I ever saw.

"I had him all dressed up ever so pretty," said the disconsolate mother, with a whine, drawing her mouth down at the corners.

"Shame on you!" said I; "to try to fetter the very life of a live baby—a little man! full of energy that must come out. It is sheer nonsense, you might as well go out to the field and dress up a frolicsome lamb or a colt and lay down rules of behavior for it."

"He's nothing to wear now," she plained out.

"Let him go naked then," I replied, "that would be more like it, or put on him what you took off this morning."

She brought out a gored slip made of domestic gingham—just the very thing for him. Then he was himself again and was perfectly happy. I marked out the work on the quilt. Every few minutes I would hear a "Now you go right along and do as I bid you, or I'll half kill you!" Then again it would be, "Did I ever! Oh, you will drive me distracted, you good-for-nothing, lazy thing, you!" Or, "Get out o' this! you're more trouble than help. It does seem to me the old Harry is in you young ones to-day!"

One time a dish fell, and the mother shrieked: "Good heavens! what will come next? I declare, for it seems as if all the powers of darkness were jined together, to-day, to see how much of deviltry they could get up! Suse, you and Bets git right along out o' this, and let the dishes go! I can do everything myself—I am worth a dozen idle, reckless trollops like you two. The last one of them blue cups is gone now, that my poor, old, dead granny gave me when I was a chunk of a girl! Well—well—well—I'll go next—and then they'll see who it is that does the work, and holds the idle family together, and gives them all the respectability they've got!" and here the tired, whining voice "petered out" into a feeble, babyish cry.

I could not pity her very much—she was so foolishly weak, and had no kind of control over her whimsical, unwomanly weakness.

When the husband came in, a broad-shouldered, good-humored, jolly fellow, she said: "Dick, I want you to

tend the baby, and to-night after the milking is done I want you to whale these two girls soundly."

"Tut, tut! what have the lassies done?" said he, smiling, and they both looked up at him with real love-light in their blue eyes.

"Oh, they've gone and broke my granny-cup!—that cup that I've had nigh on to fourteen year; and I wouldn't have taken anything in this world for it, you know I wouldn't, Dick—my pretty blue granny-cup with the Chinaman on it!"

I peeped through the door, and there stood my poor little weak woman-friend with her brows raised, and her sorry mouth drawn down looking like a caricature.

Poor creature! I couldn't think then wherein lay her cure. She seemed to be one of the kind who would fret anyway, no matter what her circumstances or surroundings were. There are such women the world over. Nothing quite suits them; they will find fault; they yield to every discouragement; they succumb to every obstacle that rises, or seems to rise, in their pathway; they find fault where there is no cause for fault-finding; they scold because it is hereditary, or has grown into a habit and fastened itself upon them, or because they like to, and must scold or give vent to the ill nature pent up within them.

It is a great work for a woman of this habit to turn over a new leaf, and become womanly and sweet-tempered and serene, but it can be done. In reply to this poor neighbor's plaintive query, propounded since in a private talk with her, "How shall I begin?" I said: "When troubles assail you, keep quiet; don't open your lips, but think just as hard as you can these ripe sentences—'What a great matter a little fire kindleth;' 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;' and a dozen other good things that you must have lying ready for your convenient picking up. If you are very weak, try the remedy that is recommended for little folks; we well remember how good it is; count one hundred before you speak, when angry or incited to anger, and if the desire to say something unkind burns in your heart yet, why count another hundred."

Don't forget, you who are impatient and quick of temper and gloomy, to count your blessings, even as a good Catholic counts his beads. Dwell upon them. You must have some blessings, even though you do have many sorrows, and dark days encompass you about like foes who beset your path and lie in wait for your moments of weakness and despair. Carry your burden to One who hears every pained cry, and who pities even as a father pitieth his children. Not one cry of yours will fail to reach the ear that is always inclined to listen to those who go to Him believing and trusting.

"Our character steams into our children." It enters into their ears and eyes; all we do and say will be part and parcel of them in the time to come. They will watch us, and be what we are. If we are honest, they will be honest; if we cheat, they will cheat; if we prevaricate, they will lie; if we love the beautiful in art and nature, they will love it; if we sneer at religion and at Sabbath-schools and Sabbath-school literature, and treat lightly the observance of the Sabbath, they will do the same; if we love books, they will take to books as naturally as ducks take to water; if we talk politics, and trade horses, and discuss our neighbor's affairs, and dissect them, and ventilate their domestic relations, our imitative children will do the same. We may make gossips and tattlers of them, or men and women, capable of appreciating and

enjoying the ennobling excellencies of a true life. We are sculptors—we work not in marble that perishes, but in souls that must live throughout the ages of eternity. We may blight young lives and sadden them, and the result may be fearfully great in its awful magnitude, and its effect may last through all time; or we may bless, and brighten, and enrich, and make men and women who are worthy of being created in the image of God.

## MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 8.

SOME days I have nothing to write. All you working-women understand what a tread-mill life ours would be had we no incentive to duty at all—had we no love burning in our hearts to urge us on, to cheer and strengthen, and to make bright and beautiful the path we daily tread.

Sometimes we have dull days here at the nest, as Professor McWilliams calls it; the girls are busy with their books, and I am in the kitchen, each one walking in her own path, but we generally meet on a level at the tea-table.

Kathie's Sister Rosa took tea with us last evening. She came to bring some provisions to her sister. She brought some flour, dried beef, a roll of butter, and a jar of fresh, new buttermilk cheese. We all made Rosa welcome, for we had been wishing for some good, cool, sweet home-made cheese.

I found one fault with the blooming young country girl, though; she uses hair-oil freely. Where her head touched the pretty wall-paper back of our lounge, a spot was left as large as the palm of my hand. The smell of the highly-perfumed stuff, too, as it dies away, is abominable; it made the pains shoot through my temples whenever I came near her bonny curls.

I was pleased to see the sisters, Kathie and Rosa, in their intercourse with each other, manifest the most marked politeness—not the shallow kind, that is all on the outside, all simpers, and bows, and smiles—smiles that were a mere showing of the teeth. It was an innate politeness—a real loving, generous, tender glow of goodwill and sisterly affection. So many girls put on the appearance of sisterly love—a disgusting mockery—like the Elderly's do. There are four grown girls of them, and they always address each other before people as "sister," "sissey," "Etta, dear," "Fanny, love," "Maggie, darling," and "Mamie, bird," and when they are at home, and strangers don't hear them, they always answer to the names of Ned, Fan, Peg and Maim, and they fight like cats and dogs. If one gets something nicer than another, they are jealous, and full of envy and spite, and they sulk and try to vex one another in every possible manner. Sometimes they will go a whole week at a time without speaking to each other. I have known them in their ugly moods to disfigure each other's ambrotypes, to throw books out of the windows, to make caricatures of treasured photographs, and to sit down on one another's new hats. Yet, before company, or away from home, you would think they were angelic, almost fit for the regions of the blest. Though they were in the same classes, they would never think of getting out their lessons together and assisting each other, as a family should; but, instead, each would seek her own lair, and cuddle down in it, and study, and cry, and worry, and close her eyes and think, and wail out in despair, and throw her book away from



her, and then doggedly resume it again. Poor, misguided girls! how much of genuine enjoyment they cast aside! what bitter memories will the future hold in store for them!

One time the Enderlys had a family group taken. I said to George Nelson—we lived in the same house—used the same well, and cellar, and cistern, and milk-room—I said: "Now, George, let us see if the sun doesn't tell the truth without consulting an Enderly in the matter."

He said: "O Chatty, it will be a nice group, you know they have so much hair among them, and their profiles are so fine, and such eyes, with long, shadowy lashes! Oh, without doubt, it will be something very nice. Mamie, darling, will take charmingly, particularly a side view, and Etta, love, always looks handsome, even if bending over the wash-tub in mid-August."

I said, "We will see;" and we did.

I wanted to nudge my Georgie, or pinch him, when the group-picture was presented for our inspection, but I had no opportunity, for the Enderlys were all a-gape with "waiting for the verdict."

First was old Mother Enderly, stuck down in the centre like an old stump among a good growth of sprouts; then the loves, and darlings, and dears, and honeys, were grouped around her with puckered mouths, and smiling faces, and sweeping hair, and all sorts of interesting attitudes—clapping hands, and leaning on each other's shoulders, lovingly, and all appearing their very prettiest.

But the sun, that stern, unflinching, old artist, more just than merciful, made their souls look out of their faces, as though they were only windows. There was envy, and discontent, and selfishness, and jealousy, and all evil thoughts, and desires, and feelings brought right to the surface. The silly, would-be-pretty smile, made a disgusting sham of every face that tried to put it on. It did not fit them—it was indigenous. There was no mistake about it being a true copy. It was taken by one who never covers up, or flatters, but takes correctly and exactly. We cannot seem better, or more beautiful, than we really are.

George Nelson said it set him to thinking that the world is God's great ambrotype saloon, where we are all having our likenesses taken for eternity. And not only our looks and attitudes are taken, but all our thoughts and feelings are shown in the picture. If we are low, and wicked, and base, and cherish grovelling thoughts, and harbor wicked desires, no matter how rosy the cheeks and ruby the lips, and how bright and beautiful the eyes and the expression of the face, the truth will tell—God will ferret it out, and His discerning eye will read it as though it were plain print.

I told this to the girls last night, and I asked them to remember it when they were tempted to do evil, or give

way to angry feelings, or to lie, or deceive, or be selfish and care not for others.

No doubt, if we were to see faithful pictures of ourselves, sometimes, the sight would fill us with shame and surprise, and we would hide our faces in the dust at our feet. Let us remember, then, that every day we live, our pictures are being taken for eternity.

*Evening.*—I often think the reason we have such pleasant intercourse together here at "The Nest" is because no one wilfully slights her duty. We try to remember that home is not a place where we may sit down, dull and listless, and sigh, as much as to say: "I'm here! entertain me! amuse me! exert yourself! see how pleasant you can make home!" We try to feel that it is every one's duty to make her home happy to every one of the inmates. Home is not a place of entertainment—a tavern—you must help make it agreeable yourself; must laugh, and talk, and read, and sing, if need be—must draw out the moody, quiet ones and make them forget themselves and their cares in cheerful conversation or narrative.

We often think of those men and boys who complain of their homes being lonesome, that if the truth were told, their homes could honestly complain of them.

It is not uncommon to hear young men say: "My sisters do nothing to make home pleasant and agreeable;" and then they seek questionable places of amusement, and try to justify themselves with this paltry, selfish plea. It is very probable that they do nothing to make home sweet to their sisters; perhaps they sit down, moodily, to their papers and books, in selfish enjoyment, and never say: "Do hear this! what an excellent suggestion!" "What a timely article!" "What an exquisite poem!" "How charmingly expressed!" That is where they are at fault—their justification is a flimsy delusion that will not stand a good looking at. We should all try to realize how much the pleasant, profitable intercourse of home depends on each of us, and how hard it is when one hangs back, sullenly or quietly, for the rest to supply the deficiency.

If we would be happy and united, and an inseparable family in Heaven, we must first be that here. Heaven begins on earth. It is a wonderful delusion we wrap about us, that we may live here, fighting, and quarrelling, and snarling, and going to law with each other, and shrinking our known duty, and at death close our eyes and fold our warring hands and sail sweetly into Heaven, and there enjoy the blessings and happiness that we turned away from and wouldn't taste in this life—this ante-chamber that is at the entrance of that great cathedral which is grander and more glorious than eye hath seen, or ear heard of, or tongue told—that beautiful place whose builder and maker is God.

## Religious Reading.

### A TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. C. WADSWORTE, D.D.

**T**HE finest places wherein to grow strong, healthy, fruit-bearing Christian virtues are not monkish caves, nor sectarian and sanctuary conservatories. When I want a noble oak tree, or a stately cedar, I do not go to some horticultural nursery, or some florist's green-house;

but to the swelling hills of Bashan and the wild mountains of Lebanon. And so it is with Christian graces. If I were looking for a noble specimen of Christian faith, I would not look for it in a pulpit, where a minister with a prodigal salary preaches about Heaven, but in some workshop of hard industry, where a man working for very small wages practices for Heaven!

If I look for real downright praise to God, I never

think of a church-orchestra with its magnificent hal-lujahs, but I go to some forlorn hovel where a pale, wearied sewing woman cheers her midnight task singing about Jesus; or to some weather-beaten bark rocking in a winter storm, where a half-frozen sailor at mast-head whistles "Old Hundred" as doxology.

If I want in strongest development the grace of brotherly love, I turn away from the unctuous platform where, before admiring audiences, loud-voiced men "speak their speech" about "Fraternity," and "Organic Unity," and a coming millennium, and go looking for it in Market Street, where some merchant, with his own notes to pay, is yet earnestly helping another man at half-past two o'clock to keep his paper from protest.

If I look for self-denial, I do not inquire for a monastic cell, where a man lives on dried peas or parched corn, because he can get nothing better; but to some banquet of rich men, where, amid viands of costliest luxury and flasks of richest wine, some strongly tempted men stick to cold water.

If I desired to show the world a specimen of the true old-fashioned honesty, I would not go out into some quiet little village, where the exemplary farmer and shopkeeper never wronged a man of a shilling because never tempted beyond one of Secretary Richardson's new silver half dollars; but I would walk through Third Street, or go straight to Washington, looking for the man maintaining his integrity amid Credit Mobiliers and Congressional appropriations. And if the times of old persecution should return, and there was need of souls to stand bravely up in the fiercest trials of martyrdom, I would not recall from their graves the old Covenanters, who went with bleeding feet through the wild glens of Scotland, nor the men and women that endured the rack and flames of the inquisitorial agonies. But I would summon the unknown fireman, who, with blistered arms, brought the poor widow's child out of a burning house; and the weather-beaten sailor, who took a drowning stranger off a winter wreck; and the gentle and timid woman, who, with the daring of an angel, went through the press and carnage of the battle to minister to the wants of the wounded and dying. And sure I am, that in the coming millennium, when the Church completes her record of the heroic spirits who did grandest things *by faith*, then will be mention first made of the men who kept their Christian lights aflame amid the trials and temptations of common earthly life; legislators who "waxed valiant in fight" amid the "aliens" of the Senate house, and bankers who "stopped the mouths of lions" amid the wild beasts of the Brokers' Board; and governors, who, "out of weakness were made strong," while possessed of the pardoning power—men maintaining spotless and glorious their integrity amid mental tortures and agonies and flames such as Cranmer never felt and John Knox never dreamed of! I repeat it, the common business of life, if pursued in subservience to God's designs of restoring even materialism to primitive loveliness, is the very best discipline of the spirit for its higher heavenly life.

Our Heavenly Father understands this whole matter, and equally in wisdom and love has set us to these daily tasks of life, as our true, and sometimes almost our best means of grace. And alas for the mistake of the man who thinks he can be growing in the divine life only when he is reading his Bible, or singing, or hearing sermons about death! I have such a man in my mind's eye just now. He did not live in Philadelphia, and passed among men as a very decent Christian. But his theory was that

there were six days for work only, and only one day for worship; that the week days were only for the things of the world, and the Sabbath day alone for thoughts of the future world, and he was true to his theory. Very early every Monday morning he hung up his Sunday coat and put on his working suit, and went abroad with a zeal and industry which the world new "meant business." He had no time for pious meditation, and very little time for prayer. He made a very low bow to Religion, and said: "Good-bye, Piety, I shall see you again next Sunday morning;" "Good-bye, Honesty, I am going down to the Stock Exchange;" "Good-bye, Brotherly Kindness, I am going to collect my rents and see after my mortgages;" "Good-bye, meek-eyed Humility, I must drive my new team among the fast men;" "Good-bye, Gentleness and Long-Suffering, I am going to my lawyer's to retain his services in a slander suit;" "Good-bye, in short, to the very Spirit of Piety, I am going to do business with the world, and must do as the world does." But when the Sabbath came he was just as true and prompt to his theory, and his type of piety had a high time of it. He slept somewhat late, indeed, Sunday morning, as he said that he might be refreshed for spiritual duties. But when he had put on his religious dress we knew he "meant religion." And his children will never forget the long chapters he read and the endless prayers he made. And all his brethren pointed to him as a pattern of sobriety as he took his place in the sanctuary; and when the solemn worship was over, and he went down to his house again, ah, me! but was he not spiritual-minded? "Shut up that hall door," he said; "Do not open the parlor shutters;" "Take away these newspapers;" "Close that piano;" "Don't let the children laugh;" "Do not let the kittens play;" "Why, it is Sunday;" "I am going to be pious;" "I am going to think about death;" "I am going to meditate on heavenly things;" "Oh, what a blessed thing religion is;" "What a glorious place Heaven must be;" "There won't be any wicked people there to trouble us;" "There won't be any street beggars there, nor any breaking banks, nor any inexorable tax-gatherers;" "Mrs. A. won't be there to say I am stingy, Mr. B. won't be there to call me a hypocrite;" "Oh, happy, happy place, the very streets of pure gold and no thieves to steal;" and so on to the end. And now what of such piety? Well, you can draw your own conclusions. All I have to say is, it did not impress me very powerfully as just the thing to honor my blessed Saviour. Even the earthly church, even in California, never made the man a deacon. Certainly his piety lacked the comprehensiveness of the old Apostolic faith, which, in the reach of its influence, made the most of both worlds—"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

### "HE CARETH FOR YOU."

BY MRS. A. C. S. ALLARD.

I WAS weary of planning and working,  
And my frame seemed strangely weak,  
And I took up the old black volume,  
As I settled into my seat.  
Seeking no special chapter;  
Drifting just here and there;  
Listlessly turning the pages,  
To read what the tide should bear.  
Feeling that not a creature  
Knew of the heavy load,  
Which I was striving to carry  
Over the rugged road.

And this was the loving sentence,  
Opening the Book, I read,  
"Casting your care upon Him,"  
Were the words which the writer said.

And then, like a strain of music,  
Came thrilling the language, sweet,  
"He careth for you;" how blessed!  
How beautiful! how complete!

Travel we, sad and lonely,  
Over life's rough highway,  
Veiling our deepest sorrows,  
Carefully, day by day?

What if our griefs are hidden  
E'en from our dearest friend,  
When the compassionate Saviour  
Over the soul will bend?

Caring, as no one earthly  
Ever had *love* to care!  
Bearing, as no one earthly,  
Ever had *strength* to bear!

Beautiful words of blessing!  
Making the darkness light;  
He who beholds the *sparrow*,  
Keepeth us ever in sight.

## Mothers' Department.

### TALKS TO MOTHERS.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

No. 7.

"AUNTIE, won't you bake me some *little* pancakes?" said Willie, our little five-year-old, while I was getting dinner to-day.

And so, to please him, I dropped on some "little" ones; and if it had been ever so much trouble (which it wasn't,) I think I should have felt amply repaid upon seeing with what solicitude and pleasurable satisfaction he watched the baking of those wonderful cakes, never for a moment allowing his attention to swerve from the all-important business, from the time they were put on the griddle until they were "done to a turn" and stacked up on the plate by the others.

You see, we forgot to "set the sponge" last night, and to-day found there was not enough bread baked for dinner; so, as father likes wheat griddle-cakes better than warm biscuit, and as they *like me* better, mother and I concluded that it would be an agreeable change to have some for dinner. They were very light and nice; and because most children like them so well, I will tell you how we made them.

Beat two eggs, add about a teaspoonful of salt, a large tablespoonful of sugar, about a quart of sour milk, and stir in flour sufficient to form a thick batter; then dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a little warm water, stir it into the cakes and bake them immediately. They will be light if the batter is thick enough; the cakes, when baked, should be as much as a quarter of an inch thick and should be as light as the nicest sponge-cake.

In the absence of sour milk, cream of tartar and water may be used, instead; and if, as may sometimes happen, one chances to have neither at hand, then, as a substitute, a few spoonfuls of vinegar in the water (to give it the required acidity,) may be used. And we have sometimes made very good ones with *sour milk without eggs*; in that case the batter should be somewhat thicker than where eggs are used.

When as light and nice as ours were, to-day, these wheat pancakes are almost as good when cold as they are when first baked; so there is no possible waste if there are a few left over. These warm cakes are very nice for breakfast, and very tempting to the appetites of the children. They like them with sugar or molasses or some kind of fruit sauce, or with cream gravy.

You know how it is, often, with the little ones; they don't seem to have much, if any, appetite for breakfast, and will turn away from the table and go off to school, or to their plays, without eating scarcely a mouthful. Don't let them do this; fix up something a little "extra" to tempt their appetites.

Seems to me I hear some one saying, "*Can't bother—too much trouble.*"

Oh, no, it is not "*too much trouble*" to take a little pains to do whatever will add to the comfort of your children or be for their welfare—I am sure you will not say so if you will pause a moment and let memory swing back the years till in their backward sweep you are brought once again to childhood.

Has memory still this power with you? I hope so; for well will it be for you and for your children if you often suffer it to do so. Cultivate the habit of looking back to your own childish days and of remembering how you felt and how things seemed to you then, and it will greatly aid you in your ability to have patience, and to sympathize with children.

In that priceless thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, which we should all learn by heart and every-day practice by *life*, good, old Saint Paul says: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Now, in the "putting away" of "childish things," there are too many who seem to have put away all remembrance of them, which we need not necessarily do, and, indeed, which we should *never* do; for it is by far too frequently the case that with the remembrance, the ability to understand the feelings and many of the needs of a child, is also "put away."

I do most sincerely pity the man or woman who cannot remember their own childhood—at least *some* of its hopes and fears, its faults, its imaginations, its joys and its sorrows.

There is danger of our drifting into this forgetfulness, and, therefore, let us, with all our might, strive against it. I hope I may never become so *old* (at heart!) but that I can remember my childhood with much of its shadow and sunshine. Some of those old-time memories are very precious to me, and many of them very useful; while all serve to draw my heart and those of the children nearer each other in love.

How the memory of certain little incidents away back

in the past do stand out from among all others, and go with us along the way! How we do cling to them, and hold them inestimably precious, and how they do comfort and sustain us! And yet we can never tell how it is, nor why, among so much that was long ago forgotten, they only are left to us, standing out before the mind as vividly as though but just passed over—as vividly as though pictured there by some master-hand. We marvel that this is so, but cannot understand the mystery. Bits of home-life, life-scenes and scenes of marvellous beauty in landscape, more perfect and more faithfully portrayed than any ever put upon canvass, are ours whenever some sudden gleam of light bursts in upon us for a moment and illumines one of these rare pictures that are hung upon the walls of memory.

I believe that we older people cannot be too careful in our "walk and conversation" before the little ones; we cannot tell how some little thing that we do or say, that may seem very trivial to us, may seem to them; nor how it may fasten itself in their minds, to be remembered of us all their life long—many and many a long day, it may be, after our poor heads are lying low under the green grasses.

Small matters often seem great to children. Now, I would not willingly forget how, when I was a little girl, dear Grandma Wayne used to tempt my poor appetite, of mornings, with such milk-toast as no one else, I was very sure, could ever make. I have never, to this day, outgrown the taste thus cultivated for it, and often when I am feeling out of sorts, and nearly sick, my thoughts turn with an inexpressible longing to the blessed time when "grandma" made milk-toast in a pint basin for me in the mornings of long ago; and as I, with a feeling at my heart like "home-sickness," close my eyes and lean my weary head back against the cushion of my chair, I live it all over again; in memory I see the sweet, placid old face, the clear, blue eyes and the silvery hair, and watch the slender hands so busily employed in the mysterious art which I was quite certain no one else possessed. Would that I could tell you how sweet this picture seems to me—what tender meaning it holds for me!

You see I know from experience that "milk-toast" does make an appetizing breakfast for little folks. I can never make any that tastes quite like grandma's used to, though I have often tried; but I will tell you how it is done, and if there happens to be a "grandma" about the house who will undertake the business, perhaps the children will pronounce it a success. Put some rich, sweet milk into a basin, season well with salt, add a dust of black pepper and a small piece of butter; let it stand on the stove until the milk—of which there should be plenty—is very hot (but do not let it boil); then put a slice of bread, nicely toasted to a light brown, into the milk; and when it has soaked a few minutes it is ready to be eaten. Be careful not to burn the bread in the least while toasting, as that spoils the taste of milk-toast.

The little ones also like a little steamed bread for their breakfasts. Put some bread in the spider, sprinkle over and among it a little salt, and pour in just hot water enough to raise a steam. Cover it closely to shut in the steam, set it over a brisk fire, and in a moment or so uncover it and serve on a clean plate, taking care to have the pieces remain as unbroken as is possible; it should be very soft. Or, for a change, it may sometimes be fried. Melt a small piece of butter in the spider, put in the bread broken in small pieces, add a little salt, a dash of pepper, and half a cup or so of hot water. Cover closely, give it

one slight stir, and, if you have a good fire, it will be done in a moment.

Either of these are good ways to use up pieces of dry bread, and the "first slices" one side of which are apt to get a little dry and *harsh* if there be the least neglect in "wrapping up" the loaf after meals; but if properly *steamed* or *fried*, the little folks (and a good many of the big folks, too!) will relish it eaten with cream-gravy. But "cream and butter" are by no means so plentiful with everybody as with "Pipsey;" there are many who find it absolutely necessary to practice all possible economy in the use of these articles; and one can make good, palatable gravy without any cream at all. Take a pint or more of rich, sweet milk—or, if milk is scarce, it may be half, or more than half, water—put it into the spider, add a little pepper, a piece of butter perhaps as large as half an egg, and then mix about two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, smoothly, with a little milk or water, and when the milk boils stir this in; add salt until it *tastes* right; let it boil a few minutes, and it is done. If properly made, it will be good. Sometimes we first melt the butter, and then stir the flour into it, adding the milk, etc., last. If one has no milk, it can be made with water; but, in that case, it requires more butter to make it good.

Such gravies are a great saving to butter; those, especially, whose means are limited, and whose families are large, will appreciate this plan. It is much better than to eat their victuals half the time without *anything* on, as I have seen some families do, not seeming to understand the philosophy of making a little go as far as possible.

Some use fried-meat-gravy instead of butter in these gravies. And gravy is nice made in the kettle where fresh meat or chicken has been roasted. Some women never do this, but let all that remains sticking to the kettle go into the dish-water. Sister Marcia says she thinks that is "a wicked waste."

We frequently save a bowl of the broth, when we cook fresh meat or chicken, to make gravy with for breakfast or dinner next day; it is very nice with or without the addition of a little milk or cream. It is good for the children, and they love it dearly—just give them a chance to try it with nice griddle-cakes and see if they don't! And when they ask you to bake "just a few little pan-cakes" for them, don't refuse with the plea that you "can't bother;" they will *fit in so nicely between the larger cakes* that it is not really so very much trouble, and they do taste so good to the little folks—much better than the larger cakes. Can you not remember when they did to you? I can—though I do not remember *why*; but at dinner, when I said to our hired man that I wondered why it was, the voice of little Will piped in all of a sudden: "I know! It's 'cause we can eat 'em so much faster!"

The little philosopher! But I tell him I don't believe that's what makes *every* little girl and boy so partial to them.

I hope my country readers, and all who can do so, have been planning this summer to lay by a good supply of fruit-sauce. If so, do not let it all be eaten now and in the first part of winter, but save a liberal share against the time when it will be imperatively needed by the system—along toward spring and all through the spring and early summer days, when the appetite is poor, and the whole system feeling the depression which these seasons usually bring to most people. A little bit of some kind of fruity sauce is good to sharpen one's appetite for



breakfast; but take my advice and not "stuff" your children with rich preserves—and in truth, the less you make of that sort of thing the better for everybody concerned. Canned or dried fruit is healthier by far. What is much better or more appetizing than canned strawberries? And if dried properly in sugar they can be soaked out or stewed whenever you please, and are nearly as nice as when canned—retain their flavor almost as perfectly; and raspberries the same.

Jelly made from either strawberries or red raspberries is excellent to tempt one to eat, *providing it is made right*; but when made in the usual way, I really do not see how one's poor appetite can be expected to improve by it. Summer before last we could get no red raspberries for jelly, as none grew near us, so we hired Mrs. Hawley, over in Berryville, to make us some. It was nicely made, but so sweet that it was useless, so far as its being anything of an appetizer was concerned. She used a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. This rule does very well in making currant or any very sour fruit jelly; but for strawberries, blackberries or red raspberries, I think this the better way:

After picking over the berries set them on the stove (in a suitable dish,) and heat them; let them cook a few minutes—fifteen or twenty minutes is long enough to boil them; then let them cool so you can bear your hand in them, take them into a clean towel and squeeze all the juice out that you can; *sweeten it to taste, but do not put in enough sugar to "kill the sour" of the berries*—about

half a teacupful of sugar to each pint of juice is about the right proportion—and then boil till it is jelly. You can tell when it is thick enough by taking some out on a plate and letting it cool; it has to boil longer than where more sugar is used. But if it does take a little longer to make it, I am sure you would say that it is enough better to pay for all the extra trouble. We have sometimes kept it more than a year just as nice as when first made. Some say they cannot afford to make jelly, "it costs so much—takes so much sugar;" but this recipe entirely does away with that objection.

Now, when you have a pail of berries for canning, etc., do not make the juice that will sometimes settle at the bottom of the pail into "berry wine," as some do; but do it up into jelly, this way, and you can have no better or cheaper sauce.

Bless the sensible little woman who taught me this way of making jelly!

And this is the way she makes red-raspberry jam:

To every pound of berries put a quarter of a pound of sugar; let it boil, then stir it all up together and cook until thick; and as soon as it is cool seal it up in jars, or whatever you wish to keep it in. This is sweet enough; if cooked until thick and sealed up it will keep.

In canning ripe tomatoes no sugar is required; and they are so good and healthy that I hope you will arrange to have a good supply for canning.

And as for canned peaches, they are, as the children would say, "*just splendid!*"

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### "LITTLE JENNY."

BY ROSELLA RICE.

ONE day last fall the professor of the village academy came to me and said: "I don't want to coax you to take a boarder, Rosa, but I don't know what to do with a young man who has just arrived from Pennsylvania. He will be a student here for years if he likes the place, and the people, and the school, and I am very anxious to keep him. I don't want him to board at the hotel and be thrown into the company which he could hardly avoid; nor at Hill's, on account of the noisy children; nor at Hulbert's, where the boys smoke and play cards; I see no place that suits me as well as this quiet home does."

"Oh, professor," I said, "I would so like if our family could be alone one term! You know we're never alone, we never sit down to eat any more with the table left against the wall and only one leaf raised, and sometimes I want to talk private things to the family; sometimes I'd like to scold, and 'buse my neighbors, and I can't do it if we are not alone."

At this we both laughed, and he said: "If this keeps you on good behavior I'll send a half dozen boys here tomorrow."

Now I presume he meant to try the effect of flattery, for he said: "I like to get my boys into this home, I have always observed that the lads whom you 'mother over,' are more hopeful, and cheerful, and even-tempered than any other boys in the school. They invariably have better lessons, too. They don't need encouraging and cheering, and they are not despondent. I shall never be able to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, my right-hand

friend," and here the professor wiped his eyes and snuffed mysteriously.

I melted. "Is the young man of whom you speak, moral?" said I; "is he a lamb out of some good old deacon's flock?"

"Yes," said the professor, sadly, "he has the ministry in view—he imbibed the old Westminster catechism with his mother's milk. We must do him all the good we can."

"The boys are hauling wood," said I; "you'd better tell them when they are done to drive right down to the depot and bring up the young man and his trunk."

"Oh, thank you!" was all I heard, and then a whiff of flying coat-tails fluttered round the corner to the woodshed, and in less than an hour the young man, with his books and baggage, was cozily established in the room that opened into the library. His rooms were as cheerful and pleasant as any in the house. We all liked him. He could mend door-knobs and gate-latches, and sharpen shears, and tinker lamps, put covers on dilapidated books, correct bad grammar, give the root meaning of words, settle disputed points in history, sing and play, teach the Bible-class in Sabbath-school, and was one of those cheerful, social, serene fellows, the handy-man-about-the-house, one of that estimable class, lacking whom the world couldn't successfully wag one day.

He was delighted with his new home—he had come right out of a working family, whose industry and energy forbid their indulging in recreation—they worked early and late, and took no time to sing and visit and go picnicing, or strolling about looking for beautiful scenery. He wrote home occasionally, but received no reply. I

asked him once if he were uneasy, or anxious, or homesick.

"No," he replied, "if anything were wrong they would write. They are busy now gathering apples, and cutting corn, and harvesting the potatoes, and threshing, and they have no time to write. Oh, if I could only see little Jenny! I dream of her, and think of her, and often her sweet, bright face comes right before me on the open page while I am wrestling with my lesson in Greek."

I asked about Jenny. She was the baby sister; she came twelve years after the other baby; no wonder the big brother loved her! She was five years old; she always sat on his lap, and felt in his pockets for candy, and made curls of his yellow hair by winding the slips around her dumpy little fingers. Her sweet nature entwined itself like a loving vine into his bleak, unsatisfied life. She had blue eyes and curly hair, and she could sing like a bird.

The boy was so innocent that I liked to hear him talk, especially about Jenny.

I said: "Did she know you were going away from home for a whole year?"

"No, I didn't dare tell her," said he, and the tears filled his eyes. Then he told me the pretty little story of his leaving home, this the first time in his life. He said: "I didn't hate to part with any of them like I did her. I had to start early in the morning, and I did hope Jenny would be asleep; but here she was out among the chickens when I got up; and it happened somehow that she kept close to my heels all that morning. Her little musical patter of feet touched me so that I could hardly stand it. When John went to get up the horse, I brought out the buggy and put in the robe and busied myself. I felt badly enough. Jenny's little bright head was everywhere. She wanted to sit up in the buggy awhile, and I put her in it. Then when John and I were ready to start, she said she'd like to ride a little ways. She talked all the time, the prettiest prattle I ever heard. I told her I would be absent awhile, and when I came home I would bring her a pocket full of candy. I kept feeling worse and worse as we rode along, with her light little form nestling in my arms. I didn't know how I could part with her; and to avoid crying right out like a baby, I said I'd walk awhile; I knew John would lift her out at the oak tree and start her back home. I hurried on and walked fast, without looking back again. I let the tears fall without wiping them off, because I did feel ashamed of them."

One day when Louis had been walking the floor and saying, "I do wish I could see little Jenny! I think they ought to write me a long letter!" I said: "I have a mind to write to Jenny myself; maybe I could get an answer. I like to write letters to little children and receive answers printed with their own dear little fingers."

This was my letter:

"October 19, 1873.

"DEAR LITTLE JENNY: I heard about you. There is a boy named Lu Roberts going to school and boarding at my house, and he has a little sister Jenny Roberts, and I want to know if he is your brother. His folks don't write to him. The water comes in his eyes sometimes when he talks about his dear little Jenney. If he is your boy, and you don't like him, I will keep him for my boy, and I will give him a colt for his own to keep forever. This boy has blue eyes and yellow curls; he is a good boy, and goes to school and studies very hard. He has no little girl to play with at my house; my girl is grown, and

wears a dress that drags on the floor. He misses his little Jenny very much. I would like to see you myself. Who do you sleep with? Have you a doll baby? Do you play with little dishes? What is the name of your dog and cat? Have you any sisters? Who does the work at at your house? Are you big enough to help your mother? If this poor boy 'way off from home among strangers is your brother, do you love him and care for him? I would like to know.

"Now you must write me a nice letter. You can print it so I can read the words. Be a good girl. I send you a kiss. Good-bye.

Your friend,

"ROSELLA RICE."

One week after, I received an answer in the child's own dear little printing. I received three letters once from the governor of our State—real important, flattering letters they were, but they did not do me half as much good as did this precious little scrawl. Oh, I knew by the chirography that she had granted over it like a little pig! That her eyes had gleamed, and her lips stuck out, and her cheeks reddened, and her curls hung until they swept the crumpled, soiled sheet; and I thought very likely she had written as much with her unmanageable little tongue, working from one side of her mouth to the other, as she had with her fingers. Blessings on little Jenny! I'll never forget her!

This is her letter:

"dere miss Rice,

"that Big Boy is my Boy. i do Like Him. i want Him. if He Has no Little gurl to play with i spose He kan play with your Big onn. He Likes that kind. i Like doll Babies. i HAVE wun. its name is Lucy. Our dog is named Bounce, and our cat Biz. i sleep with FATHER and mother. i HAVE to sisters. SALLY Has a sore thum. MARY is at school. i Like to play with Little dishes. i had a sel But they are all Broke. tell my Brother i won Him to com Home. i cried for Him won nite in Bed. He will FECH my candy. He said so. yo can keep you colt yourself. WEE will giv Him won MYSELF. WELL i do HELP my mother won dishes. i wipe the knives sum. i HAV a Red Frook with a RUFFEL to it. Wel i cant tel ENNY moar took to yo. this is oll good By. Be a good wun. i send yo a kiss too. yor FRENd.

"jenny RoBERTs."

Oh, the tears sparkled in the brother's eyes when he read Jenny's letter! He laughed; and yet the laugh was as sorrowful as a cry.

"Now that is just like little Jenny!" said he. "Why, it is almost as good as seeing her dear curly head bobbing around, and hearing her pretty prattle."

One week from to-day Louis will go home, and will see little, loving, waiting Jenny face to face. He can hardly wait. I am going to send her a new tea-set to take the place of his broken ones. I mean to make up a nice little parcel of gifts for her, because I love the child, and I know what will make her happy.

## OUR BESSIE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

SHE'S a wonderful girl, is this Bessie of ours, None like her, I'm sure, in the east or the west; And whether she's out like a bee 'mid the flowers, Or whether she's quietly taking her rest, She's the sweetest, the best.

She can dance like a butterfly, sing like a bird,  
Like a bee, ever busy, her hands never still;  
And as for her talking, there is not a word  
That her tongue will not try for the mastery, until  
She can say it at will.

But genius must bud ere it reaches its bloom,  
And all the great artists were first very small;  
What though in her pictures there's plenty of room  
For improvement! 'Tis best so than find none at all!  
She'll yet beat them all.



OUR BESSIE.

A beautiful artist is dear little Bess;  
She would rather sit down and draw pictures than play;  
To be sure, what she's drawing you can't always guess,  
And though "Tis a man or a donkey," you say,  
It may be a sleigh.

But whatever pictures the darling may draw—  
The sweet little curly-browed, roguish-eyed elf—  
She'll make none—you'd say if our Bessie you saw—  
As sweet as the picture of her little self;  
Her sweet, precious self!

## LEO AND BABY.

## A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"**B**YE-BYE, darling! Be very careful of her, Katy," and putting her baby in the nurse's arms, the young mother tripped away to take tea with a friend.

The nursery was a pleasant, old-fashioned room, with an open fire-place, in which was burning a cheery fire.

Leo, the great house-dog, lay on the rug, enjoying the warmth, and with his shaggy head on his paws, dozing at intervals. Baby cooed and played till she was tired, and then the nurse fed her and rocked her to sleep.

Katy sat quietly by the cradle awhile; but the evening was very pleasant, it was not yet dark, and she said to herself: "I've a great mind to run out a bit. Sure, no harm can come to the baby. It's just a notion of Mrs. Leslie's, not leaving her a minute, when she's fast asleep, and always sleeps all the evening. I'll just run over and get the pattern of Susan's new sash."

She hesitated a moment, as she stood by the door, with her hand on the knob, and looked around the tidy nursery; but thinking everything quite safe, she turned away.

The baby slept quietly, and Leo still lay on the rug. The fire burned cheerily on, with now and then a snap and sparkle, and all seemed well, till a tiny spark lighted on the towel-horse, on which the baby's clean clothes were airing. The dog was quickly aroused by the smoke, but what could he do? The door was closed and latched. He barked furiously, but no one heard him except the baby. She waked, and screamed with fright poor little creature, and the room filled with smoke. Was there no way of escape? Would no one come?

The innocent child and the faithful, affectionate dog, that would have laid down his life to save hers, were in awful peril, the smoke growing worse every moment.

No one heard, and no one came; but if dogs do not think, I cannot explain what Leo did.

The old-fashioned windows were raised and lowered by a cord and pulley. Leo rushed to a window, pushed up the sash with his nose, and then, exerting his great strength, took the terrified baby out of her cradle, carried her in his mouth, through the blinding, suffocating smoke, to the window, and held her there, on the sill, with her head out! The mother, coming home, saw the two heads at the open window, and, with feet winged by love and terror, flew to the rescue.

## Evenings with the Poets.

## WAITING ON GOD.

**F**ATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out to me;  
The changes that must surely come  
I do not fear to see;  
I ask Thee for the present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,  
Through constant watchings wise,  
To meet the glad with cheerful smile,  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for something great to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be dealt with as a child  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoever estate,  
I would have fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate;  
A work of holy love to do  
For Him on whom I wait.

## CAST THY BREAD ON THE WATERS.

**B**E not faithless! With the morn  
Scatter abroad thy grain;  
At noontide—faint not thou, forlorn,  
At evening—sow again!  
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,  
Who thus all waters sow beside!

Thou knowest not which seed will grow,  
Or which may die, or live;  
In faith and hope and patience—sow!  
The increase God shall give;  
According to His gracious will,  
As best His purpose may fulfill.

## REMEMBER THE MOTHER.

BY FANNY FALES.

"There is nothing upon earth  
More miserable than she that has a son  
And sees him err."—TERENCE.

**O**H, do not, do not by an act  
Or single word, destroy  
The work that she has wrought in tears,  
So patiently for weary years.

Like lace-work, in the dark 'twas spun,  
Unfinished yet, I ween;  
Hinder it not, for want of thought,  
For pitying angels with her wrought.

Does love work ill to one it loves?  
Then, prove thy friendship now;  
A mother's sad eyes plead to-night,  
Take the red wine-cup out of sight!

How could she bear to see her boy,  
Re-fettered by its spell?  
A counter-charm she weaves, and wove,  
God works through pure and faithful love.

Her heart dwelt, like the hermit-thrush,  
In solitude, till now;  
Singing a little lest it break,  
Singing to ease its dreary ache.

Mar not her work that is to free  
A dear one from the cup  
Wherein lie tears, and woe and shame,  
A blighted home, a blighted name.

## THE HIDDEN RILL.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

**A** CROSS a pleasant field, a rill unseen  
Steals from a fountain, nor does aught betray  
Its presence, save a tint of livelier green,  
And flowers that scent the air along its way.  
Thus secretly should charity attend  
Those who in want's dim chambers pine and grieve;  
And naught should e'er reveal the aid we lend,  
Save the glad looks our kindly visits leave.



## KINSHIP.

BY MRS. J. G. BURNETT.

O GRASSES green! beneath my feet  
So shyly, softly growing,  
I hear your airy voices greet  
My coming and my going.

O sighing, murmuring leaves! that live  
So far and high above me,  
Down through the tender shade ye give  
Ye're whispering that ye love me.

O sweet, sweet flowers! I hold the while  
More fondly to my bosom,  
I see an answering, soul-lit smile  
On each fair, fragrant blossom.

O swift, bright stream! that sweeps along,  
With merry, rippling laughter,  
You echo back my happy song,  
And woo me to come after.

O stream and flowers! O leaves and grass!  
By all you each have given,  
You make this world a fairer place  
For human hearts to live in.

Sweet friends ye are—nay, I will call  
You brethren, sisters, rather,  
For are we not the children all  
Of one dear Heavenly Father?

And though to that great loving Heart  
Man holds himself the dearer,  
Ye well may claim the better part  
Of living to Him nearer.—*Christian Union.*

## A PICTURE.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

WITHIN my room's serene seclusion,  
Dwells evermore a pictured face,  
Dream-haunted, like a rapt Carthusian,  
With solemn eyes of tenderest grace,  
Which seem to compass land and sea,  
Yet never look on me.

Oh, eyes which gaze beyond and over,  
Yet never meet and answer mine,  
What may your steadfast quest discover  
On the horizon's hazy line?  
What charm in yonder distance lies,  
Oh, sad and wistful eyes?

Hopeful despite their depth of grieving,  
Still patiently they watch afar,  
As though awaiting or perceiving  
The dawn of some unrisen star—  
The star which often and again  
My own have sought in vain.

Sometimes methinks its growing splendor  
Brightens and glows on brow and cheek,—  
The eyes grow luminous and tender,  
The lips half tremble as to speak,  
And all the face transfigured seems  
By sweet, prophetic dreams.

Ah, if when years have told their story,  
Those dreams shall come divinely true,  
That dim dawn bloom to sudden glory—  
This face will shine as angels' do,—  
These eyes, more dear than angels' be,  
Will look—at last—on me!—*Scribner.*

## The Home Circle.

## FROM MY WINDOW.

BY LICHEN.

No. 5.

BY the sea-shore—the glorious sea, whose waves seem to reach out into infinity, and carry my very soul out with them. Am I dreaming, or is it real, that the dream of my life has been fulfilled, and I look indeed upon this glorious picture of Nature? A smiling face at the door, and a very substantial-sounding voice, seem to prove that it is no fancy. The voice of a friend, who, living here by these strengthening waters, and cool, refreshing breezes, urged my making a sojourn with her, while the dead heats of summer are parching up the little inland town I have left so far away. So, here I am, where I can gaze for hours from my window, watching sometimes a tiny sail in the distance, as a ship goes past to its harbor not far off; listening to the murmur of the tide—watching the white-capped waves when a light gale stirs the surface, and the broad-pinioned gulls soaring overhead. Or, resting in the luxurious depths of an easy chair, on the long gallery at sunset, I feel the balmy, southern breeze play over me, and watch the golden disk sink into the waters, with billows of crimson cloud above, and a fiery bed beneath.

There are plenty of bright faces and pleasant sounds about me here, for many have come from the hot, dusty city, to spend the summer months in this cool retreat, and the inmates of our little private boarding-house seem almost like one big family. When I cannot be amongst

them, I often hear their 'gay chat outside; and when left alone and quiet, I listen to the song of the sea—that song I have so longed to hear—

"God's half-uttered mystery,  
With its million tips of shells, and its never-ceasing roar."

Aldrich's "Legend of Elsinore," is sweeter than ever to me, since I see the living reality of some things which it pictures. True, there are no "ragged, jagged rocks" on the beach here—no sweet, sad "Maud" to weave a romantic tale about. One tall, handsome girl there is, who "waits for her lover by the sea," I think; but she seems more interested in the post-bag than the ships, judging from the anxious, restless way in which she hovers about the gallery, and watches the gate when the time for the evening mail arrives.

Then there is a bright, young maiden with merry, blue eyes, and chestnut-brown hair on a head that is always dancing up and down, as she trips along the broad galleries, or down the shell-walks amongst the oleanders. Snatches of song float through the house when she is around; bright flowers come showering into my lap from her rosy fingers. One moment she sits on a low footstool at my side, my hand clasped in her plump little palm, talking in earnest, eager tones—the next she is off through the yard after a pet kitten, or running a race with a mischievous terrier who has stolen her hat or fan, while her gentle, lady-like mother bewails that "Gracie never will learn to act like a young lady." Let her be, mother, in the enjoyment of this fresh, happy youthfulness. Don't spoil it. The conventional young lady will come soon

enough, and she is much more charming now in this child-like simplicity, with glimpses of womanly thought and feeling threading it. The young law student in the next house to ours evidently shares this opinion. As he leaves his dry, dusty books for a walk on the beach just before twilight sets in, he often catches the gleam of Gracie's light muslins through the shrubbery, and her brown curls entangle him in their silken web, until he cannot get past the gate. She smiles on him one minute, and quarrels with him the next; and he, poor fellow, takes it all thankfully, willing to take tart words or sweet, whichever it be, for the sake of being in her presence. He is pretending to read law during this summer holiday at his uncle's house, but I think he is beginning read a much more interesting and engrossing book.

During the first weeks of my stay here, I found a pleasant companion in the person of a young lady nearly my own age, in whom I became deeply interested. She was not what one would call really pretty, but there was a charm about her sweet face which few could fail to perceive and feel. A quick observer, becoming familiar with its varied expressions, might see that she had suffered deep and keen mental suffering, but that she had outlived it, and perhaps through it become purified and strengthened for the warfare of life. She seemed always cheerful—usually very sprightly—the life of whatever circle she was in. The children gathered about and caressed her, and she told them stories, or played and sang for them, when there were no more important demands on her time and attention. A friend who had known her long, told me her whole life seemed spent in helping to make others happy. As soon as she heard of me, she sought my acquaintance. This acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship, and many delightful hours we spent in my room in pleasant, profitable conversation or in reading aloud. She had a well-cultivated mind—a fine appreciation of whatever was good, beautiful or elevating. Together we read "Aurora Leigh," and under her exquisite rendering, the mental power, the beauty and pathos of many of its passages, revealed themselves more clearly than ever before to me. Friends told me that she herself possessed some poetic talent, though I could not persuade her to show me anything of her own composition. She said they were so poor by the side of what we were reading, and would not do me any good. We were becoming firm friends, and I was beginning to depend much on her for my enjoyment of each day, when a sudden summons of duty called her hurriedly home. Her departure made a gap in our circle felt and regretted by all. On leaving, she wound her arms around me with whispered words of love and sympathy, and promises of remembrance; and when she was gone, I found in my lap a small folded paper containing the following lines:

Oh! listen to the murmuring waves  
That softly kiss the shore,  
And tell their sweet, sad tales of life,  
Repeating o'er and o'er.

Oh! listen when they speak of friends  
Whose memory is dear,  
Whose voices seem, in fancy, borne  
Across their waters clear.

Oh! listen when they speak of life—  
That mystery so strange—  
Its tides of joy, its depths of woe,  
And all its varied change.

Oh! listen ever, when they tell  
Of that eternal shore,  
Where waves of bliss unspeakable  
Shall flow, and ebb no more.

Through some of these long mornings, when the glow and glare of the sun outside is too intense for me to care to venture upon, and all within doors are trying to enjoy themselves as lazily and quietly as possible, the dear friend with whom I am staying sits beside me in her cool, shady parlor reading aloud some beautiful poem, interpolating some fitting comment here and there, which shows her appreciative sense and fine poetic feeling. And when she finds we have indulged enough in ideal fancies, or are drifting into sad thoughts, brings me back suddenly to practical things, by flitting away a few moments, and returning with a little dish of tempting fruit, or some delicate dainty, which she tells me was "put by for me to eat when I was cross"—like the little girl in the story. Then goes and borrows a baby from a lady boarder in the house, and frolics with it on the floor, or brings in the lively little old maid from the adjoining room, who always has something pleasant to tell.

Sometimes at sunset we drive out on the beach, and the children gather bright-tinted shells for me until I can carry no more. And we watch the waves roll in one after another, until I long to go out to meet them, and feel their cool arms close around me. Then at night, when all is still save their low murmurous music, I lie awake and see the light from the light-house gleaming out across the waters, never failing in that steady, silent watch over the deep, like that ever watchful Eye above which never sleeps. Blessed hope for the mariner! His guide when the way is dark—his trust when waves are rough—his rock of safety when storms assail. And thinking such thoughts, I sink to sleep, in a sweet sense of security and peace.

### THE FLOWER MISSION.

[We take from a recent number of the *New York Graphic* the following pleasant sketch, showing the practical workings of that new and sweet charity known as "The Flower Mission."]

"WHITHER away, Helena?"

My busy young friend had almost passed me without a bow, when I stopped her and repeated my question, "Whither?"

She smiled brightly, and apologized for her seeming rudeness. "But I am on my way to the Flower Mission," said she, "and I am a little late. Will you walk with me?"

I turned and joined her at once. I had heard of soup-houses, of clothing missions, of mission chapels, of Bible missions, in short, of all kinds of missions for the soul and body, but never yet had I heard of one which provided for the æsthetic tastes. My curiosity was excited.

"What is the Flower Mission?" I asked.

"It is composed," she replied, "of a committee of ladies who receive and distribute flowers among the sick in our various hospitals and in their own homes. As the supply of flowers increases, it is intended to distribute them among the poor in the tenement-houses. In Boston, where the flower charities first started, the ladies gave them away in the factories and mills, and our ladies would like to follow their example if the supply of flowers was large enough. The charity is not an expensive one. Last year the entire expenses were only twelve dollars.

All the flowers are donations, and the ladies give their time."

We had been walking briskly down Fourth Avenue, and my friend now paused before a doorway, over which was inscribed, "Contributions of flowers and fruit for distribution among the sick, received here." We entered, and ascended to a large room where a number of ladies were gathered around tables tying up flowers in small bouquets. Others were placing the bouquets as fast as arranged in water. One of the ladies asked us if we would like to visit a hospital. We at once accepted the offer, and she produced two baskets filled with bunches of flowers. Apple-blossoms, lilacs, tulips, wild violets, graceful ferns and hot-house buds, all scented the air with their fragrant breath.

"We are apt to imagine that the class of people who fill our hospitals don't appreciate such lovely things," said she; "but that is a mistake. The poor things are perfectly delighted. They love flowers. But you shall see for yourself."

She gave Helena and myself each one of the baskets; and thus equipped, we started, and entered a Madison Avenue car. Attached to the handles of our baskets were cards bearing the name and address of the mission. A gentleman in the car, *vis-a-vis*, leaned forward and respectfully touched his hat.

"May I see this card?" asked he.

My friend detached it and handed it for his inspection.

"I have two large greenhouses," continued the gentleman, "the contents of which I should be pleased to contribute to this charity."

Helena's face fairly beamed at this unexpected generosity.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed she, "in the name of the poor, sick people we carry flowers to, I thank you!"

"How can I send them to you?" inquired he.

"Any package will be delivered to us free of charge by Wescott's Express, and we will pay the charges on any package brought by any other express company," answered Helena.

"It is a noble charity," said the gentleman. "I am glad to have the opportunity to assist you ladies."

It was a long ride to Seventy-seventh Street, where we descended, and after a muddy crossing of Fourth Avenue, found ourselves at the German Hospital, a plain, substantial brick building. We were at once shown into the doctor's room. Here the attendant begged us to wait until the doctor had finished his rounds.

My heart began to fail me. I thought of all the sickening sights and sounds of a hospital, and almost felt sorry I had come. Something of the kind I said to my companion.

"You needn't feel one bit alarmed," said she. "The disagreeable, painful cases are usually kept out of sight. I never have seen anything repulsive or frightful."

I felt somewhat reassured at this, yet it was with a beating heart that I followed Helena when the attendant came to summon us.

The first ward we entered was scrupulously clean and neat. Some of the patients were in bed, and others were dressed and seated by their cots.

A universal smile beamed on their poor, pale faces as we entered, and many were the eager "Danke, danke, schon," as we distributed the bouquets.

Helena passed quietly along with words of sympathy and kindness, which seemed almost as grateful as the bright flowers.

I was limited to the few phrases of German which I happened to know, but they smiled and seemed pleased even at these.

The next ward was occupied by women and children. One poor little baby of four years stretched out his thin little hands for some, and Helena hurriedly gave him the prettiest bouquet in her basket. His mother was in attendance, and she seemed pleased to have him notice us. She told us an operation had been performed a few days past, and he had not noticed anything since.

A withered old dame was delighted with the bunch I put in her trembling hand. "I will put them in water," she mumbled in German. "You shall see how long I can keep them."

"Oh, die blumen! Tie schone blumen!" cried another pale, sick woman.

It made tears stand in my eyes to see how delighted these poor creatures were with the bit of sweetness and freshness we had brought them. Such a little thing to give so much pleasure!

The men seemed just as pleased and gratified as the women. One said feelingly: "These flowers give me much pleasure, but I am just as pleased with the kindness which prompts you ladies to come here."

"It is so long to lie here," said another weak voice, "and the flowers make it brighter and easier somehow."

"Helena," said I, impulsively, as we left the building, followed by the grateful looks and thanks of all the patients, "Helena, I want to be enrolled as a member of this charity. I think it is so beautiful, so noble, so Christian. There are hungry souls as well as bodies, and this feeds them. May I work with you?"

Then I thought of the many rich ladies who have country seats and greenhouses. I thought if they could not give them time, at least they could send sweet representatives to carry a message of sympathy and love to the poor, sick and suffering. Give of your abundances? Let us minister to these people, remembering that a cup of cold water even, given in His name, shall in no wise lose its reward.

### TRAIN UP A CHILD.

**D**EAR HOME: Having heard a minister lately assert that parents should never let their children know they wished them to do any particular thing, but only insinuate it, and as such a course does not seem to me just in accordance with the teaching God has given us on the subject, I thought I would send you the following incident, in her own words, from the experience of a woman whose children are a credit to their early training. She said:

"From the time I became a mother, it had been my great desire to be able to train my children in the way they should go; and though they were as full of life and mischief as any children I ever saw, they were truthful and obedient, and I had taken pains to try to fully impress their minds with a horror for wicked habits, and especially those of drinking and the use of low, vulgar or profane language—prevailing evils where we lived.

"One evening, soon after Willie had commenced going to school, when he was not more than six years old, I think, I sent him and Frank into a lot before the door to drive out a cow that had broken in. I sat in the door for some time watching them as they vainly tried to make her go out where she had got in, while she, with the perversity common to animals in mischief, ran past it

again and again. Suddenly, Frank started toward me and I could see his eyes were wide and round, as with horror, as soon as he was near enough to speak, he exclaimed: 'O mother, Willie swore!'

"I called Willie to me, and he came, walking slowly, but looking me in the face. When he was beside me, he said: 'Mother, I didn't swear, I only said'—and he repeated an expression, not, indeed, swearing, but so near it that the step to it was imperceptible to me. I asked him who told him it was not swearing.

"Oh, the boys at school,' he said; 'they all say it isn't any harm.'

"I talked to him a while, but it did not seem to have any effect; he looked at me, with his clear, blue eyes, showing no sign of feeling or regret, making no answer, but the one, 'The boys all say it, they say it isn't any harm.' My heart sank within me, my worst fear had come upon me, those manly boys at school had been telling him 'that women didn't know,' they couldn't tell what men and boys ought to do, and he believed them, my precious boy, scarce more than a baby, for and with whom I had prayed all his life that he might be kept from temptation, and delivered from evil, and he had slipped, almost his first step, away from me; it seemed to me as if both faith and hope were killed in my heart, at once, and nothing was left but despair. I could do nothing but weep bitter, uncontrollable tears. I buried my face in my lap, and cried, I don't know how long, when I felt a pair of little arms stealing round my neck, and then an effort was made to raise my head, and Willie's voice, all broken with sobs, said: 'O mother, don't cry so! I'll never say a bad word again.' The revulsion in my feelings was so

great, at first, I could not speak. The children were all crying round me. I put my arms around them all and drew them to me. As soon as I could speak, I said: 'Willie, do you know you have made a promise, and that God hears you?'

"Yes, ma'am, I do,' he answered, firm and clear, 'and I'll never say a bad word again, you see.'

"I talked to them a while, telling them, as best I could, of the wickedness of sin. And then we all knelt down together, while I asked 'our Father' to forgive Willie's sin, to hear his promise, and to help him to keep it, to keep all from temptation, and deliver us from evil.

"And that was the last case of discipline in our family for profanity."

POLLY HAWTHORNE.

### HELPING HER DOWN.

BY MRS. E. E. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

HE helps her down the steps with tenderest care,  
Lest she should stumble. But what pressing need  
Is there of helping? Cannot she take heed  
Of her own footsteps? Many ones there are  
In this sad world of ours, who, when we dare  
To venture downward, ready stand to lead,  
That we may sooner reach the depths. Indeed,  
Too many are there our false steps to share.  
'Twere better that they hand in hand should climb,  
Leading each other upward from the deeps,  
Watching each other's footsteps all the time,  
Lest they should fail or falter on the steep.  
Thus let them walk, love-guarded and sustained,  
Till earth is lost at last, and Heaven is gained.

## Moral Department.

### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABBETT.

"OBJECT-PLANTS."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

HAVING spoken of the Pampas grass in the foregoing description, it may be well to say that the *crianus* ravenne is a grass of similar habit, and quite easy of culture, making a very imposing and attractive feature. It will bear the winter as far north as Albany, with what protection it may chance to get from the leaves naturally blown against it, and the deep snows usual in that locality. The first one I ever saw grow in that vicinity, from seed procured of Mr. Vick, without any special knowledge of it, further than that furnished by the catalogue description. It was started in a hot-bed, and grew finely the first year, making a strong plant or clump of grass, resembling a coarse bog in an old swamp. In the spring it appeared wholly dead, and only retained its place because of the difficulty of removing it, without disturbing other roots standing near; so it was shorn off closely as possible and left waiting the growth of its neighbors to conceal its unsightliness. In May, however, it started into growth, and rapidly distancing all competitors, soon became an object of great attraction and interest. The mass of sword-like leaves were similar to those of the Pampas grass in appearance, and were often mistaken for it by those having seen specimens of that plant in California and elsewhere. I do not remem-

ber, however, if they were barbed, and unpleasant to the touch, like them. It sent up two flower stalks, ten feet or more in height, with fine silvery plumes of bloom, at least two feet in length, very graceful and oriental in appearance. The next season it had as many as ten or twelve blooms, some of them on stalks fourteen feet in height, with correspondingly large plumes. This, however, was its last effort, the succeeding winter it died, either because of an attempt to divide it in the fall, or because it had "had its day."

One plant like this is really a greater satisfaction to beholders, as well as owners, than a yard full of the poorly-grown, universal sorts usually seen in flower-gardens; not that I under-value the most common kinds, as is attested fully by my last garden description, but I speak of these specialties as desirable in addition to what may be called the reliable part of the collection. The florists seem to be preparing to meet a "move in this direction," as their catalogues abound in advertisements of new, and in some instances, it would seem, hyperbolic, descriptions of *object-plants*, if that phrase is allowable. It expresses, to me, the style or habit of the kinds of which I wish to speak.

The *canna discolor* is a very fine plant in this way. I procured one of Mr. Bliss, three years ago, as an experiment, never having seen it growing. The root reached me rather late in the season, and did not make its appearance above ground until about the first of June. It was taken up for exhibition at a fair in September, and re-



quired a large wash-tub to hold it, having sent up nine stalks, some four or five of them six feet in height. The leaves of this variety are magnificent; immense in size, striped evenly and uniformly with rich brownish purple and green. Their manner of growth is also very interesting, being like the rest of the species rolled together so as to form a horn or sort of speaking-trumpet. Some of the larger ones were two feet long before opening; in this state the colors are elegant. This variety has never bloomed with me. I imagine, however, that this, like the other cannas, is valuable chiefly for its foliage. The roots are a little more difficult to keep through the winter than most other kinds of canna, perhaps because it is larger and more succulent. They should be looked at often, and removed to a drier place, if showing signs of decay, as they rot very quickly, after once commencing. When separated to form new plants in the spring, the portion cut or broken should be left uncovered until it is dry, as they are very apt to rot if placed at once in the ground without this precaution. The tuber should be wrapped in damp moss for this purpose, so as to leave only the wound exposed to the process of drying.

*Colocasia esculentum* (I believe most people now call this plant *caladium*) is another object-plant which can very safely be recommended. I have grown them (and not remarkable at that) with leaves measuring four feet three inches from base to apex, and nine feet four inches in circumference. The leaves are curiously veined with green of two different shades, the lighter running in the form of a feather from the outer edge of the leaf, in nearly to the centre; very noticeable on the under side of the leaf. It is, however, too fine, and too slight in contrast, to be very striking when grown out of doors, especially as such large plants are not often placed where they would be subject to close inspection. It is certainly no defect, however, and, where appreciable, very beautiful. This plant, like the canna, requires deep, rich soil, and plenty of water, and will do well partially shaded. It is also measurably satisfactory as a house-plant, if placed in a tub that will hold a half bushel of soil. It should, however, be grown in the tub, or in pots, and shifted as it needs, until of good size, when it should be moved into the tub in time to get well established before winter, as they are sensitive in the way of removal; and require a long time to recover after having been disturbed. A tub of the size mentioned above will hold quite a number of ordinary-sized pots containing plants, around the stem of the *colocasia*, and by changing their position often, such plants as the fuchsia, feverfew, cornations, bagonias, and some of the geraniums, will winter very nicely. When this plant is grown in the open ground, the roots should be taken up and cared for, like the canna *dahlia*, etc., through the winter.

*Erythrina cristæ-galli*, or coral plant, is another out of the common way plant, which may be kept in a similar manner to the above in winter, and is very striking in its appearance through its summer growth. The objections to it are its thorns, and the size and length of its roots. They are not expensive plants, however, and a small one procured each year would keep up the supply of good-sized specimens, even if they were discarded after the roots became too large to manage. They will also grow readily from seed; but do not, I believe, bear seed very freely—they never have, at least, with me. It can be procured, however, of most florists, will need to be soaked like the canna in *hot water*, and also will require more heat than most seeds to induce germination.

*Bocconia japonica* is another plant of singular and imposing appearance. It is hardy, or nearly so, but has the very bad habit of throwing up suckers. It will do very well, however, in places where they can be cut off without interfering with other plants, or in circular beds cut in the grass. They should be protected in winter by a covering of muck or old hot-bed manure. The color and shape of the leaves is fine, and the long, feathery blooms exceedingly graceful, though by no means brilliant in color. They are pretty in bouquets, if one can manage to get them arranged without a taste of the bitter, sticky juice which exudes from the slightest wound. Left to themselves, they are pleasing and desirable, and furnish, as I once heard a lady remark of Greek *Valerian*, "an abundance of plants to give away."

Writing these descriptions of specialties or "object-plants," brings to mind an experience of mine in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, which I will relate for the benefit of those who see no irrelevancy in story-telling in connection with gardens and gardening, by gardeners.

A friend of mine was at great pains to procure for me some seeds of double black hollyhock, which I considered a great acquisition, and quite a wonderful affair altogether. Another particular friend exchanged with me for some pure white seed of the same class, also quite rare. The two kinds were planted side by side, and cared for with extra pains. They wintered well, and were a marvel of growth in the spring and early summer. The buds were bursting with promise, and I had even picked open one occasionally to assure myself they were all right, when I was taken sick and confined to the house for some time. My "maid of all work" brought me daily accounts of the progress of the hollyhocks, and as soon as they began to open kept specimens by the side of my bed daily, arranged with other flowers.

I had a dear old lady friend—and I pity any one in the country, or elsewhere, for that matter, who has not when they are sick—and of course she came, knitting-work in hand, to spend the day with me, as soon as she heard of my indisposition. She, too, loved flowers, and made the circuit of the garden before she came into the house. Instead of coming directly to me, as was her custom, she seated herself in the kitchen in evident uneasiness, and began inquiries about my health. She was assured it was improving; but at last she unburdened her kind heart after this fashion: "I've bin in the garden to see Miss M——'s flowers, and I seen a great bunch o' black holihawks, jest as black as my silk apron, 'cause I put it up elost a'side 'em to try it, and right 'long side on't was a great bunch o' white ones. I've seen white uns afore; but who ever heerd tell of black ones?"

The girl explained to her about the seeds, endeavoring to make her understand that it was a new variety; that the arrangement was planned a year before, and that Miss M—— was delighted with its success, and required some of the flowers by her bed all the time.

But Aunt Jennie was not to be convinced, and said: "I can't tell you how I *did* feel when I see them two a-growin' there side by side; and you may depend son'thin' 's goin' to happen!"

She did not recover her usual cheerfulness through the day, and did not incline to assent to my unqualified expressions of admiration over the ominous flowers. More than once I saw her holding up the corner of her black silk apron beside the mysterious "holihawk," as if to make herself quite sure she had not mistaken the color. Then she would carefully smooth it out over her lap

again, as though satisfied it was a well-behaved apron, and not in the least to blame for this strange freak of flowerdom. Dear old friend! she insisted for a long time that "son'thin' would happen," and after a time and half

a time, maybe the prophecy will reach fulfillment. It would rejoice me exceedingly if it would duplicate itself, for I lost the seed, and have never been able to procure it again.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### THE VALUE OF OATMEAL AS INFANTS' FOOD.

**I**N a communication to the *Société Médicale des Hôpitaux*, MM. Dujardin-Beaumets and Hardy make known the results of the employment of oatmeal on the alimentation and hygiene of infants. According to them, oatmeal is the aliment which, by reason of its plastic and respiratory elements, makes the nearest approach to human milk. It also is one of those which contains most iron and salts, and especially the phosphate of lime, so necessary for infants. It also has the property of preventing and arresting the diarrhoeas which are so frequent and so dangerous at this age. According to the trials made by M. Marie, infants from four to eleven months of age, fed exclusively upon oatmeal and cow's milk thrive very nearly as well as do children of the same age suckled by a good nurse.

### COFFEE.

**S**PEAKING of our method of making coffee, the *Scientific American* says:

"As commonly made, the infusion of coffee which we drink contains not more than twenty per cent. of the substances which compose the berry. Of the remaining eighty parts, which we throw away as 'grounds,' about thirty-four are woody matter without nutritive value. The rest, or forty-six parts out of the hundred, contain in large proportions nitrogenous matters, fats and mineral salts, demonstrably useful for the nourishment of nerves, muscles and bones. In other words, by our mode of making coffee we lose more than half its available and valuable constituents. Considering the tons of coffee imported every year, this wholesale wastefulness becomes a matter of considerable magnitude; this of course only on the condition that the rejected matter can be used with pleasure and profit. That it can be so used is shown by the practice of the Turks, who make coffee as we do chocolate. The coffee, finely powdered, is drunk with the infusion. In this way all the stimulating qualities of the infusion are secured, with the full aroma and all the nutritious elements of the berry. It is perhaps needless to add that, for use in this way, the coffee must be reduced to an impalpable powder.

"To those unaccustomed to Oriental coffee, the limpid infusion may seem much to be preferred. As a stimulating drink, it is undoubtedly preferable, but the good qualities of coffee are not exhausted with the infusion; and as a matter of economy, it may be worth while to sacrifice limpidity for nutrition. Besides, as one becomes accustomed to thick chocolate, and learns to like it more than the clear infusion of the cocoa bean, so, it is claimed, the taste for *café à l'Orientale* may be acquired, with a corresponding improvement in the beverage."

A much larger proportion of the substances that compose the berry may be obtained without drinking coffee ground, if a good condensing pot be used, and the aroma kept from escaping. The escape of this aroma from pro-

longed boiling in a common coffee-pot, is what ruins the flavor. A quick infusion of coffee, while it preserves the aroma, leaves a raw, somewhat pungent taste to the beverage; but if it can be boiled or simmered slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes in a pot so constructed that no steam can escape, the result will be a rich, mellow, deliciously-flavored liquid, in which much that is lost in the usual way of making coffee is preserved. At almost any house-furnishing store condensing coffee-pots can be obtained. Their use will always secure good coffee.

### THE REASON WHY.

*Why is fruit most wholesome when eaten on an empty stomach?*

Because it contains a large amount of fixed air, which requires great power to disengage and expel it before it begins to digest.

*Why is boiled or roast fruit more wholesome than raw?*

Because in the process of boiling or roasting fruit parts with its fixed air, and is thus rendered easier of digestion.

*Why are cherries recommended in cases of scurvy, putrid fever, and similar diseases?*

On account of their cooling and antiseptic properties, and because they correct the condition of the blood and other fluids of the body when there is any tendency to putrescence; at the same time, like all fresh fruits, they possess a mild aperient property very beneficial to persons of a bilious habit.

*What effect have vegetable acids upon the blood?*

They cool and dilute the blood, and generally refresh the system. All fruits contain acids and salts, which exercise a cooling and invigorating influence. Apricots, peaches, apples, pears, gooseberries and currants contain malic acid. Lemons, raspberries, grapes and pine-apples contain citric acid. The skin of grapes, plums, sloes, etc., contains tannic acid, which has a bitter taste.

*Why should salt be applied to vegetables intended for pickling, previously to putting them in the vinegar?*

Because all vegetables abound in watery juices, which if mixed with the vinegar would dilute it so much as to destroy its preservative property. Salt absorbs a portion of this water, and indirectly contributes to the strength of the vinegar.

*Why is bread made from wheat flour more strengthening than that made from barley or oats?*

Because, as gluten, albumen and caseine are the only substances in the bread capable of forming blood, and consequently of sustaining the strength and vigor of the body, they have been appropriately called the food of nutrition, as a distinction from those which merely support respiration. Wheat contains eight hundred and twenty-five parts of starch, three hundred and fifteen of gluten, albumen and caseine, and sixty of sugar and gum; while barley contains twelve hundred of starch, one hundred and twenty of gluten, albumen and caseine, and one hundred and sixty of sugar and gum; hence wheat is much richer than barley in the food of nutrition.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

**I**N addition to the thin muslins, organdies and linens which are so suitable for the season, grenadines, Her-nanies, Mexicanies, etc., are considered appropriate for summer wear, though their mode of making render them somewhat warm.

Among costumes recently brought out are some which show a silk skirt trimmed with a combination of silk and grenadine, and completed with an overdress made without lining. A plain, high basque or corset waist of silk is for the street, and a sleeveless waist, with the neck low and square in front, is intended for house wear.

Indian pongees, raw silks, armure and diagonal foulards, Japanese batistes, lace-striped poplins, Cheddah cloths, bamboo cloths, and some of the Jacquard grenadines, make up attractively in overdresses, and are used as decorations upon skirts to be worn with polonaises of the thin material.

White Swiss muslins, organdies, Indian mulls, etc., are in high favor, and year by year are rendered more beautiful by the trimming selected for their adornment. Entire front breadths of Hamburg and Valenciennes insertions are not uncommon this season, while the drapery and trimmings of the back are often a mass of lace ruffles, bouquets of wild flowers and gay sashes.

The *de blés* of this season are fine, soft, cheap and acceptable. They are lady-like and comfortable for rainy days, and especially suitable for travelling. With one silk, one grenadine, one muslin, a *de blés* costume and a waterproof wrap, a lady may go around the world and be presentable anywhere.

Straight "knife-blade" plaitings combined with bias shirrings are perhaps first among the ornamentations in general favor for silk skirts. The plaits are made by cutting the strips across the silk, and hemming the lower edge narrowly by hand. The top, after being turned over a trifle, is basted. They are pressed on the wrong side by a heavy, warm iron, after which the strips are neatly and substantially blind-stitched to the skirt along the top, and again midway to the bottom, or perhaps even closer. The bastings are then removed, and the plaitings falling below the lower row of the blind-stitches are pulled apart, so that they appear like old-fashioned knife-crippled ruffling. These plaits are usually from three to five inches deep. Above this is placed bias silk shirring from five to seven inches wide, made by narrowly binding both edges, and using strong sewing-silk to gather the widths in lines from three-fourths of an inch to one inch and a half apart. This arrangement leaves a tiny ruffle to stand and another to fall over the top of the plaiting. The trimming frequently passes entirely around the skirt, but sometimes only across the sides and front, terminating at the seams.

Handsome white dresses are frequently completed with flouncings of open Hamburg, and many elegant nainsook suits are made with rows of upright tuckings, underlaid permanently with pink, blue, purple or straw-colored chambrey. Nainsook skirts made with horizontal tucks in the front and sides, are also underlaid with chambrey in a similar manner. This combination of nainsook and chambrey washes nicely.

It is asserted, on the authority of those who give their whole minds to such matters, that the next change in hats and bonnets will make the former larger and the latter closer and ampler. For the present, however, these articles still continue about the same in size and appearance. Pretty lace and muslin hats and wide-rimmed straws and chips do duty on full-dress parades at our watering places.

The muslin hat is very easily made. After selecting a white lace foundation frame of the desired form, and shirring a strip of muslin, insert reeds of whalebone covered with fine white paper into the shirrs, and sew the muslin over the crown, shaping the rim to the remainder of the model. Then cut the foundation rim away, and insert a wire in the edge for support. Roll one side, add a fold of Valenciennes lace over a silk *ruche* harmonizing with the complexion, and dispose a wreath of moss-roses or other blossoms about the crown.

There is no change in the making of bathing-suits, but fashion has ordained that there shall be a change in the material of which they are made. Flannel has given place to croquet cotton, a material formerly known as cotton cretonne. The material comes in Roman colors, which remain unfaded after exposure either to the sun or to salt water.

### DRESS REFORM.

**T**HE ladies of Boston are taking up the matter of dress reform in earnest. The New England Women's Club has held a session with closed doors, during which only ladies were admitted, and all reporters rigorously excluded. The topic discussed during this secret session was the feasibility of making radical changes in women's dress which should make it more convenient and healthful. A fashionable modiste of Boston was present, and displayed models for undergarments for women's wear. A full description of these garments has not yet reached the public, but the principle of which is that all the weight of the clothing is made to depend from the shoulders, instead of being allowed to burden the hips, as is too often the case now. The various garments were displayed upon dolls, that a perfect idea of them might be obtained by those present. The exhibitor stated that her own garments were modelled after the patterns exhibited.

The following is the description of one important undergarment:

"Another doll, No. 4, was then shown, wearing the next stage of a lady's underdress. It was a garment combining a chemise, underskirt, corset-cover, if corsets are worn; habit skirt, with bosom, and undersleeve, with buttons at the wrist to receive cuffs, and at the neck for collar, muffles or ruching. This remarkable garment, including so much, was without either gather or plait, but was graceful and comely, and created quite a sensation. It also served to support a hoopskirt or its equivalent, a white or other skirt, and the skirt of the dress proper, all depending entirely as before upon the shoulders for support, and the weight so evenly distributed that there is no undue strain in any direction. In illustration of the freedom allowed by this dress, the exhibitor raised her-

arms above her head as high as she could reach, saying as she did so: 'I feel this motion throughout my clothing to the soles of my feet, and as I walk I feel its support in every part.'

It is to be hoped that the patterns of these garments, if they fulfill all the demands required of them, will shortly be offered for circulation, that all the ladies throughout the country may receive benefit from the deliberations of this Boston Woman's Club.

There is a pressing need for reform in matters of dress; and while many ladies shrink from making themselves conspicuous in a so-called "reform dress," there are few who

would not gladly adopt a style which should promise to add to their comfort and convenience.

Serious of New York has given its earnest attention to the subject, and everywhere we find women waking up to the fact that some sort of a change is necessary. We are evidently approaching the dawn of a new era in the matter of fashions. Instead of depending wholly upon foreign modistes, we are more and more trusting to the taste and good sense of American designers. These designers will show their wisdom if they take note of the signs of the times, and make those modifications in styles of clothing which the sensible women of the country are demanding.

## Health Department.

### FISH AS FOOD.

**D**R. W. A. WETHERBEE, writing in the *Herald of Health*, says:

"By chemical analysis it is found that fish contains a greater proportion of phosphorus than any other class of animal food, and therefore must be considered the richest 'brain food.' In land animals the phosphorus is contained for the most part in the bones, in combination with lime, as a phosphate, while the muscle is rich in fibrin, etc. But, on the other hand, the various genera of fish, although not abounding in fibrin, are much richer in phosphorus; and this element, as a general rule, varies according as the fish is lively or slow in its movements and habits. Upon this difference depends, in a great measure, the relative value of different kinds; those containing the greatest proportion of phosphorus, and consequently those of the most rapid movement, commanding the greatest prices. Thus the salmon, a fish of remarkable agility in its movements, and its nearest relative, the trout, are among the most expensive of the varieties in our market, while the less active kinds command but inferior prices. But an exception to this rule, due only to ignorance or prejudice, is exemplified in the New England farmers of the last century, who were often bound by legal obligations not to feed their apprentices more than three meals a week upon salmon, as it was exceedingly plenty, and, therefore, fit only for those who were too poor to obtain anything else. The same worthy farmers were wont to consider oysters a mere luxury for the epicure, and they were generally associated with champagne, late suppers and high living generally. But in our seaport towns they are undoubtedly among the cheapest, and by no means the least nutritious articles of diet, although we have recently seen it asserted that they contain no nutriment. We have also seen philosophers who contended that cheese was only a luxury, and contained none of the elements of nutrition, being ignorant of the chemical fact that the casein of the cheese and the fibrin of meats are almost the same, and are both resolved by constructive assimilation into muscle.

"Those nations who eat fish with one meal each day are undoubtedly the most active in intellect, and the most capable of brain labor without exhaustion or fatigue. Even those savage tribes who subsist in a great measure upon fish no doubt possess very active, quick minds, although they are uncultivated and ignorant; and other causes may also tend to keep them in a deplorable and degraded condition. But when once civilized and Christianized, these tribes of *Ichthyophagi* become quick and active in intellect, even to put to shame the more stolid beef eaters of our inland towns of Christian lands. Not only is such phosphatic food conducive to the activity of the brain, but it promotes fecundity and increases the ability to endure cold, fatigue, etc.; and, while the facilities for obtaining it are constantly decreasing, it would be well for the rising generation were they made to partake of and to realize it as second only in many respects to the staff of life; and the husband and father who occasionally takes half a day from his legitimate business to fill his basket with delicious fish, should not be considered as a mere "sportsman," but a "good provider" for his family of those things which are of vital utility. We would advise every one of our country friends who have streams or ponds upon their premises to stock them with some kind of fish most suitable to them, and those who have the facilities for making artificial streams or basins to do so and pursue the same course, that they need no longer be dependent upon distant fish markets and on fish which have been pickled, smoked or dried, when it is desirable to employ nutriment of this description.

**VIGOR OF OLD AGE.**—It is related of Arnauld, the Jansenist, that he wished his friend Nicole to assist him in a new work. Nicole replied: "We are now old, is it not time to rest?" "Rest!" exclaimed Arnauld, "have we not all eternity to rest in?" Dr. Samuel Miller says: "There is no doubt that the premature dotage of many distinguished men has arisen from their ceasing, in advanced life, to exert their faculties, under the impression that they were too old to engage in any new enterprise of industry."

## New Publications.

**Beaten Paths; or, A Woman's Vacation.** By Ella W. Thompson. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publisher. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Though the writer of this book has trodden only over "beaten paths" in her European tour, she has managed to see, or, at least, to record, far more than most travellers do, while she has a happy faculty of describing the incidents of her journey in such lively, forcible language, that she carries the reader right along with her. Her book is a valuable contribution to the literature of its class.

**David Crockett. His Life and Adventures.** By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Everybody has heard of David Crockett, yet there are very few who know the wonderful incidents and adventures of his

life. Though by no means a model man, he was, at least, a representative man; and, as such, his name is worthy of preservation amongst the pioneers and patriots of America. The biographer has done his task well.

**Lulu's Novel.** From the German of Elise Polko. Boston: Loring, Publisher. A charming love story, in which a grave professor, abhorring literary women, and independent women of all kinds, selects a young girl for his future bride, resolving to educate her himself and mould her character after his own ideas. But his bride turns out not only a woman with a decided will of her own, but an authoress into the bargain. He throws his scruples and prejudices to the winds, marries her for pure love, and "they live happily ever after."



# CREME DE LA CREME!

"A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

Every woman should be beautiful, just as every man should be dutiful. But no woman, however elegantly formed or splendidly developed, can be beautiful unless her "human face divine" is free from all spot or blemish. And this is the case with very few women. A clear, brilliant, transparent complexion is the rarest thing in the world, and the most desirable. But there is now, since Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD invented his **ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**, no reason why any lady should not have a complexion as clear and bright as crystal. No such certain preventative against FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, DISCOLORATION, and every other species of facial disfigurement, was ever dreamed of. Its beautifying effect is immediate. Dr. GOURAUD has thousands of testimonials to this effect, many of them from distinguished artists, and many from the celebrated belle in the country, so that now the **ORIENTAL CREAM** has become an invaluable and, in fact, indispensable article of every lady's toilet. And for that matter, no gentleman's toilet should be without it; FOR WHY SHOULD NOT A GENTLEMAN HAVE A CLEAR, PURE, PELLUCID COMPLEXION AS WELL AS A LADY, ESPECIALLY AS ALL THE LADIES WILL ADORE HIM FOR IT. Now, if hereafter, any lady or gentleman submits to be defaced by PIMPLES, TAN, FRECKLES, etc., it must be attributed to ignorance of the magical effects in all such cases of Dr. GOURAUD'S **ORIENTAL CREAM**. In presenting to the world the

## Oriental Cream!

Dr. GOURAUD feels that he has done something toward carrying out the great and beneficent scheme of Nature. Dr. GOURAUD'S DEPOT is at 48 BOND STREET, NEW YORK, where hosts of fashionable ladies congregate, and discuss the wonders of his Oriental Cream.

A voice from Philadelphia:

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1883.

Dr. GOURAUD—I think your Cream is unquestionably the best thing in this line, from the reason that when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at \$2 a bottle yet. Many of the dealers get it through F. C. Wells & Co., New York, Dyott & Co., and others. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. IF I WERE THE OWNER I WOULD SELL MORE OF IT IN THIS CITY THAN ALL THE

T. W. EVANS.

Dr. FELIX GOURAUD'S MEDICATED SOAP cures pimples, scaly eruptions, salt rheum, ring worm, MOLE PATCHES, COMEDONES, TETTER, FLESHWORMS, SCALD HEAD, NETTLE RASH, SORES, CHAFED THIGHS, in a word all cuticular disfigurements. This soap is a specialty, and must not be confounded with the various lotions and nostrums so extensively advertised for the purpose. GOURAUD'S compound acts on the blood through the hair-like tegumentary tissues, and disperses, instead of repelling all rebellions of the blood. This remedy needs no publication of certificates; it has received the stamp of public approbation the past 30 years, without a solitary complaint. Found at GOURAUD'S Depot, 48 Bond St., New York, and druggists. 50 cents a cake.

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Beware of base imitations. Especially beware of an imitation of my **ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**, under the name of "Crème Orientale."

## WOMAN TO THE RESCUE!

A STORY OF THE "NEW CRUSADE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

This book will be found of the greatest use in the war upon intemperance, and its freest possible distribution is therefore desirable. We have made it, in view of the exigencies of the times, extremely low in price, in order that it may have a very large circulation. The book is handsomely printed, and bound in the best English cloth, and sold at the low price of \$1.25.

### OPINIONS OF THE BOOK.

The Hon. JAMES BLACK, writing to the author, says: "I have just concluded the reading of 'Woman to the Rescue,' and thank you for the pleasure and profit which it has given me. I trust this latest of your valued contributions to the cause of temperance may strike a responsive chord in the hearts of women and men in hundreds of American towns where this wonderful work of God, 'The Woman's Temperance Crusade,' has not reached, and that they, like so many of the towns of Ohio, may become free from the rum curse."

CHARLES HERIAGE, of "The Temperance Blessing," says: "I have read T. S. Arthur's new book, 'Woman to the Rescue; a Story of the New Crusade,' and I frankly confess that its perusal completely absorbed me, holding me interested at a single sitting from the opening to the close. In none of his works has he, in my judgment, been more successful than in this, and I predict for it great popularity. It is as timely as it is truthful, and the author deserves the gratitude of all philanthropists for such a contribution to American literature."

THE METHODIST HOME JOURNAL says: "Like his 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room' and 'Three Years in a Man-Trap,' the present work is based on the background of intemperance. The picturing is full of those homely touches which take hold on the heart, and elicit all our sympathies for the victims of the fell destroyer—whether the infuriated drunkard himself, or the fond wife and children whose yearning love clings to him as he gradually descends in the scale of manhood, honor and respectability. No writer of this age knows better how to trace the career of the drunkard, or suggest the methods and motives to reform, than T. S. Arthur; and this book, thrown out, as we hope it will be, on the heart of the public, cannot fail to stimulate who feels it to be his or her interest and duty, for the sake of humanity and God, to pray and work for the overthrow of rum. The secret of power and success is finely discerned and illustrated in its pages. No harshness, no threats or bribes, but simple, loving, humble prayer to God, prevails in melting the obduracy of the most hardened evil-doer. It is a timely, suggestive and powerful description of what has been done, and what may and ought to be done, in the suppression of the liquor traffic."

J. NEWTON PRICE, in a letter to the publishers, says: "Nothing can exceed the exactness and justness with which Mr. Arthur gives the boldness of the liquor traffic, in disregarding all laws, and defying all attempts at justice. His description of the power of women in the new movement, 'The Temperance Crusade,' is perfectly grand. This little book will do a world of good."

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# Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine!

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### BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS

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**DEPARTMENTS.** A large amount of reading matter, not indicated in the foregoing programme, will be given under various classified heads; such as

The Home Circle,  
Boys' and Girls' Treasury,  
Health Department,  
The Observer,  
Mothers' Department,  
Religious Reading,  
Evenings with the Poets,  
The Reformer,  
General Literature,  
Etc., etc.

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